SELECTIONS *from the*
PROSE AND POETICAL WRITINGS
of JOHN SAVARY

1832-1910

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Memorial Volume

SELECTIONS FROM
THE PROSE AND POETICAL WRITINGS
OF THE LATE

JOHN SAVARY

EDITED BY HIS FRIEND
JOHN ALBEE

TO WHICH IS ADDED A GENEALOGICAL RECORD OF THE
SAVARY-HALL FAMILIES BY
MISS MARION H. SHUMWAY

✠

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

The selections from the writings of the late John Savary are offered to his friends in the spirit "that though dead he still speaketh." Mr. Savary was a prolific as well as a versatile writer. "A poet, historian and naturalist," as was said of Goldsmith,

> "Who left scarcely any style of writing untouched,
> And touched nothing that he did not adorn."

These selections, though not so varied as Mr. Savary's writings admitted, are restricted to the preservation of those some of his friends deemed desirable for preservation, and are gathered in this form to meet their desire. They are published in pursuance of a provision of his will. The selections, out of an enormous mass of fragmentary material, are the work of Mrs. Mary Sibley, assisted by her daughter, Mrs. Clover S. Karcher, and Mrs. Jane H. Shernway and her daughter Marion, all of Dorchester, Mass., and all related to the testator. It has been done in the spirit of kinship and affection and is very satisfactory.

The editorial arrangement of the book in preparation for publication fell to the hand of Mr. John Albee, whose special fitness for the task will be very readily recognized, since he was a lifelong friend and college mate. It was Mr. Savary's intention to have revised the MSS., but the work was deferred from time to time, and dying suddenly all was left in a chaotic condition. The Memorial is for gratuitous distribution, intended as a remembrance to friends. Copies will also be given to the great Libraries, that its contents may also be available to the public.

Daniel Murray.

Washington, D. C., August 8, 1912.

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John Savary

PART I

Life of John Savary

JOHN SAVARY, PHILANTHROPIST

The name Savery, sometimes spelt Savary, is worthy of remembrance because of the important part played in a world benefaction by one bearing that name. The family is an old one and is quite prominently mentioned in English history by reason of the fact that one of them, Captain Thomas Savery, is recorded as patenting, as early as 1699, an atmospheric steam engine, a picture of which is given at page 16 of Galloway's *History of the Steam Engines*, London, 1831. Savery seems to have preceded Thomas Newcomen and John Cawley in the matter of the invention, and compelled them, by this priority, to admit him to a partnership in what is known as "Newcomen's engine," in 1805. They at first only agreed to join his name, but he showed them by irrefutable proof that he had, as early as 1702, published in the *Miner's Friend* a full description of his engine. Savary, in fact, exhibited several years earlier, before King William, the model of his engine, who was so well pleased with it that he assisted him powerfully in getting his patent, which was granted in 1699. It seems that Newcomen, who lived at Dartmouth, in Devon, following the trade of blacksmith, saw a picture of Captain Thomas Savery's machine and set about devising a mode of increasing its efficiency. The design being to keep mines free of water. In his effort Newcomen solicited the aid of John

Cawley, a glazier and all-round mechanic. The machine thus jointly devised by Savery, Newcomen and Cawley, in 1705, worked satisfactorily, with some minor improvements, until 1764, a period of fifty-nine years, when Mr. John Smeaton succeeded in further improvements. It is a notable fact that the wonderful discoveries in steam, made by James Watt that same year, 1764, grew out of the repairs needed on a Savery machine, which Watt, as a skilled mechanic, was engaged to make, and becoming interested was induced to consult Dr. Black, of Edinburgh an eminent scientist, on the ''theory of latent heat." And from this Watt developed his great steam engine.

The title philanthropist and the spirit behind it is as noble as any in the world. It is not given to every man with the altruistic spirit to better the condition of his fellows in a manner equal to the generous promptings of his heart. Many who have the means to become philanthropists lack the nobility of soul to make the necessary sacrifice, and hence the title philanthropist acquires an added significance whenever applied.

John Savary, the subject of this notice, was born of true New England stock at Ward, now Auburn, a suburb of Worcester, November 4, 1832, the son of Stephen and Daphna Savary. His parents had high hopes for the lad, their sixth child, and in the exuberance of their piety dedicated him to the service of God. The family was poor and had to gather sustenance for its numerous members out of the sterile soil common to New England farms. John was the fifth son, and to him fell the opportunity for a college education, because designed for the ministry. To secure this boon for him meant much privation for his brothers and sisters older than himself. After leaving village school, where he received his rudimentary education, he was sent when about fifteen to Worcester Academy, where he spent several years in collegiate preparation, and in 1852 entered Williams College, graduating A. B. in 1855. Among his classmates were James A. Garfield, later President of the United States, and the late J. Ingalls of Kansas, who for some years acted as Vice-President and was for eighteen years a United States Senator. The warm friendships thus formed lasted until ended by death.

After leaving Williams College, in 1855, young Savary entered the Divinity School of Harvard University, from which he graduated in 1860. It was while a student at Harvard, he came into intimate association with Mr. James Russell Lowell, who had been named, in 1854, as a professor of French and Spanish Literature at the University. The friendship thus formed lasted during life and left a deep and abiding impression on the survivor. Indeed, it formed one of the three ruling passions of John Savary's life. First, his intense admiration for the genius of Mr. Lowell; the other two, his remembrance of school days at Worcester and College life at Williams. He joined Mr. Lowell's Dante Class to study the works of the great Italian poet, and there imbibed a strong classical leaning which lasted during his life. In a letter he says, "From the Dante Class I derived more profit and pleasure than from all other Cambridge studies." He was a profound student of the Greek and Latin classical writers, the extent of which will be seen in a perusal of his diaries and books bequeathed to Worcester Academy. June 5, 1861, Mr. Savary was ordained at Newtonville, Massachusetts, a minister of the Unitarian faith, and began his labors there, remaining until May, 1862, when he yielded to the promptings of patriotism and joined, in June, as a private (with the promise of a Chaplaincy) Co. A, 47th Massachusetts Volunteers. He did not become a Chaplain, but was assigned to service in connection with the Sanitary Commission and stationed at City Point, Virginia. He was there during the winter of 1864–65 and was there at the surrender of General Robert E. Lee, April 9, 1865. The war at an end, he returned to Cambridge in October, 1865, and entered Harvard Law School, where he remained but a single term. In July, 1866, he accepted a charge at South Hingham, where he remained until March, 1868. A few months later he went south to New Orleans and thence to Florida, returning north again in August, 1869, and located in New York, serving in an institution there as teacher of classical and modern languages. He was so engaged when through the active interest of his friend, General Garfield, then a member of Congress from Ohio, he received an offer from the late A. R. Spofford to become an assistant in the Library of Congress, and March 1, 1871, entered upon a career in that institution that lasted until October, 1897, when he resigned.

After leaving the Library of Congress he had no fixed occupation, rather welcoming the opportunity for travel and study his leisure and ample means enabled him to enjoy. He made an extended journey to the Pacific coast, jotting down daily the impressions made upon him by his observations. On his return to Washington he spent much time at the ‘‘Cosmos

Club," an organization made up largely of literary men, among whom he felt perfectly at home. He had in the early days of his career made some prudent investments and the care of his estate gave ample occupation to his energies; an estate which at his death approximated over eighty thousand dollars. In the library he was constantly engaged in cataloguing the books in foreign languages, his classical education fitting him somewhat specially for that class of work, and was regarded by Mr. Spofford, the librarian (1864–1897), as an expert bibliographer.

He died in his bachelor apartments in Washington, D. C., May 18, 1910, after but an hour's illness. In his will, after providing for those who had claims on his bounty, he bequeathed to Williams College, twenty thousand dollars, the income to be expended in the purchase of books for the college library. His fine classical library of nearly 3,500 volumes he gave to Worcester Academy, where he received his early training. His love for Worcester Academy is thus manifested by the following extract from his will:

> ITEM 3. I give and devise to "Worcester Academy" in the City of Worcester, Mass., all of the books (not otherwise disposed of in this will) which are now in my library and such others as may hereafter be acquired and added to the collection, to be held as a sacred trust for the use and behoof of all coming pupils of the Worcester Academy, as the testator was once a pupil there in its day of small things, and would fain be remembered for this gift and memento in the cause of sound learning and literature.
>
> And it is the will of the testator and hereby made an indispensable condition to this bequest, that these books in their cases, as now, for the most part kept and

arranged, shall still be kept together, as a distinct collection in a separate alcove or section of the library (that is, not mixed and distributed through the general mass), to be known as the "John Savary Collection," and no other. The only other condition annexed to this bequest is that of requiring the keeper or custodian of the library to affix or cause to be affixed to the inside cover of each and every colume thus given and bequeathed a printed label stating the fact of such bequest with the name of the donor in the usual style and form of words employed for that purpose. I also give to Worcester Academy a framed portrait of myself to be hereafter made, together with the following portraits and photographs, to wit: 1. The Bargello Chapel portrait of Dante, with Lowell's autograph inscription on it to the testator, and a small framed portrait of Dante in exile. 2. The fine Florentine Portraiture on wood of Columbus. 3. Framed portraits of Burns and Wordsworth, and, 4. The large engraving of Circe and the Swine — for the class room of the Greek Professor.

Furthermore I will and direct that my MSS. Collection of notes and memoranda on "Books and Reading," including diaries, note books, journals, etc., be kept in a drawer locked up and accessible only to specially interested persons who may have occasion to use the same in connection with my life and writings, should such be demanded, but all my loose papers and unfinished writings are to be burnt immediately.

Of John Savary it may be truthfully said, as Hazlitt said of Coleridge, author of "The Ancient Mariner," "To this man has been given in high measure the seeds of noble endowment, but to unfold them had been forbidden him."

In 1901 Mr. Savary, then about to visit for an extended sojourn the Pacific coast, made his will, and in casting about for some early friend in whom he had unlimited confidence and whose fidelity to him was unquestioned, he recalled Mr. Daniel Murray, with whom he had been associated during twenty-six years in the Library of Congress, and made him his executor. To him he confided his plans and detailed his wishes, saying, “you know how hard it is for a man to secure after death an exact and faithful compliance with his expressed wishes. People will justify their intended substitution of their own views by deriding the sanity of the testator.” Mr. Savary made several wills as changing circumstances made such necessary, but in all of them he ever held to his early idea, to name Mr. Daniel Murray as executor. One of the provisions of his last will provided an annuity for his housekeeper, Miss Alice E. Hill, born November 12, 1851, near Winchester, Virginia, a woman of superior mental culture, which had been greatly improved by study and European travel. She was a graduate of the Cooper Union Institute of Art, New York, taught art and French in a young ladies' seminary at Mansfield, Louisiana. In September, 1880, she became assistant in the South Bend, Indiana, High School, but in 1882 went to Des Moines, Iowa, to teach art in the Callahan College, and two years later to Winnebago City, Minnesota, to become principal of its High School. In 1886 she returned to South Bend, and during the succeeding eight years was special teacher of drawing. Her wide experience in art lines and extensive reading in the classics made her a delightful companion to a man like Mr. Savary, then in his seventy-sixth year, but still deeply interested in literary and art subjects. In his will he made ample provision for her comfort, and to his friend, Daniel Murray, entrusted the duty of carrying the same into effect. How well he performed the task is amply attested by numerous letters from her relatives following her death in March, 1912.

Following the provision of the will of Mr. Savary relating to the publication of such of his MSS. as might be deemed worthy, the executor entrusted the selection out of an enormous mass that had previously been somewhat culled to Mr. John Albee, a lifelong friend and specially gifted in literary acumen, to aid in the work of preparing the same for the press. With Mr. Albee it was very much a labor of affection, in which task the fine literary taste of his wife was of inestimable service. It was the expressed intention of Mr. Savary to have himself revised his writings preparatory to the publication now undertaken, but, dying very suddenly, the whole was left in a state of chaos. This may account for certain blemishes apparent to the eye of a critical observer. The executor has sought to secure the best result, under the conditions, obtainable. DANIEL MURRAY.

FROM MANUSCRIPT NOTES ON HIS OWN LIFE

Born November 4, 1832. Youngest son of Stephen and Daphne Savary. My boyhood was passed in the country, on the farm where I was born, in Auburn, Worcester County, Massachusetts, the home of my parents up to the year 1861.

My mother was a Hall, of Sutton, Massachusetts. Married my father in the "cold summer" of 1816. Corn that year was ten dollars a bushel. But marriage then did not depend so much on the price of corn as on willingness to bear the yoke of labor, and bravely to take a share. That my mother was that sort of woman is apparent when I say that the girl of fifteen then spun all the house and table linen, and procured her marriage outfit in that way, and not by sending to Paris for a trousseau. The old spinning wheel made better music than a piano, in a farmer's kitchen, and I heard my mother say,— it was at her golden wedding in 1866 — pointing her great-grandchildren to her dusty old wheel which on that occasion was brought down from the garret, "I have walked by that wheel a thousand miles when your father was asleep." And so she had. And father fell asleep, indeed, about two years afterwards, while the gray-haired mother, who has seen joy and sorrow in her day, still lives at the age of 81. This may not be the place, yet I cannot forbear my homage to that spirit of indomitable hopefulness, energy and industry, of courage and continuance in well-doing, which fifty years since formed a noble breed of New England women, housekeepers and housewives, of which my mother was the perfect type and presentment to the world. God help New England if the breed is gradually to die out and become extinct. They were the nursing mothers of our Israel in Church and State, and no land which has no women answering to the description of her, or the good wife, in Proverbs, chapter thirty-five.

If the domestic virtues of industry and economy were ended, laid away with the old hand-loom and spinning wheel, when these went to the loft or garret, and their place supplied by a thin veneering of boarding school accomplishments in the young women of our time, then no man would be justified in taking the risk of marriage and all that it implies. But marriage, I am told, always develops more or less of responsibility, and many a giddy-head belle of the ball-room develops at length into a sober matron; just as Wellington said of his subaltern officers that "the puppies fought well" when it came to fighting. I do hope so, for the sake of the future of my country. I come now to myself.

Was born November 4, 1832. Lived all my early life on a farm, where my parents continued to reside until 1861. The homestead which lay under the brow of a hill, at the entrance of a narrow and sheltered valley, was half a mile from the nearest neighbor, a mile and a half from church, the same distance from school, where I went summer and winter, and two and a half miles from the post-office.

Hence a letter was rarely written or received by a member of the family. Once a week the old post-rider, "news from all nations lumbering at his back," came from the next shire-town along the country road which ran lengthwise the valley, leaving a dusty white streak in the summer, and sometimes blocked by deep snows in the winter season. Books there were few in that farmhouse; the Bible, of course, with Watts' hymn-book, the old English reader, the ordinary school books, a weekly paper, "Old Farmer's Almanac," which, dingy and dog-eared, always hung from the mantle-piece in the great kitchen with its broad stone hearth and deep fireplace, was found.

A story-book, like Pilgrim's Progress, or Robinson Crusoe, marked an epoch in our lives. I have since lived with books, immense libraries, but I have never been able to read with that intense absorption in the spirit and soul of my author which marked my early reading of books like Pilgrim's Progress and Robinson

Crusoe. These, like the reading of Bacon and Shakespeare afterwards, were distinct epochs in my life. For the rest my occupations were wholly agricultural, varied, of course, by the arrival of holidays of cattle-show and Fourth-of-July. (Muster or training day, I am sorry to say, had perished before I came upon the scene.) To these may be added — and they could not well be omitted from the N. E. calendar — March Meeting, Thanksgiving and fast day. In brief, as here shown, my early surroundings were those of a solitary New England farmhouse with a glebe attached, and which, like the Sabine farm of Horace, was in the winding vale — "*valle reducta*," with its wooded ridge behind, the wood coming down about to the back-door of the house, with its clear spring or well in which the bucket — "the iron-bound bucket, the moss-covered bucket"— always hung from the old-fashioned sweep. This old homestead, like so many others, long since passed from the possession of its rightful and original owners. I shall always regret this, as I shall never cease to be grateful that I was born and brought up on a farm in the country, nay, that I had for a time, and the best time of my life, the time of boyhood and youth, in that

> "Greenest of green valleys,
> By good angels tenanted."

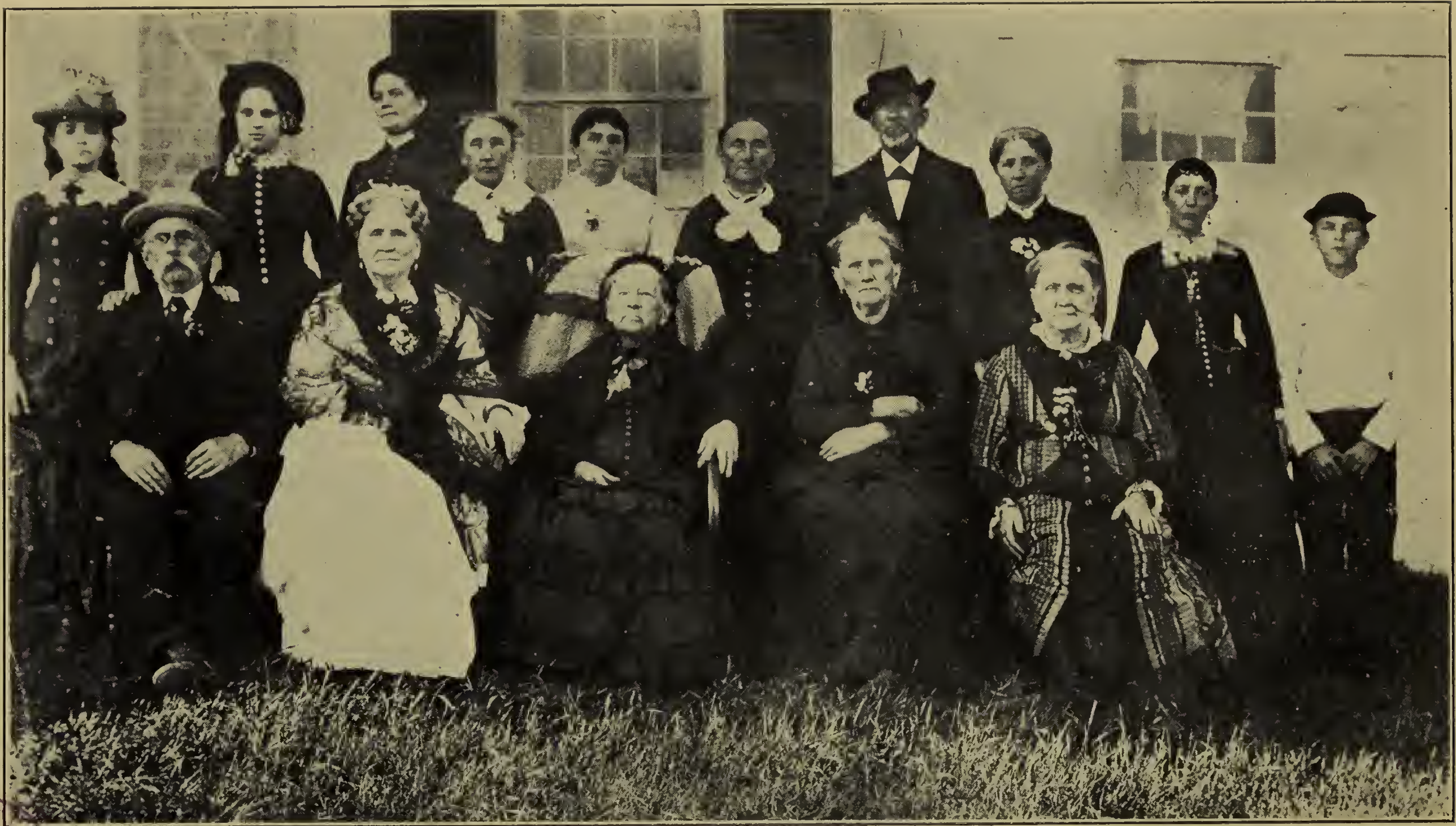
These angels, surely, were the joys of Health and Labor, Sleep, Knowledge, Religion, Hope and the boundless Heart of Youth. And to this peculiar environment, to that strange and solitary farm, with some Celtic blood in my veins, I owe, undoubtedly, that vein of romanticism, of poetry, and mysticism or enthusiasm which is a marked trait of my intellectual character. And if it has sometimes touched and darkened my life with the deepest shadows, with omens of fate and of dire calamity, if it has wrung my heart with doubts and with agonies unspeakable, it has also opened to me paths of never-ending enjoyment. It has also cheered and consoled me with my beautiful visions along the way of life. It led me first to school away from home, to the country academy and subsequently to college. It opened to me, in a word, the inexhaustible fountains of classic lore, and those farther realms of philosophy and science which unite to make the fortunes of a soul. After spending four years at Williams, I returned home, teaching for a season, and, I am sorry to say, failing miserably in that vocation. I had neither the patience nor the training for a successful school-teacher.

In 1857, a few years after graduation, I went to the Cambridge Divinity School, where I passed three years in studying for the ministry. The Cambridge School theology was of a liberal order, and I was told on entering not to be bound by any creed, not to swear by the words of any writer. My religious history and experience, so far as I have had one, was in accord with this enlightened principle, and I did earnestly hope to devote my life to a ministry which should exemplify, in carriage and conduct, this goodly thought. But the tendency of all institutional religion is to fixed forms of faith, to creed and dogma; in a word, to some species of ecclesiasticism. It is, perhaps, inevitable that religion should take these forms; and as, to a mind wholly emancipated, there is really but little choice in the different creed-forms of the churches, whether termed liberal or evangelical, the natural result was first, protest; second, revolt; and finally resignation, or laying down of the ministerial office and functions. All church men seemed to me to be in bondage to their church; all were fettered by chains forged for them or by them, and all consequently were distasteful to a mind which prized nothing so much as absolute freedom from trammel, in honest seeking for truth. But he who assumes the clerical office is supposed to be no longer seeking; he has already come to a knowledge of the truth. I therefore, after a few trials, gave up the ministry, and the war breaking out I enlisted in the 47th M. N. M. It appeared my duty then to defend the flag, and religion did not forbid it. I embarked one day in December, 1862, at Brooklyn, New York, on board of a transport steamer bound for New Orleans. Our regiment landed there on the first day of the year 1863 — the day when the proclamation of emancipation went into effect — and was assigned to guard duty near the city, at that time under General Banks. We did not participate in any engagement, although guns from Port Hudson could be heard where we were; in fact, I remember giving a Fourth-of July-address to the soldiers in camp, which was punctuated by the enemy's cannon. After nine months of service the regiment returned home, going up the Mississippi River, which was just then opened.

I returned again to my books and pen, which had been temporarily laid aside; preached occasionally; feeling still a great interest in the issues of the war. I joined the Sanitary Commission in the winter of 1864–65, went to City Point and continued in hospital service till the close of the war. After that I returned to Cambridge, Massachusetts, to reside. Was settled for a year at South Hingham; went West, still with some ministerial prospects in view; was greatly impressed with the country, which seemed to be "all out of doors," and with the character of the Western people, as the brags of creation. I grew tired of that enormous conceit of country which seemed to possess them. Every man was owner of a sphere, and carried the earth in fee simple in his vest pocket. The flatness of society answered the flatness of the earth around there; I longed again for the hills of New England.

I went to Florida in October, 1868, prospecting there with a view to settlement. My idea was to plant an orange-grove, and hoped to have an income in a few years sufficient to live pleasantly in the "land of flowers." But the country was new, without roads or bridges, and outside the pale of civilization. I nearly relapsed into savagery, living three months alone in a hollow tree, and making no advances towards the Utopia of my dreams, an orange crop which exists as yet only in my imagination. I could not afford to wait ten years for an orange-grove to grow up, and meanwhile support myself by the labor of my hands, especially as I had no companions, or rather no companion. After six months' trial I gave up the scheme and turned my steps back again to civilization. Having still some bookish tastes, I sought and obtained the post of assistant librarian in the Academy of Arts and Sciences, in Boston. I remained there about a year and then made application through General Garfield, which was favorably received by Mr. Spofford, Librarian of Congress, in Washington, D. C. This was in the spring of 1871.

WASHINGTON, October, 1881.



JOHN SAVARY'S MOTHER AND OTHER KINDRED.

Sitting: Man, Mrs. Fuller, Mrs. Daphne Hall Savary, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Putnam.
Standing at back of Mrs. Savary: her daughters, Nancy and Louisa, and son, Augustus.
Standing at right of group: grandson, Wendell Savary.

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FROM

"A GENEALOGICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL RECORD

OF THE

SAVARY FAMILIES (Savory and Savary)

AND OF THE

SEVERY FAMILY

(Severit, Savery, Savory and Savary)

By A. W. SAVARY, M. A., of Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia

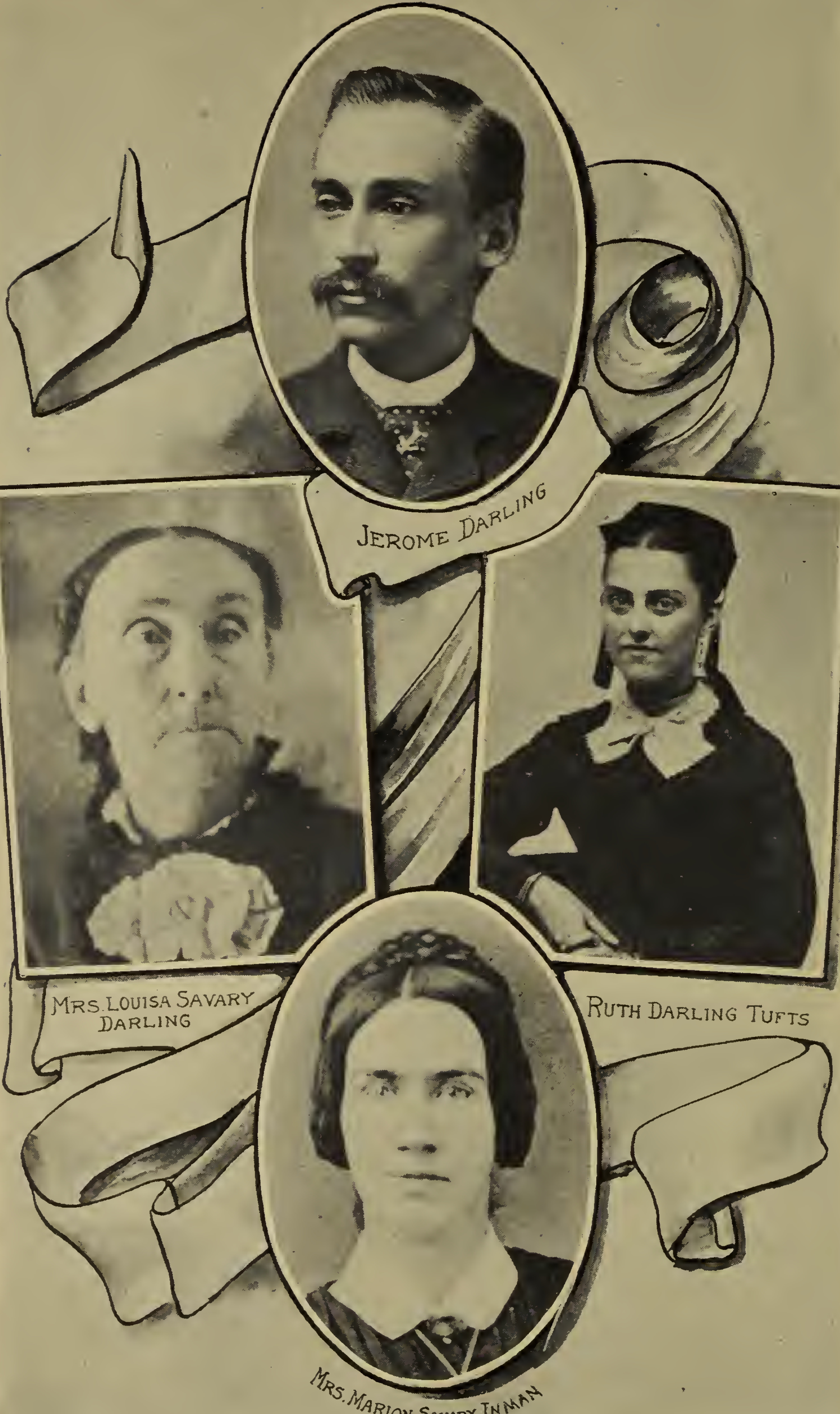
ASSISTED IN THE GENEALOGY BY

Miss LYDIA A. SAVARY of East Wareham, Mass."

Page 177. The Severy Family and Saverys of the Same Origin

The first American progenitor of this family I have found at Marblehead, which although not organized until about 1635, had been settled about 1629 by immigrants from the islands of Jersey and Guernsey, commonly called the Channel Islands, off the coast of France, the only possessions of the Dukes of Normandy which are now subject to the English Crown. In the Civil War between Charles I and his Parliament, Jersey was Episcopalian and Loyalist, and Guernsey Parliamentarian and Puritan. There is a family of Sivret or Syvret in both islands, from one of which I suspect the branch now treated of came; the name first appearing on the records of Marblehead and adjacent towns, in the form Sivret. The coat-of-arms of the Syvrets of Jersey, as given in Burke's "General Armory," is "Sable a lion rampant argent." The name under the form Sivret exists to-day among the

Acadian French of New Brunswick. Many of theold Norman-French names of the early settlers of Marblehead have been superseded in later generations by names of English sound, or translations, some of the latter not by any means literal; and the change in this name, as in many others, arose from the attempt by school teachers, town clerks, and pastors of churches to spell phonetically in English a peculiar French name. An Englishman, unversed in the French language, hearing a French-speaking man pronounce the name "Sivret," and desiring to write it down, would be almost sure to write it Scivery (Sciv-ery) or Severy. Either of these two combinations of letters would, to an Englishman, convey very nearly, and with about equal effect, the name as it would be pronounced by a Frenchman. As those acquainted with the French language know, the letter *t* at the end of a word is not sounded as it is in English. It merely gives a little shade of difference to the sound of the *e* preceding it. The French termination *et* would be as nearly as possible pronounced as *eh* would be by an Englishman; but a purely English name never ends with such a combination as *eh.* For these reasons the name came to be written Severy or Scivery, the latter on the church, the former on the town records, while it was often also spelt Sevrit and Severit, from a lingering knowledge that the *t*, although silent, really belonged there. Once the form Severy became established, town historians and registrars everywhere mistook the name for a corruption of the more familiar Savery, and thus widened and perpetuated the divergence from the original, making "confusion worse confounded," and sad work indeed among genealogists and searchers of titles. At


JEROME DARLING
MRS. LOUISA SAVARY DARLING
RUTH DARLING TUFTS
MRS. MARION SAVARY INMAN

Marblehead and Wenham we find the name connected contemporaneously with the Christian names Thomas, Andrew, Peter, James, and John; and soon afterwards we meet at Marblehead, Clement, Gregory, and Philip, redolent of the Channel Islands and France; and the more Puritan and biblically associated names Jonathan, David, Solomon, still common in the family, appeared simultaneously in branches widely separated for generations. Among the soldiers in King Philip's War were Edward and John Severy, of Marblehead, and others of the name, and the family contributed a remarkable number to all the wars in which the colonies and the United States were engaged. Marblehead is said to have contained six hundred widows at the close of the Revolutionary War, and five hundred of her citizens were prisoners of war in England at the close of the War of 1812. The estate of Peter Sevore, or Sevoree, who died, it would seem, at Marblehead, was administered by his brother Thomas, May 14, 1685, and that of Andrew by his wife Mary, May 21, 1715. I think the same Peter was of Wenham, in 1684, for I find there recorded: "Mary, daughter to Peter and Mary Severy, born 16.1. 1684." But the Mary Sevrit whose "intent of marrig" to Jonathan Moulton, "both of Wenham," was published May 31, 1713, and "certificate given" June 18, was probably daughter of the first John. It would seem likely that Andrew, who by wife Mary had a child born to him in 1683, and Thomas, who by wife Elizabeth had apparently five children born before 1699, were, with Peter, brothers of the first John of Wenham. The early settlers of Marblehead gave great concern to the General Court by their lack of devotion to the church and its rules, and I believe organized no church whatever until after those of Ipswich and Wenham were organized, but the town had Episcopal missionaries, from a very early date.

I.

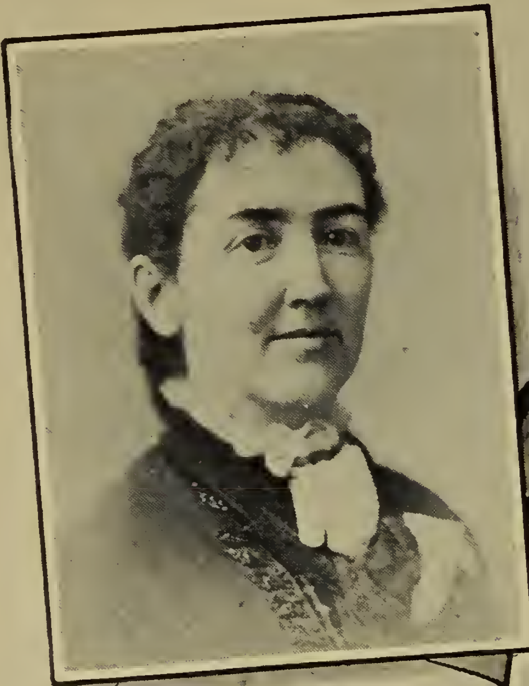
John (I) Sevrit, Severit, or Severy must have been born between Nov. 8, 1644, and the same date in 1645, for, according to Wenham records, "John Severi died Nov. 8, 1742, in the ninety-eighth year of his age." "Goodwife Severit" had died March, 1737. The earliest mention of his name is on the Probate record of Essex County, where it appears that, in 1680, John Severy charged the estate of John Harris, of Marblehead, for "providing his coffin and digging his grave." According to the new "History of Essex County," *sub cap.* Wenham, he removed to Wenham in 1695, his name in connection with his settlement there being spelt Severett. Here also, as at Marblehead, the records show that he was employed from the first with the last rites to the dead, and thus is more clearly identified. Besides probably others, he had the following

CHILDREN

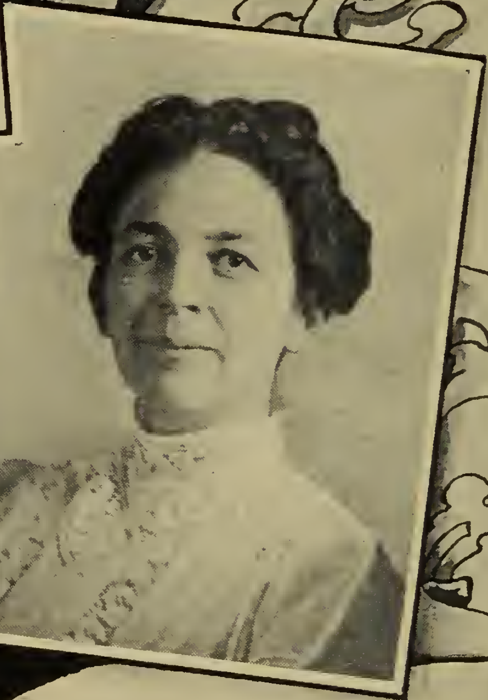
John, Joseph, Mary, James.

SECOND GENERATION

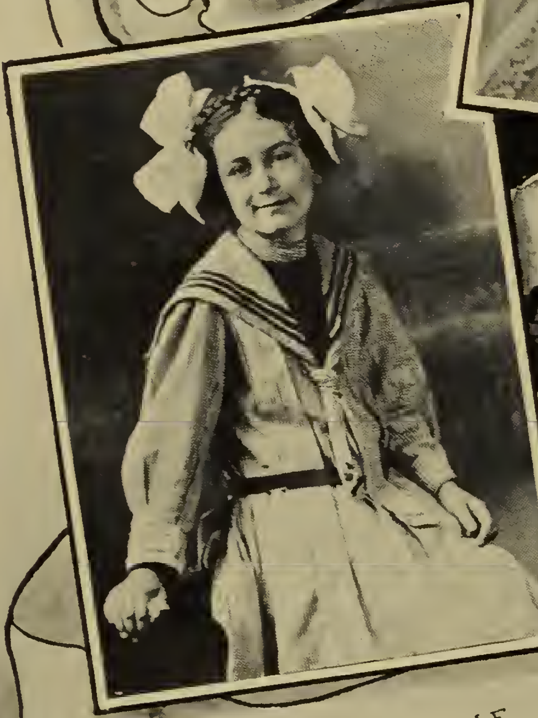
JOSEPH (II) SEVERIT OR SEVERY (John I) was born May 4, 1690, before his father's removal from Marblehead to Wenham. His intent of marriage, under the name "Joseph Saverit, of Wenham," to Mary Crocker of Topsfield, was recorded July 13, 1712. She died March 8, 1712–13; and on Sept. 13, 1713, we find again an "intent of marrig" between Joseph Saverit, of



MRS. CARRIE V. CARPENTER



MRS. MABEL F. CABLE



SOPHIE MAUD CABLE

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

Wenham, and Sarah Stockwell, of Ipswich, not "Joseph Severy, of Ipswich, and Sarah Stockwell, of Rehoboth," as Tracy, doubtless relying on tradition, gives it in his "History of Sutton." In Ipswich he was published as Joseph "Seavery." His wife is said to have been a sister to the five brothers Stockwell, of Rehoboth, who removed thence to Sutton, Oxford County, among the earliest settlers. Before moving to Sutton he lived in Ipswich or Rehoboth, perhaps consecutively in both places, and settled in Sutton, with four children already born to him, about 1728. The farm he first owned there he sold, and bought one a little north from it, which remained in the family one hundred and forty years or upwards. His descendants are most widely scattered all over the Union, and the progressive variations in the spelling of their names render them most difficult to trace. He died Nov. 14, 1761, aged, according to the family record from which I compute the day of his birth, 71 years 6 months 10 days; and his widow, April 4, 1770, aged 81 years 5 months 26 days.

CHILDREN

Joseph, Sarah, John, Mary, John, Benjamin, Jacob, Thomas.

THIRD GENERATION

JOSEPH SEVERY, JR. (*Joseph* 2, *John* 1), was born June 26, 1714; and married Susanna Stockwell, who died Jan. 14, 1762, in her fifty-third year. He settled in that part of Sutton which is now Millbury, and died Jan. 14, 1800.

CHILDREN

Mary, Susanna, Hannah, Hannah, Joseph, Eunice, David, Jonathan.

FOURTH GENERATION

JOSEPH SEVERY (*Joseph* 3, *Joseph* 2, *John* 1) was born Jan. 13, 1744, probably at Sutton; married Rebecca ——, and had:

CHILDREN

Joseph Emerson 5, b. March 11, 1767, who was an only son, and probably only child.

FIFTH GENERATION

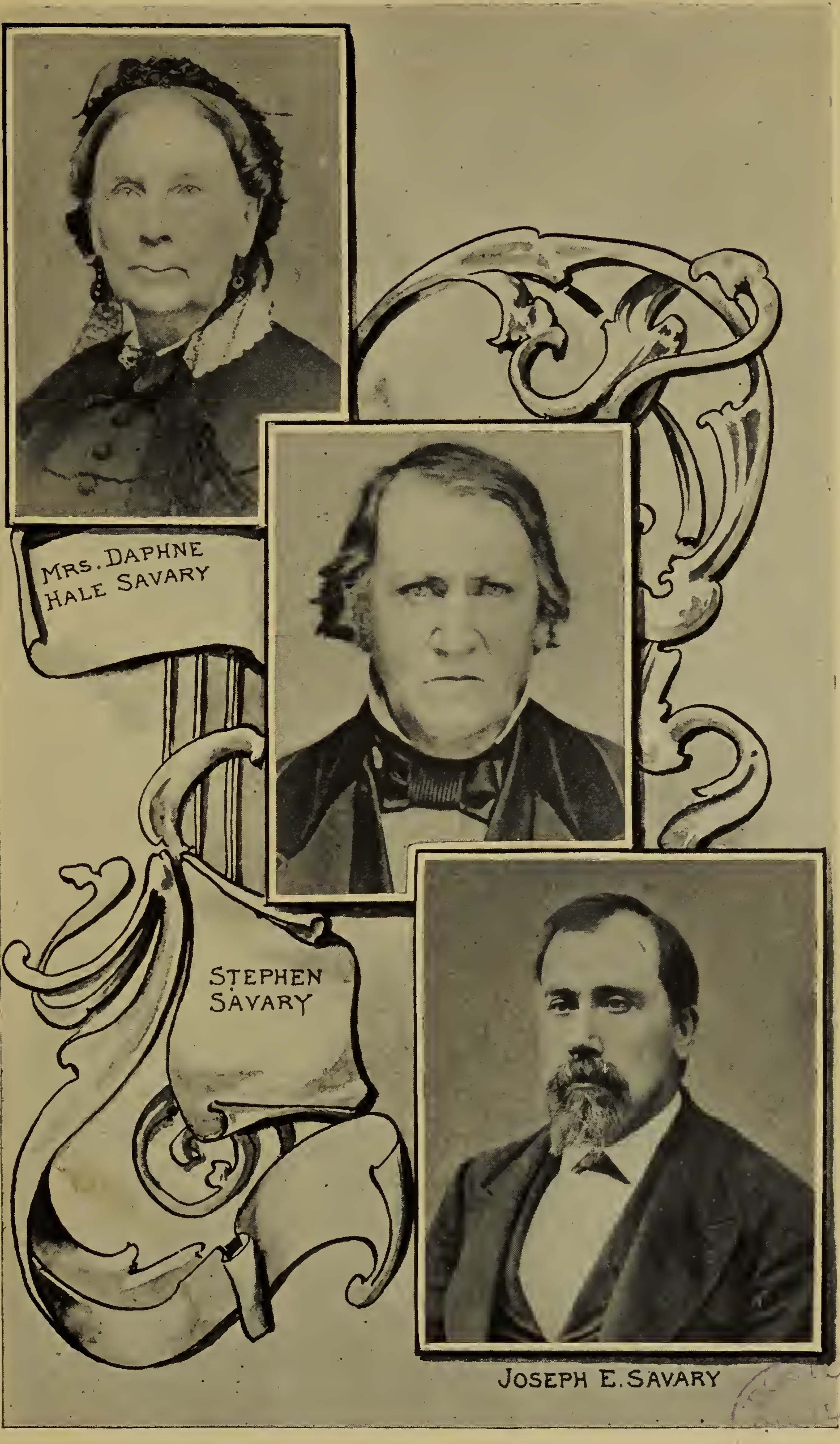
JOSEPH EMERSON SEVERY (*Joseph* 4, *Joseph* 3, *Joseph* 2, *John* 1) was born March 11, 1767; married Miriam Stone; lived in Auburn, and died in 1829; his widow in 1846, in the eighty-fifth year of her age.

CHILDREN

I. Stephen 6, b. Aug. 30, 1791.

SIXTH GENERATION

STEPHEN SAVARY (*Joseph Emerson* 5, *Joseph* 4, *Joseph* 3, *Joseph* 2, *John* 1) was born Aug. 30, 1791; and married (intentions published Oct. 5, 1816) Daphne Hall, who was born June 23, 1800. By the advice of his preceptor in the Lancaster Academy, where he was educated, he was led to change the spelling of the name to Savary. He died July 29, 1868; and his widow followed him July 30, 1883. The sketch of the life, times, and character of this lady by her son John is a most interesting paper, and deserves perpetual preservation by her descendants. She was of the "best type" of the New England matron of a past generation, belonging to "that great army of brave and silent workers who made the New England of to-day."



MRS. DAPHNE HALE SAVARY

STEPHEN SAVARY

JOSEPH E. SAVARY

CHILDREN

I. Nancy, b. June 16, 1817; m. S. Baker; had three sons, of whom two survive: Henry and George. NOTE.—*George has since died.* M. H. S.

II. Louisa, b. March 27, 1820; m. Jan. 1, 1844, George Darling. Ch.: (1) Jacob W., Eugene, Jerome, Ruth. NOTE.—*Eugene and Jerome survive.* M. H. S.

III. Miriam Stone, b. Apr. 15, 1823; m. November, 1842, Sanford A. Inman, of Burrillville, R. I.; d. Jan. 7, 1859.

IV. Stephen Augustus, b. Oct. 19, 1825.

V. Joseph Emerson, b. Apr. 17, 1827. JOSEPH E. (7) SAVARY; m. October, 1882, Lydia J., dau. of Jonathan Ross, of Effington, N. H., widow of Benjamin Stillings; has lived in Palmyra, N. Y., and a long time in California at the time of the gold-mining pioneers; now and for some time in Boston in railroad business. No children. NOTE.—*Has since died.* M. H. S.

VI. John, b. Nov. 4, 1832.

SEVENTH GENERATION

STEPHEN AUGUSTUS SAVARY (*Stephen* 6, *Joseph Emerson* 5, *Joseph* 4, *Joseph* 3, *Joseph* 2, *John* 1), was born Oct. 9, 1825; m. 1st Mary Eddy; 2d, Georgie Case. He resides in West Millbury, Mass. NOTE.—*He has since died.* M. H. S.

CHILDREN

I. Wendell S., b. 1870.

JOHN SAVARY (*Stephen* 6, *Joseph Emerson* 5, *Joseph* 4, *Joseph* 3, *Joseph* 2, *John* 1) was born in Auburn, Worcester County, Mass., Nov. 4, 1832; attended district school and worked on a farm till the age of seventeen; entered Williams College 1851, graduated 1855; graduated from Harvard Divinity School, and licensed to preach as a Unitarian minister in Autumn of 1860. War breaking out soon after his ordination, he joined the national army as a private with the promise of a chaplaincy; served under General Banks in New Orleans in 1862 and 1863, and was connected with the Sanitary Commission at the close of the war; returning home, engaged for a time in the work of the ministry, but at length abandoned it, and has since been employed as an assistant in the library of Congress. Is a writer of felicity and power both in prose and poetry, author of a memorial ode to President Garfield, etc.

FROM

THE HALLS OF NEW ENGLAND
GENEALOGICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL

By Rev. DAVID B. HALL, A. M., of Duanesburgh, N. Y.

Ancestry of Daphne Hall, Mother of John Savary

HALLS OF MEDFORD

The emigrant ancestor was

John Hall I, son of Widow Mary Hall, of Cambridge. He was born in England, 1627; d. in Medford, Mass., Oct. 18, 1701, ae. 74 years; m. April 2, 1656, *Elizabeth*, dau. of Percival and Ellen Green, of Cambridge. John Hall took the oath of fidelity in Middlesex Co., 1652, and in the same year the town of Cambridge apportioned to him 20 acres of church land in Billerica. He resided in Concord, Mass., several years previous to 1667, when he returned to Cambridge, and in 1675 removed to Medford, about 8 miles from Boston, where he purchased a farm of Caleb Hobert, June 27, 1675, and gave a mortgage on it the same day for £260, and which he paid May 2, 1681.

The records of Medford begin in 1674, but very little is written before 1677, when John Hall was chosen constable and selectman, which at that time were the most important offices of the town.

Dea. Thomas Willis and John Hall were chosen selectmen, March 12, 1690. In 1699 John Hall made his will, dividing his large landed estate between his sons, who were to pay his daughter's portion in money, and his widow Elizabeth had rights reserved for her during her life, and had the use of a portion of the house and cellar; Stephen and Thomas had the house and land near it. The house was situated a few rods east of the railroad depot in West Medford, and was demolished many years ago, and the old cellar filled up in 1876; Daniel A. Gleason, who married a descendant of John Hall, owns a house and lot in Medford near where the old house stood.

In the old burying-ground in Medford is a thick slate grave-stone about as wide as it is high, and arched at the top; in the arch is a death's head, under which stands an hour-glass, flanked by two winged figures; at one of the upper corners is written "Memento Mori," at the other "Fugit hora," and on the body of the stone is engraved as follows:

"Here lies the body of JOHN HALL, aged 74 years.
Died the 18th of Oct., 1701.
The memory of the Just is blessed."

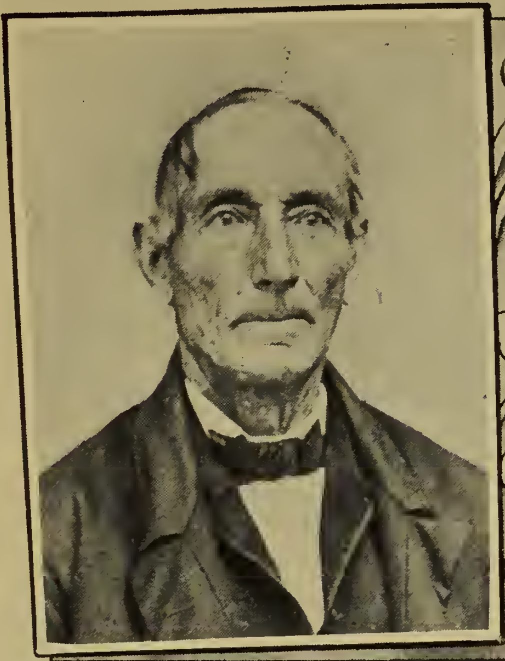
By the side of this stone is another on which is engraved: "In memory of Elizabeth, wife of John Hall, who died Feb. 4, 1713, in the 74th year of her age."

And on the other side of the first-mentioned stone is a smaller one: "In memory of William Hall, aged 19 years, who died Jan. 4, 1683."

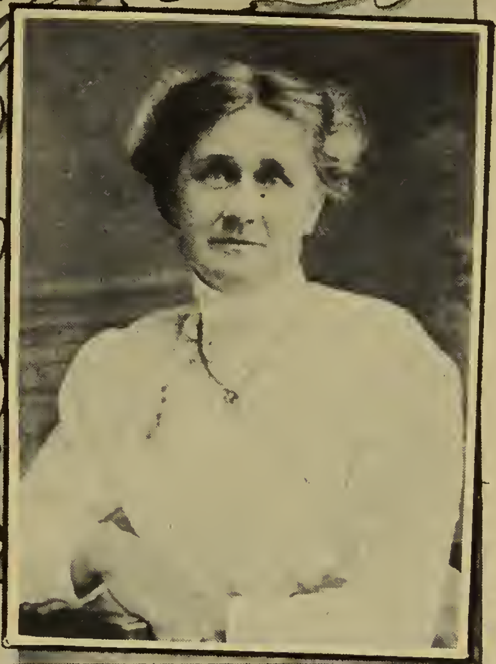
Children of John and Elizabeth Hall were: Elizabeth, . . . John, . . . William, . . . Nathaniel, . . . Mary, . . . Stephen, . . . Percival, b. in Cambridge, Feb. 11, 1672. . . . (Also other children to the number of eleven.)

SECOND GENERATION

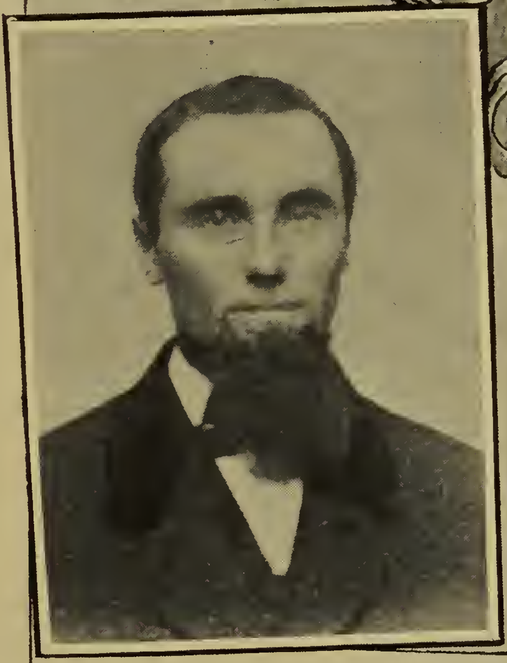
PERCIVAL HALL 2, John 1; b. in Cambridge, Feb. 11, 1672; d. in Sutton, Mass., Dec. 25, 1752, ae. 80 years; m. in Woburn, Oct. 18, 1697, *Jane*, dau. of Thomas and Grace (Tay) Willis, b. Oct. 1677, d. Oct. 28, 1757, ae. 80 years. Percival Hall of Medford owned the covenant of the church of Cambridge in order to have his children baptized; and son Percival was baptized, Nov. 20, 1698; he and his wife were admitted to full communion Dec. 31, 1699; he was one of the founders of the church of Medford, Feb. 11, 1713, and was chosen deacon in place of his father-in-law, Thomas Willis, who resigned on account of old age, March 9, 1720. He was proprietor of Sutton in 1720, and removed to that place in the fall of 1720, or in the following spring; was dismissed from the church of Medford, Dec. 3, 1721, and with his wife was admitted to the church of Sutton the same month, and not long after was chosen the 2d deacon of that church; he became a very prominent and efficient man in both town and church affairs. He appeared to be the chief means of the settlement of his kinsman, Rev. David Hall, from Yarmouth, over the church of Sutton; he was a very large landed proprietor, and represented the town in



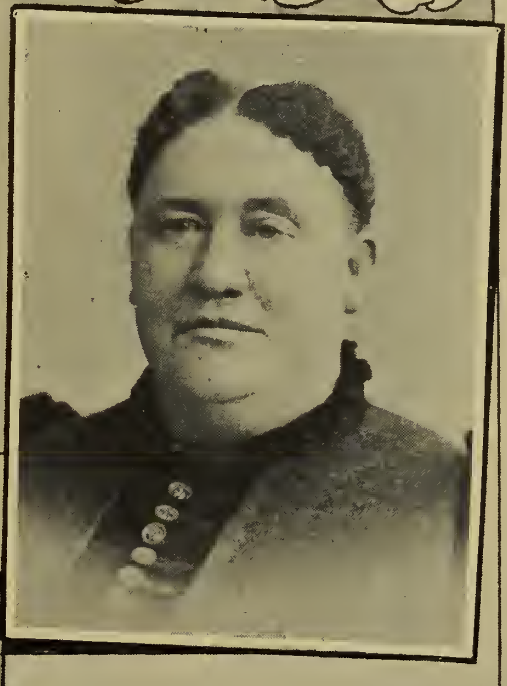
THEREL LUTHER HALL



MRS. ALICE HALL FRAZIER



GEORGE W. HALL



MRS. GEORGE HALL

BOSTON

General Court (see History of Sutton). His grandson, Jonathan Hall of Windsor, Vt., said that "he was a short, thick man, and a great worker." His grave is . . . . in Sutton Center, but there is no grave-stone erected his to memory . . . . His children were: Percival, . . . Jane, . . . Elizabeth, . . . Mary, . . . Martha, . . . Stephen . . . (And others to the number of twelve.)

THIRD GENERATION

STEPHEN HALL 3 (Percival 2 John 1); b. in Medford, Apr. 2, 1709; d. in Sutton, Jan. 29, 1787, ae. 78; m., Apr. 17, 1745, Sarah Taft, widow of Samuel Read, of Uxbridge, and before that the widow of John Brown, who was a widower when he married her.

Stephen Hall was a farmer, and probably had a portion of his father's homestead in Sutton, and built the house in 1752, which is now owned by John Armsby. It was kept in the family for four generations; he was a tall, broad-shouldered man, and served as lieutenant and quartermaster in the old French and Indian war from 1755 to 1760. His wife was received from the church of Uxbridge by the church of Sutton, Feb. 23, 1746. Children were:

I. Stephen, b. Jan. 24, 1747; bap. Feb. 23, 1747 . . . (And others to the number of seven.)

FOURTH GENERATION

STEPHEN HALL 4 (Stephen 3, Percival 2, John 1), b. in Sutton Jan. 24, 1747; m. *Abigail Spring*, of Newton, Mass.; he was a farmer and resided on his father's farm in Sutton. Children were:

1. Abigail, b. Dec. 7, 1770. 2. Stephen, b. March 4, 1773 . . . (And others to the number of eight.)

FIFTH GENERATION

STEPHEN HALL 5 (Stephen 4, Stephen 3, Percival 2, John 1), b. in Sutton, March 4, 1773; d. 1827; m., Dec., 1708, *Polly Stone*, called Molly, dau. of Daniel Stone, of Sutton. Children were:

1. Kelsey, b. Apr. 27, 1799; d. of yellow fever at New Orleans, in 1822 or 1823. *Daphne, b. June 25, 1800.* 3. Therel Luther, b. Aug. 29, 1801. 4. Moody, d. in infancy. 5. Olivet, b. Oct. 13, 1803; d. in Boston in 1852. 6. Merinda, b. Oct. 17, 1804. Acosta, b. May 6, 1806. Pelthira, b. June 17, 1809. Deolphus Stephen Moody Stone, b. June 22, 1811; d. Oct. 23, 1811. 10. Zera Spring, b. July 27, 1813. 11. Eltheda Gould, b. Feb. 13, 1815. 12. Zera, b. 1818; d. July, 1832. 13. Amanda A. Stone, b. July 16, 1820.

(Daphne, the mother of John Savary, Acosta, who m. Albigence Williams, and resided in Woonsocket; Pelthira, who m. Elisha Brown, and lived in Wales, Massachusetts; Eltheda G., who m. James Fuller of Southbridge, Mass., and resided in Hartford, Conn.; and Amanda A. S., who m. Cornelius Putnam and resided in Webster, Mass. These five sisters of Therel Luther Hall, who resided in Sutton, were remarkable for their energy and ability. They had a warm affection for each other, which increased rather than diminished as their years and cares increased, and their family reunions, often held at their brother's, are the happiest and merriest recollections of their nieces and nephews to this day. Their names and families together with other particulars are given below.) Note by M. H. S.

MRS. MARY HALL SIBLEY

JOHN RALPH SIBLEY

MRS. CLOVER SIBLEY KARCHER

SIXTH GENERATION

DAPHNE HALL 6 (Stephen 5, Stephen 4, Stephen 3, Percival 2, John 1), b. in Sutton, June 25, 1800; m. Stephen Severy, of Auburn, Mass. Children were: (See Savary records for the first five) 6 John, b. Nov. 4, 1832; graduated at Williams College; studied theology at Cambridge, became a Unitarian minister, settled as pastor of church in Newton and Hingham, was in the U. S. service during the war for the Union, and was in the library of congress, at Washington, D. C., until Oct., 1897.

THEREL LUTHER 6, pedigree as before; b. Aug. 29, 1801; residence, Sutton; m. Lucy Thurston Holman, probably grand-daughter of David and Lucy Thurston Holman, of Sutton, son of Edward, son of Solomon, who came from Wales to Newbury, Mass., about 1693, by way of the Bermuda Islands. Children were:

1. Stephen, b. in Sutton, Dec. 10, 1824; d. Aug. 24, 1828. 2. Albert, b. in Sutton, Apr. 18, 1826; d. Sept. 20, 1829. 3. George Washington, b. in Sutton, Sept. 21, 1827. 4. Stephen Henry, b. in Sutton, Apr. 2, 1829. 5. Lydia Ann, b. in Sutton, Feb. 13, 1831. 6. Albert Franklin, b. in Millbury, Aug. 4, 1832. 7. d. at birth. 8. Mary Elizabeth, b. in Auburn, Dec. 4, 1837. Mary Elizabeth, b. Dec. 4, 1837; m. Francis Stephen Sibley, son of Deacon Stephen Sibley of Auburn, Mass., Aug. 19, 1873. Her husband died January 8, 1883. Children were: 1. Clover Louise, b. April 25, 1875; m. July 20, 1910, to Louis A. Karcher of Boston. 2. John Ralph, b. Jan. 16, 1877; m. July 14, 1909, Mary Caroline Root of Boston. 9. Lucy

Jane, b. in Auburn, June 23, 1839. 10. Luther Freeman, b. in Worcester, Jan. 23, 1843.

MERINDA HALL 6, pedigree as before; b. in Sutton, Oct. 17, 1804; m. Amasa Hart, of Auburn. Children were:

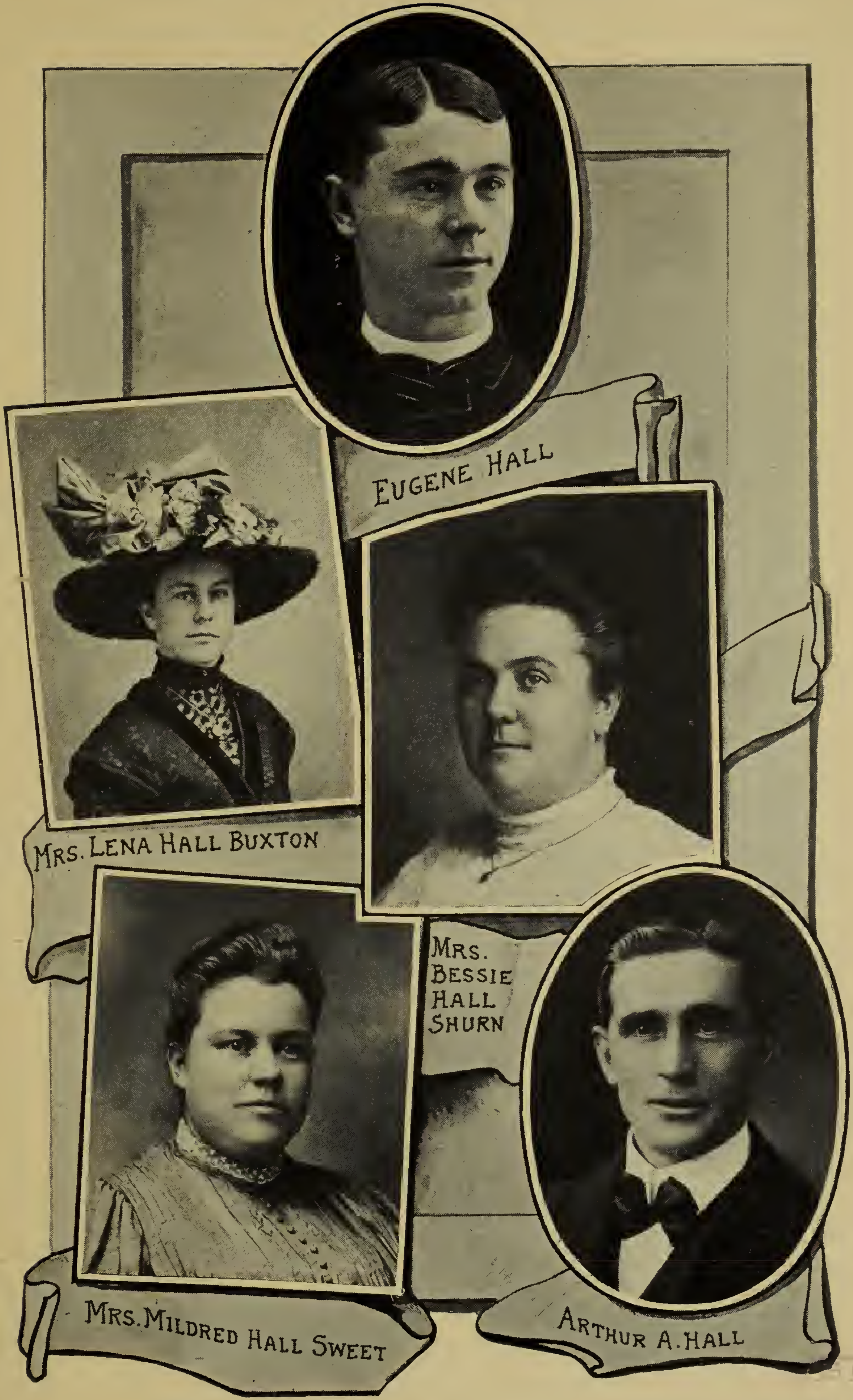
1. William, was a soldier in the war for the Union, was taken prisoner and d. in Libby prison. 2. Martha. 3. Mary. 4. Susan. 5. Edwin. NOTE.—(Mary and Susan have died since this book was published.—M. H. S.)

ACOSTA HALL 6, pedigree as before; b. May 6, 1806; m. Albigence Williams, a mechanic of Woonsocket Falls, R. I. Children were: (Acosta died May 27, 1891; Albigence d. March 28, 1879.)

1. Abbie, m. Ezra M. Stockwell, mechanic, Woonsocket. 2. Lottie (Charlotte), m. George D. W. Dyer, mechanic, of Woonsocket. (NOTE.—Charlotte d. Aug. 23, 1911.—M. H. S.) 3. Henry P., m. Katie E. Pratt, of Chelsea, Mass.; he is express agent on the Providence and Worcester R. R.; was a soldier in the war for the Union, in the 5th R. I. Vols., served through the war, was 1st lieutenant; residence, Woonsocket Falls, R. I. (NOTE.—d. in 1902.—M. H. S.) Wife died Sept. 3, 1906.

PELTHIRA HALL 6, pedigree as before; b. June 17, 1809; m. Nov. 10, 1829, Elisha Brown, a farmer of Wales, Mass. Children were: (NOTE.—Married, 2d, Elder Baker, retired Methodist preacher, 188?; d. 189?.—M. H. S.)

1. Charles E., b. Apr. 29, 1830; d. July 1, 1832. 2. William H., b. May 18, 1832; d. Sept. 12, 1832. 3. Eltheda A., b. June 22, 1833. 4. Harriet M., b. May 7, 1835. 5. Charles A., b. Aug. 10, 1837. 6. Horatio H., b. May 30, 1839. 7. Susan M., b. June



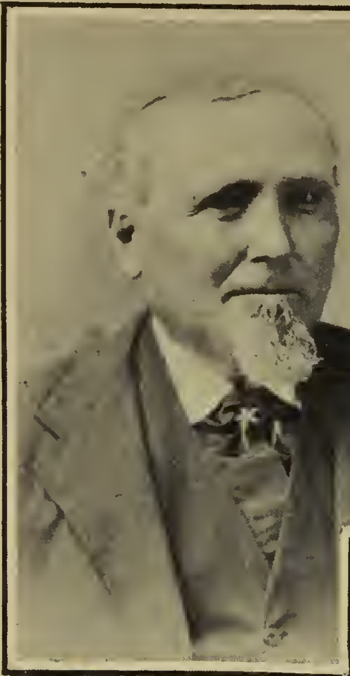
EUGENE HALL

MRS. LENA HALL BUXTON

MRS. BESSIE HALL SHURN

MRS. MILDRED HALL SWEET

ARTHUR A. HALL



HENRY S. HALL

MRS. MARY F. BRYANT

MRS. NELLIE HALL POPE.

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26, 1843. 8. William, b. Apr. 18, 1845, d. Aug. 23, 1845. 9. Emma T., b. May 12, 1846; d. March 11, 1847. 10. James L., b. Sept 18, 1848; d. July 21, 1849. 11. Clara, b. Aug. 29, 1853; m., Oct. 28, 1873, William Rhodes, of Wales, Mass.

Eltheda G. Hall 6, pedigree as before; b. Feb. 13, 1815; m., May 24, 1833, James Fuller, manufacturer, from Southbridge, Mass.; residence, Hartford, Conn. Children were:

1. Charles J., b. Feb. 8, 1834; m., Jan. 1, 1860, Mary E. Whiton; is a merchant. 2. Lovice Gay, b. July 31, 1836; d. Feb. 6, 1837. 3. Adelaide E., b. Sept. 21, 1840; d. Apr. 27, 1842. 4. Jerome H., b. Feb. 18, 1843; d. Oct. 25, 1864. (Note.— Charles and Jerome were soldiers in the war for the Union, and Jerome starved to death in prison.—M. H. S.) Ella A., b. June 7, 1847; m. Mr. Meyer, 190?.

Amanda A. S. Hall 6, pedigree as before; b. July 16, 1820; m. Cornelius Putnam, of Sutton, blacksmith; residence Webster, Mass.; had one child:

1. Banfield, b. May 10, 1843; m. 1865, Emmalaide Hall of Webster, and had:

1. Mildred E., b. July 20, 1869. (Note.—M., 1893, Walter Ray of Woonsocket; lives in Woonsocket, R. I.— M. H. S.) 2. Edith Maud, b. May 13, 1873. (Note.— M., 1902, Henry Whitcomb of Worcester, Mass.; resides in Spencer, Mass.— M. H. S.)

FAMILES OF JOHN SAVARY'S BROTHERS AND SISTERS

Nancy Severy 7, . . . ; b. in Sutton, June 16, 1817; m. Smith Baker, manufacturer of woolen goods, Douglas, Mass. Children were:

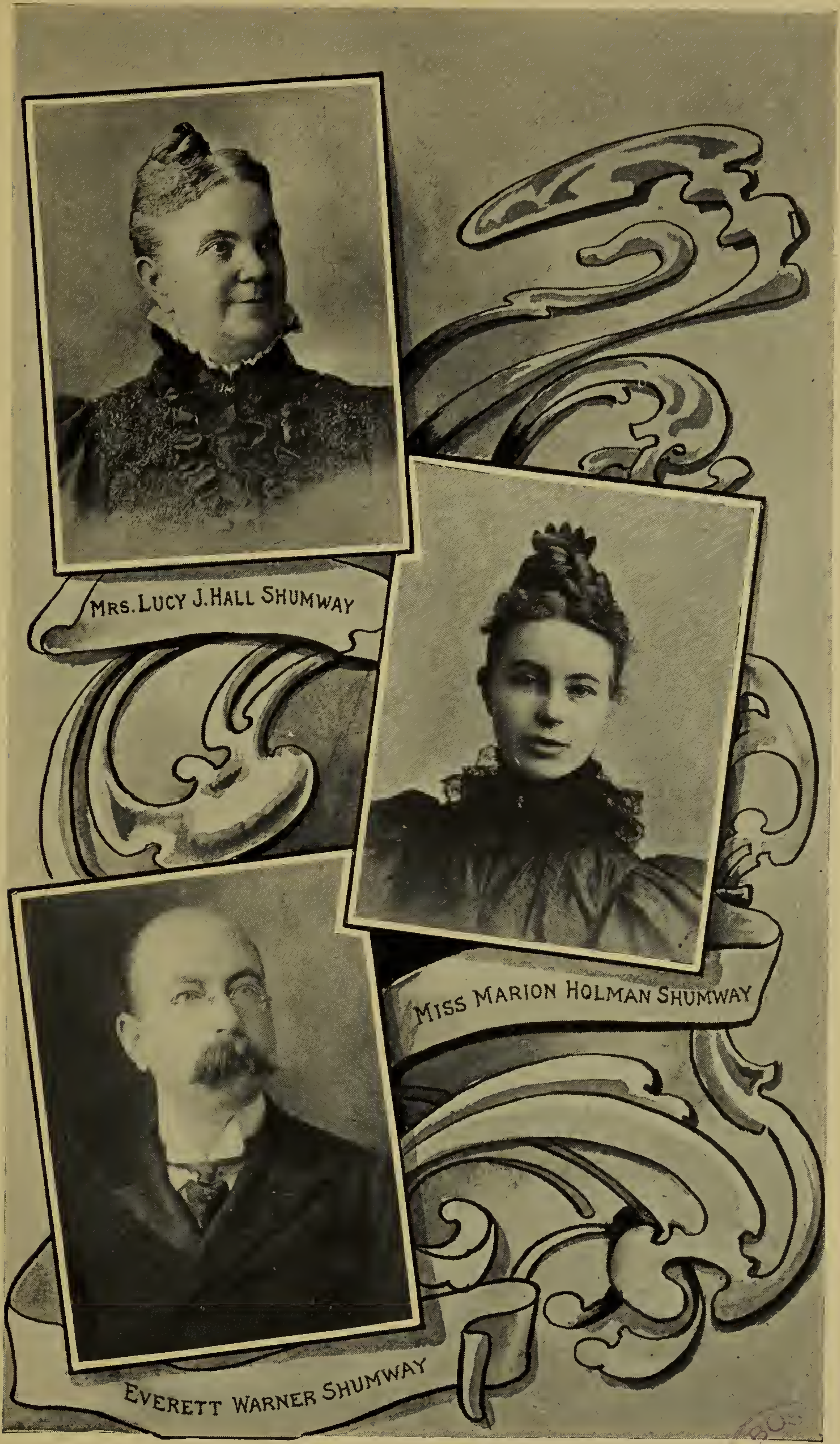
1. Dau., d. in infancy. 2. Francis. 3. Henry, m. Catharine Creighton, of Maine; was a soldier in the war for the Union, in the 15th Regt., Mass. Vols.; was wounded in the battle of Gettysburg and disabled for service; receives a pension. 4. George H., m. Ellen Darling of Charlton, Mass., and had 1, a son, d. at the age of one year; 2. A dau., d. in 11 days; he served in the war for the Union in the 2d Mass. Cavalry. (Note.— George d. 1906.—M. H. S.)

Louisa Severy 7, . . . ; b. in Sutton, March 27, 1820; m. George W. Darling of Rhode Island. Children were:

1. Jacob, b. 1845. 2. Eugene, b. 1847; m. Ellen Knight, of Uxbridge; railroad engineer. 3. Jerome, b. 1849; m. Fanny Gilman of Worchester, is a printer (in Cambridge). M. H. S. Ruth M., b. 1851; m. A. W. Tufts. (Note.—Ruth d. in Worcester, 187?—M. H. S.)

Marion S. Severy 7, . . . ; b. April 13, 1823; d. Jan. 17, 1839; m. Sanford A. Inman, of Oxford, Mass.; farmer, formerly of Rhode Island. Children were:

1. Henry A., b. Oct. 28, 1844; m., Dec. 1, 1867, Marion Waters of Sutton; bookkeeper of Boston. (Dead.—M. H. S.) 2. Frederic A., b. May 18, 1846, expressman. 3. Caroline V., b. Dec. 2, 1848; m., Dec. 2, 1866, Louis T. Carpenter, farmer, and had, 1, Maria, b. Nov. 28, 1867; 2, Sophia, b. March 19, 1869; 3, Carrie



MRS. LUCY J. HALL SHUMWAY

MISS MARION HOLMAN SHUMWAY

EVERETT WARNER SHUMWAY

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Maud, b. Oct. 21, 1873. 4. Edward H., b. Oct. 10, 1850; d. May 3, 1852. 5. Nelson S., b. Dec. 16, 1856. (NOTE.— This is where the one called Mabel, mother of little Sophia Maud Cable, should appear.—M. H. S.)

STEPHEN AUGUSTUS SEVERY 7, . . . ; b. Sept. 12, 1825; m. Georgie Case of Millbury. Children were:

1. A dau., b. 1867; d. in infancy. 2. Wendell A., b. 1869.

FAMILIES OF THE CHILDREN OF THEREL LUTHER HALL, BROTHER OF DAPHNE HALL, THE MOTHER OF JOHN SAVARY

GEORGE W. HALL 7, . . . ; b. in Sutton, Sept. 21, 1827; m. Susan E. Mayers, b. in Dresden, Maine, Aug. 30, 1842; farmer, of Millbury, Mass. Children were:

Eugene S. Hall, born July 23, 1869. Married, 188–. Died Jan. 4, 1904.

Bessie M. Hall, b. Mar. 29, 1870; m. Chas. A. Shurn, Dec. 6, 1887.

Arthur A. Hall, b. Oct. 9, 1877; m., Nov. 6, 1903, Hannah Geekie.

H. Mildred Hall, b. May 29, 1878; m., May 28, 1896, Everett W. Sweet.

1. Alice Thurston, b. in Millbury, Dec. 23, 1866. (NOTE.— M. William F. Frazier. Children were: 1. George W., b. June 20, 1889; 2. Mary, b. Nov. 13, 1892; 3. Helena, b. Feb. 2, 1895; 4. William, b. Apr. 10, 1897, accidentally drowned, July 8, 1901; 5. Lawrence, b. May 16, 1899; 6. Blanche, b. Jan. 6, 1903.

2. Silas Eugene, b. in Worcester, July 22, 1868. (NOTE.— M. and d.)

3. Bessie Maud, b. in Millbury, March 29, 1870. (NOTE.— M. Charles A. Shurn, of Millbury, 188– and had one son, Charles, who died 190– (7 or 8).

4. Arthur, b.——; m. —— ——.

5. Mildred, b. ——; m. Everett Sweet.

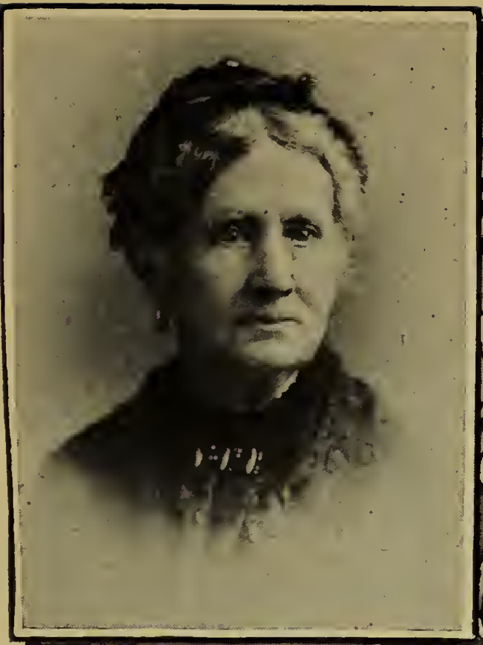
6. Lena M., b. ——; m. —— Burt; m. 2d, —— Buxton. Resides in Newcastle, Wyoming.

STEPHEN HENRY HALL, . . . ; b. Apr. 2, 1829; m., 1850, Alice Eliza Haven, of Leicester, Mass.; residence, Brighton, Mass.; served through the war for the Union as private in 1st Mass. battery, light artillery. No children. (NOTE.— Adopted two, a boy and a girl, and brought them up as his own.—M. H. S.) Is foreman in the freight department of the Boston & Albany Railroad. (NOTE.— He d. in Spencer, Mass., July, 1905 (?).

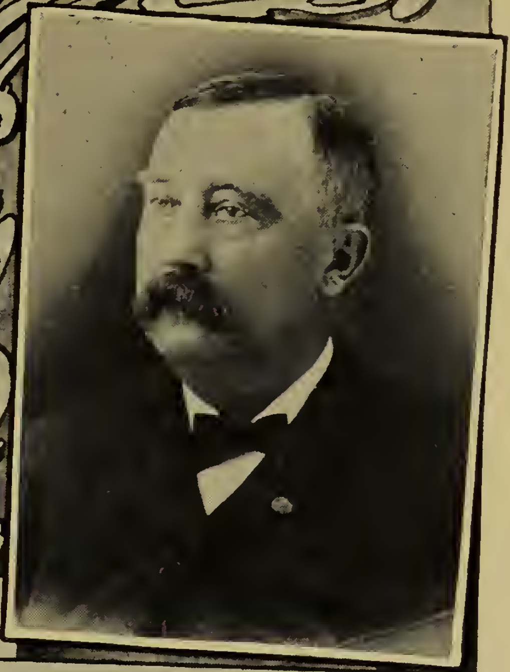
LYDIA ANN HALL, . . . ; b. Feb. 13, 1831; d. in Havana, N. Y., June 11, 1854; m., Oct. 22, 1848, James M. Johnson; now resides in Providence, R. I. Children were:

1. Flora A., b. in Havana, N. Y.; d. May 16, 1850.
2. Mary F., b. Aug. 13, 1852. (NOTE.—M. Joseph Bryant, 18—, and had 3 children, who lived to maturity: Bertha, Irving, and Clifton. They all reside in Los Angeles, Cal. The elder son, Irving, and the daughter are married.

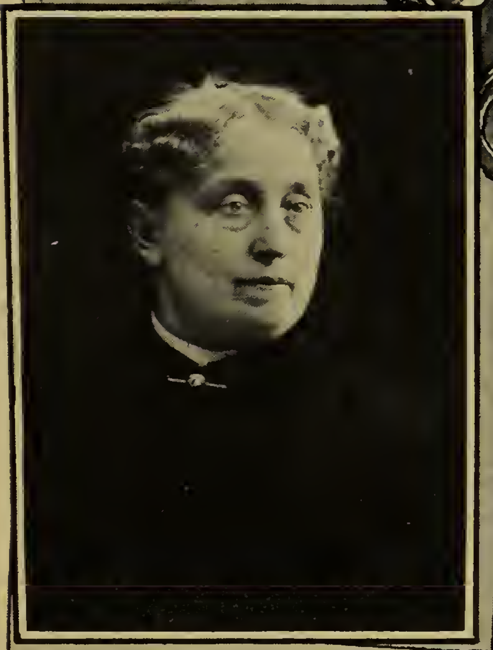
ALBERT F. HALL 7, pedigree as above; b. in Millbury, Aug. 4, 1832; d. Aug. 14, 1865; m. Catharine Maria Bulchrine, of Boston. He served as a soldier in the war for the Union, in 15th Regt. Mass. Vols., afterwards in gunboat service in New Orleans and Fort Donaldson, Fort Henry, Island No. 10, Vicksburg, etc., and was honorably discharged on account



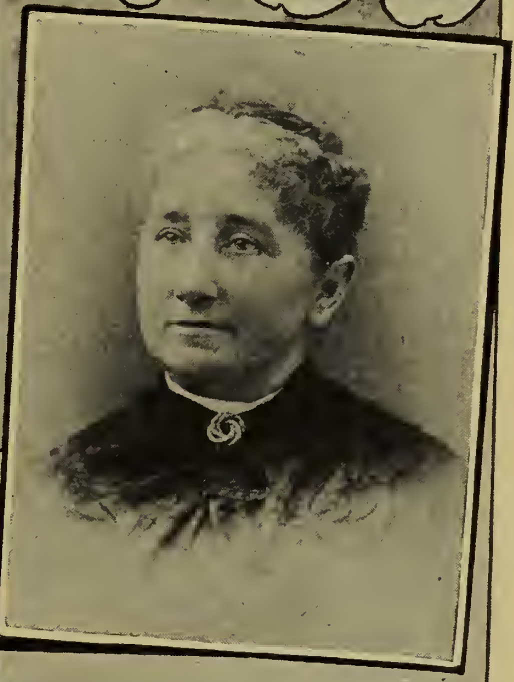
Mrs. Acosta Hall Williams



Henry P. Williams



Mrs. Charlotte Williams Dyer



Mrs. Abbie Williams Stockwell

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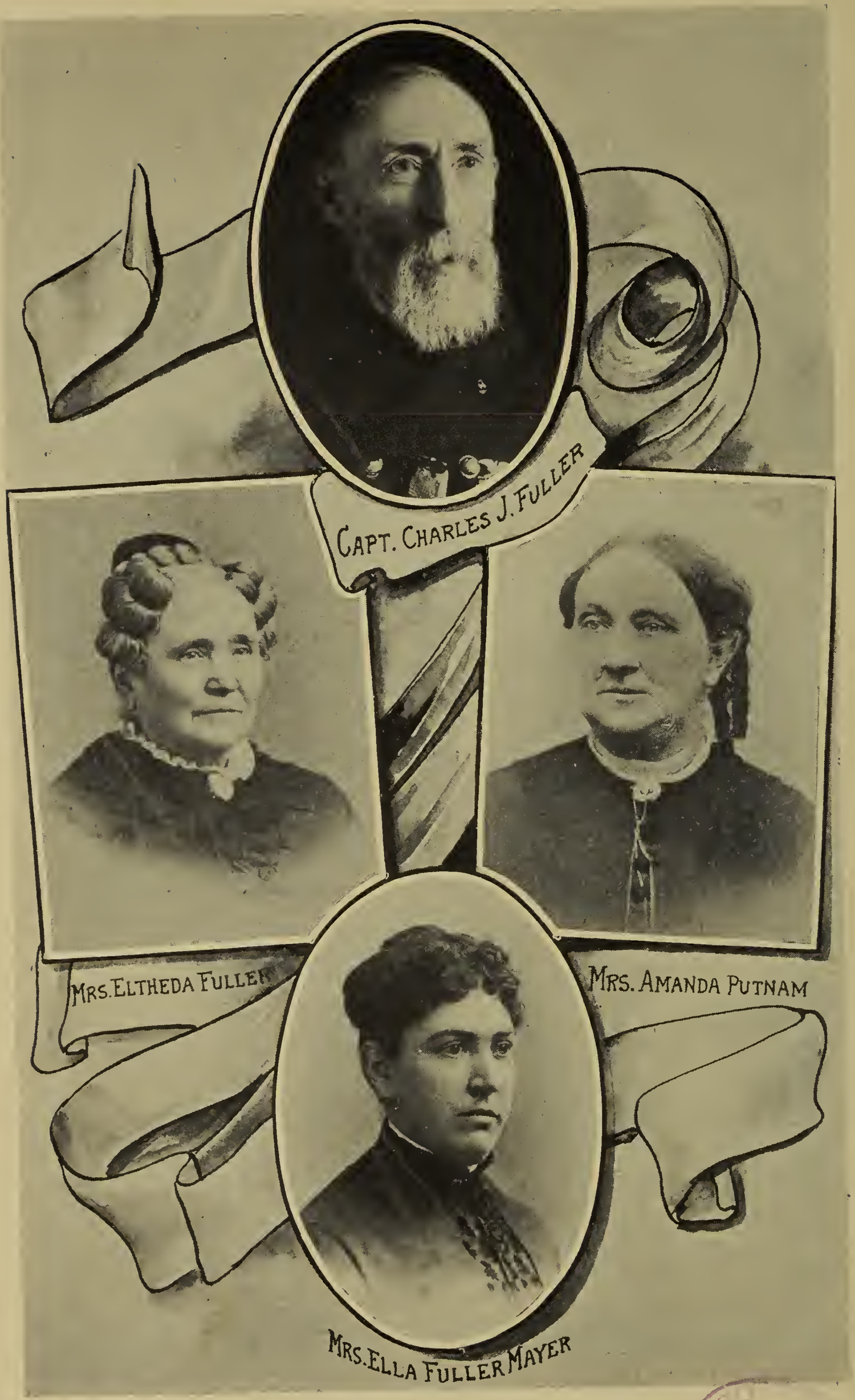
CAPT. CHARLES J. FULLER
MRS. ELTHEDA FULLER
MRS. AMANDA PUTNAM
MRS. ELLA FULLER MAYER

of being sick; he re-enlisted in the 1st Reg. Mass. Light Battery and died in the service at City Point, Va., Aug. 14, 1865. Children were:

1. Anna Viola, d. in infancy. Nellie Viola, b. July 5, 1853; m. Irvine Clarendon Pope, now physician in Holliston, Mass., and had sons Ernest Albert and Sydney Lemuel. Ernest died, 1905. Georgiana Frances, b. 1855; m. Harry Rogers and had daughters, Sarah Maria and Lucilla. Family resides in Milford, Mass.

MARY ELIZABETH HALL 7, . . . ; b. in Auburn, Mass., Dec. 4, 1837; m., at Boston, Aug. 9, 1873, Francis S. Sibley; of Millbury, a dealer in spices, etc. (He d. in 188–.)

Children were:

1. Clover Louise, b. ——; m., July 20, 1910, Louis A. Karcher of Boston.

2. John Ralph, b. ——; m., July, 1909, Mary Caroline Root of Boston.

LUCY JANE HALL 7, . . . ; b. in Auburn, June 23, 1839; m., May 19, 1863, Henry L. Shumway of Oxford, local editor of the Worcester Gazette. (He d. April 17, 1908.) Children were:

Mary Eliza, b. April 17, 1864; d. Aug. 14, 1864. 2. Everett Warner, b. March 29, 1867; m., June 28, 1898, Mrs. Affia A. Caldwell of Rutland, Vermont; who d. Oct. 31, 1898; m. 2d, Elizabeth Maxwell of Boston, Aug. 4, 1908, and had Loriston, b. Aug. 15, 1909, and Everett Warner, Jr., b. Oct. 1, 1911. 3. Marion Holman, b. Aug. 27, 1869.

LUTHER FREEMAN HALL, . . . ; b. in Worcester, Jan. 23, 1843; m., 1866, Elizabeth McLane; was a soldier in the war for the Union, in the 2d Reg. Mass. Vols.; was wounded in the battle of Cedar Mountain, and again at Winchester, on account of which he was honorably discharged; he re-enlisted in the 2d Mass. heavy artillery, and served to the close of the war. Children were:

Willie Chester, b. Feb. 22, 1867; adopted by Henry S. Hall of Brighton. 2. D. in infancy.

CHILDREN OF PELTHIRA BROWN, SISTER OF DAPHNE, JOHN SAVARY'S MOTHER

Eltheda A. Brown 7 (Elisha Brown) . . . ; b. June 22, 1833; m., July 4, 1852, Edwin M. Hatch. Children were:

1. Mary E., b. Nov. 10, 1858; m., March 1, 1872, Frank Ware, of Wales, Mass. 2. Ida A., b. Aug. 19, 1856. 3. Eva E., b. Aug. 19, 1856. George S., d. Nov. 7, 1862.

Harriet M. Brown 7, . . ; b. May 7, 1835; m. John G. Shaw, of Rhode Island. Children were:

1. Emma F., b. Nov. 25, 1853, Woonsocket, R. I.; d. Aug. 1, 1858. 2. John H., b. Nov. 13, 1857, Woonsocket. 3. Herbert C., b. at North Ware, N. H., No. 19, 1862; d. Feb. 6, 1865. 4. Nettie D., b. Nov. 7, 1864. 5. Wallace, b. Nov. 27, 1865, Wales, Mass.

Charles Austin Brown 7, . . . ; b. Aug. 10, 1837, Ironstone, Mass.; m., Jan. 2, 1859, Elizabeth Reynolds, b. Jan. 18, 1840. Children were:

1. Charles Harris, b. Aug. 24, 1861, at Providence, R. I. 2. Warren Austin, b. May 15, 1869; d. Oct. 9, 1869. Mr. Brown was a soldier in the war for the Union, in Battery E, 1st R. I. artillery; was soon promoted from a private, by degrees, to the office of 1st lieutenant, and engaged in nearly all the battles of the

MRS. PELTHYRA HALL BROWN BAKER AND HUSBAND

MRS. SUSAN BROWN SMITH

BARBARA GRIFFITH

MRS. HARRIET BROWN SHAW

MRS. MAUDE HAM GRIFFITH

MRS. N. D. HAM

HENRY S. BAKER
MRS NANCY BAKER
MRS. CATHERINE BAKER
GEORGE BAKER

LIBR

Army of the Potomac up to the time of his capture in the battle of the Wilderness; he was then taken to Richmond; then to Dansville; then to Macon, Ga., when he effected his escape; but after traveling twelve days, was retaken and traveled back again and placed in a dungeon and kept there for six weeks, then removed to Charleston, S. C.; while on the road eighty of our men, prisoners, jumped from the cars and fled, but were all captured before night of the next day, and taken to Charleston, and placed under the fire of our own guns, which were then shelling the city, and kept there until about the 14th of October; they were then removed to Columbus, S. C., and placed in an open field, without shelter, and almost without food, and kept there until about the 4th of November, when, says Mr. Brown, four of us made our escape, and traveled to our lines at Knoxville, Tenn., 500 miles, in 30 days; we lived mostly on parched corn, not daring to see anybody. On our arrival we were in a bad condition, one of us having frozen both of his feet, and had not eaten anything except snow for 100 hours. Lieut. Brown was in command of a cannon at the battle of Gettysburg, the same which was made over to the State of Rhode Island, and received with appropriate ceremony at Providence, in May, 1874. Lieut. Brown resides in Vandewater street, and does business at No. 189 Church St., Providence, R. I.

HORATIO H. BROWN 7, . . . ; b. May 20, 1839; m. 1st Annie Chase, of North Ware, N. H.; m. 2d, Sarah Finger, and had: 1. Elmer. 2. Alvira.

SUSAN M. BROWN, . . . ; b. June 26, 1843; m. George S. Willard, of North Ware, N. H.; had one child, Eva, b. Sept. 9, 1862.

PART II

Poems of John Savary

A FEW THOUGHTS ABOUT TRANSLATIONS

Mr. Emerson is reported to have said that he would never read an ancient author in the original provided a good translation was accessible; that he would as soon think of swimming Charles River to get to Boston, instead of using the bridge. If the things of an author were alone in question, the comparison would be more just. Translation is a short cut to the matter, and the reader who is intent only on making merchandise of his author can afford to neglect the wrappages of style and diction. It is merely destroying the labels, and transferring the contents from one shaped vessel to another. And when, as in nine cases out of ten, the reader is but imperfectly acquainted with the language of his author and quite insensible to the force of idioms, to grammatical niceties of expression, and the delicate shades and *nuances* of meaning in the original, he is, perhaps, justified in refusing the laborious office of translating for himself. Very few will accept the trouble, when a good translation lies ready made to hand. Yet it may be said without fear of contradiction that the masterpieces of literature, whether belonging to antiquity or not, can never be understood and appreciated at their true value, except they be read in the original. There is a strain of honor and of greatness running through the classic authors of antiquity which only to have caught the "air" of makes the date and the occasion rememberable forever. One can never be quite the same man as before after reading a tragedy of Sophocles, a dialogue of Plato, or an ode of Horace in the original. He has imbibed a tincture of Greek and Roman letters, and the very mind and spirit of his author has to some extent entered into him. It is felt by every reader of taste and intelligence that there is something about a classic which no translation, however excellent, can possibly convey. It is not merely the words separately, or the thoughts of the original. But it is that beautiful and perfect incarnation of original thought in language which has been achieved once and forever. To the reverent scholar, the reading of the original is an act of worship; and to lay hands on it for the rude purpose of translation is akin to blasphemy. It is deliberately to mar the image of the maker and to deface its original beauty. It is to divide the joints from the marrow, and to force the iron into the soul of your author. The violent separation of soul from body in a living man is not a greater injury to him than translation often is to a classic author. The definition of a good book as Milton gives it, viz., "the life-blood of a choice spirit treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life," suggests how easy it is to spill the life-blood of an author and to let the spirit and essence of a book evaporate in translation. What remains is but a *caput mortuum.* If there is "a divinity which doth hedge a king," there is also a divinity that doth hedge a writer who has become a classic and recognized as a king of thought. To understand his majesty, one must approach him where he sits upon the throne of his intellectual preeminence, and converse not through an interpreter but in the accents which are native to him. "I have heard," says Lowell, speaking of Homer, "the blind old man recite his own rhapsodies." This as an apology for not reading the many, and some excellent translations of Homer in our language. Speaking of the modern English hexameter as compared with the Greek, he says:

> "For as the roar of the sea to the coo of a pigeon is
> Your modern hexameter to old Melisegenes."

What was said about Fox's sentences is perhaps truer of Homer's lines, that every one of them "comes rolling like a wave of the Atlantic three thousand miles long." This vast and rolling music of the old bard has not room to display itself, and cannot be heard in any language but the Greek. When Porson was asked his opinion of Pope's Homer, he observed, "A very pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but it is not Homer."

TO SOPHIE MAUD

(HER GRANDPA'S PET AND TORMENT)

The psyche knot! I should expect
Pure soul and lofty intellect
From curled hair all brushed back before
The temples of a girl which bore
The stamp of Nature—self-respect.
A broad and beauteous forehead decked
With grace is like a fair prospect.
Diana and her nymphs all wore
The psyche knot.
A mind imbued with classic love,
My Vassar girl, will not neglect
To study still in retrospect
The laws of harmony which decore
The beauty-loving Greek of yore—
The psyche knot.

JOHN SAVARY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 5, 1907.

A ROSE

What makes the beauty of this flower which blows?
Not nourishing earth, nor air, nor heaven's blue,
Nor sun, nor soil, nor the translucent dew;
But that which held in combination grows
Whole in each part, and perfect at the close.
Chemist nor botanist no more than you
Can see that pure necessity wherethrough
Beauty is born — a rose within the rose.
Not by divesting her can you lay bare
The soul of beauty such as therein shows.
Not in the spirit of a poor pick-flaw,
Nor of the mean and mocking fiends that dare
To number every separate leaf that grows
A separate fault, if not composed by law.

DECEMBER

The month of Capricornus has begun;
How the blue air of winter keen and bright
Sets off the prospect of the pine-clad height,
The barren, leafless ridge of woodland dun;
And yonder crow a black mote in the sun
Which sparkles with a frosty kindly light;
The earth is frozen like an apple quite,
And ice-bound brooks in sluggish slowness run.
Girls rosy-cheeked now dream of love and skates;
The school is drowsy in the afternoon,
The trees stand silent in the after-glow;
Now run, my boy, and dare your eager mates
To tie on wings beneath the winter moon,
And beat them flying over ice and snow!

RAIN AND ROSES

Ruby and sapphire, all the orient glows,
  Which late the ash of roses was in hue;
  Health to the world, and glory of the dew
Mingled with fire that in the full-blown rose
Burns like a censer, while the sweetness grows
  Of odors after rain, or filtered through
  Fresh-smelling leaves when morn on earth is new,
And rain-drops glitter on the green hedge-rows.
Rare virtues have bruised herbs — not vain the blast
  That shatters e'en the fondest hopes that bloom,
  And fills with heavy tears the brightest eyes.
For when the bitterness of death is past,
  The soul perceives from black affliction's gloom,
  An issuing glory that relumes the skies.

BUYING A PAIR OF OXEN

Dad took me with him when he went
  To buy the oxen; many a mile
  We rode together, all the while
Stopping at barn-yards, as he meant
To go no farther; but the event
  Took us on long ways; fear of guile,
  And losing of his little pile
Made him on caution mainly bent.
At last he found the pair he sought;
  He made his choice and it was best;
  Great, handsome four-year-olds were they.
The yoke was from the wagon brought;
  I drove them home, and then I guessed
  What I was wanted for that day.

MORNING HOURS TO THE MUSE

Give to the Muse the morning hour!
The lights of eve
Suit best with Beauty's artificial bower,
Drest to deceive.
The world's first splendors — the auroral hues —
The fresh, fair time;
Give to the chaste and heavenly-minded Muse,
Day's golden prime!

THE TALKING VIOLIN

Thin as the small gnat's song in summer air,
Some faint far notes were heard, as half in doubt;
Then winding in, the music went about
Weaving a close and supersubtle snare
To take the heart of melody laid bare.
Now wake the strings! new ardors rise about
Like little flames that sparkle and go out.
And love's cold ashes strew thy hearth, despair!
Some finer frenzy, now, has touched the brain:
O burning tears! O love! O lamentation!
Exquisite bliss — and more exquisite pain —
Anguish and agony of supplication:
O, let that sobbing cease! or let it rain
Fast-falling drops — the balm of consolation.

A CORNER IN WHEAT

Our world depends for daily bread
Upon the shooting of a seed.
Always and everywhere 'tis said
Our world depends for daily bread
On meeting this great human need.
Who corners wheat then corners bread:
And lo, the crime of human greed!
Upon the shooting of a seed
Our world depends for daily bread.

On distribution of the seed:
Who grabs it all to get ahead
Is the villain of the basest breed;
On distribution of the seed
The poor depend for being fed.
The penny loaf at sorest need
Snatcht from their mouths with every red
Curse of mankind doth curses breed.

Lawgivers, statesmen, now pay heed!
The voice of conscience is not dead.
Let every man that runs now read.
Lawgivers, statesmen, now pay heed!
Here Law and Old Religion wed.
And with the Public Press agreed,
Lawgivers, statesmen, *now* take heed!
Roll all your thunders on the head
Of monstrous and inhuman greed.

DRIVING THE COWS TO PASTURE

How fresh and fair, the month of June,
Ere the nightfall come to pass!
Through the golden glow of late afternoon
Lies the valley of green grass!
And the slumbering leaves, in a cloudy mass
Beneath the first few visible stars,
Hang just as they used to hang aboon,
When I let down the clattering bars,
And the cows came home in the gloaming.

In summer dawns, how deep and cool
The shadows lay on earth, as higher
Through the dark umbrage round the pool
Rose reddening one great wheel of fire!
The wandering herd in its desire
Followed the leader, strung along
To pasture; till the boy from school
Returning, whistled some old song,
And the cows came home in the gloaming.

What fire of youth and hope then glowed
In Nature's heart and his, imprisoned!
As he drove the cows along the road,
How the dews on the emerald pasture glistened!
How the river rolled, and the tall wood listened
Where standing up against the blue,
It made the heaven of man's abode
When the angels dwelt with me and you,
And the cows came home in the gloaming!

The old brown house below the hill
  Now molders like the dead, asleep;
And the sobbing song of the whippoorwill,
  At twilight perched on the rude well-sweep,
  Doth scarce disturb the silence deep.
And the boy is gone who used to loaf
  At the pasture bars there standing still,
While he kept calling, "kof! kof! kof!"
  And the cows came home in the gloaming.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN

Far to the North, where rugged nature sleeping
  Bides in the fabled, old Kimmerian night,
There is a land of summer, also, keeping
  For some brief space the burning solar light.
  Land of the Midnight Sun! obscurely bright
Where on the edge of frost perpetual creeping,
  The flowers yet bloom, the birds give song and flight:
Over the sea-mark there one sees just peeping
  A hull that bars the dull red orb in sight.
How like a dead sea soul that spectral sheet,
  Lonely as life-in-death, and notwithstanding,
If there be one in all the world whose feet
  Have touched on love and death, that sea offstanding
  His be the solemn thought and voice commanding:
Now, at the verge — farewell, forever, sweet!

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

Here are the buried souls of men in books.
Thicker than leaves in Vallombrosa, sure;
They lie in covert whiles they may endure
To live in alcoves lodged, and crannied nooks.
And some are still the same notorious crooks
Their authors were. But leave the common sewer
And cesspool always of Bad Literature,
And follow up the Parnassian brooks.
Like an army a great library looks!
Long rows of books like infantry in line,
But overcrowded in the ranks are rammed;
Old Immortalities that bravely shine
Are jostled oft by parvenus, and jammed;
Like that tea-party — Wordsworth — was it thine?
All sitting silent, and moreover, damned!

ADORATION

"J'ai responde a votre touche."

As one might seize a lyre, across it sweeping
With rash precipitate hand that has no care,
Imperiously upon the strained chords heaping
A mightier melody than these can bear;
So Love my heart has taken to his keeping,
And smitten with great strokes that scorn to spare;
Till I am dumb for wonder of my weeping,
And not a gleam of hope in heaven is there.

O sweet and cold, but not more cold than sweet,
As death itself is to one weary wending;

The journey's end rewards the resting feet,
  The stormiest day may have a peaceful ending.
Hail and farewell! the sun of life descending,
  With his last smile to triumph turns defeat.

THE NOTE OF AUTUMN

Walking towards sundown, I perceived a cold
  Air-belt that stretched o'er tropic ways of light,
Tells me that summer is already old,
  As day is verging to the fall of night.

As wandering slowly on I still vade,
  That lurking, strange, premonitory chill,
Which in the sunshine feels the ghostly shade —
  The spirit of Autumn walks here at will

Ah, yes, I hear distinctively her note,
  No other like it on the round, green earth;
My heart long since hath got the song by rote,
  The August cricket's sitting on the hearth!

CALAMITY

I, in my chamber at the dead of night,
  Waylaid by something was, approaching near;
  I lay quite still in drench of mortal fear,
Or, if I half rose, shivering with affright,
Nothing was there to cross or blast my sight.
  Anon I heard a dismal wind and drear
  Sigh from the forest by a lonesome mere,
And on the strand the water-dragons fight.

They, on the slope, like rasping seas that tore,
  Drag their raised wings and sinking feet of lead;
They shake my building on the sandy shore,
  And surge against me lying drowned and dead:
Then swoop the dragons with a falling roar,
  And pile the world of waters overhead.

THE "OLD FARMER'S ALMANAC"

This calendar of days of date far back,
  Dingy and dog-eared, is to me worth more
  Than many novels, as a living store
And treasure-house of dreams which do not lack
Life and poetry, and of home-truths, a smack.
  I learn from this what Hesiod taught before
  At the deep springs of astronomic lore.
I see the kitchen, and the fire-place black
With cranes and pot-hooks, and the corner where
  I sat befriended by the homely muse
When storms were howling in the wintry air,
  And all the talk was weather and the news.
The soul was happy then and free from care,
  And modern culture had not brought the blues.

OUR LADY OF SORROW

(On seeing St. Gauden's figure of Grief in Rock Creek Cemetery.)

Methinks I see that cunning hand which wrought
  More than the marble man of many woes,
  The woman's crown of martyrdom, the rose
Of her dead youth and love, the shading thought

Of upraised hand, and lo, the mantle caught
  Under the chin, in Sorrow's clutch that shows
  In flowing lines inflexible as those
In bronze of Grief, which at the barrier fought
And overcame — this hooded figure's fraught
  Of constancy that shows itself again
  In every fold and wrinkle of the dress;
How Faith looks out with a superb disdain
Of desolation and of emptiness,
  At conquered passion, and a broken chain.

RONDEAU

In autumn days the world in height
And depth is beautiful to sight.
  The falling leaf is everywhere,
  The rainbowed woods are drest in rare
Colors of the golden light.

November days, how brief, how bright!
Then falls the clear and frosty night;
  The morning shines to all how fair
      In autumn days.

Fit season for the nuptial rite!
Spirits are gay, the church is dight
  With flowers, and fragrance in the air:
  Be happy, now, O married pair!
Be blind in love to beauty's blight
      In autumn days.

LATE AUTUMN

The colors of the Autumn world
  Are fading to the view;
And softly touched by shining haze,
  The landscape glimmers through.
The purple ranges of the hills
  Melt in the sapphire skies;
And beautiful as heaven below
  The turquoise water lies.

Nor cold nor warm, but sunny bright,
  The perfect autumn weather;
Such days as you and I have spent
  On Berkshire hills together!
Who ever saw on this dull earth
  A painting equal that
Which on the easel of the hills
  For Autumn's picture sat!

The conflagrated wood was set
  In flying colors fast;
A thousand rainbows to the eye
  Had made no such repast.
The bright sun set his funeral torch
  To myriad burning pyres
In red-leaved oak, or crimson ash,
  Or scarlet maple fires.

Like lamps along the village street
  Or torches kindled there,
The splendid maples all a-row
  Made bonfires in the air.

The sunset on the western hills
  Lay like a dying brand;
I looked, and from the mountain height
  What pathos in the land!

I've seen, how many autumns since,
  The season's changes grow:
Have felt in cities, on brick walls
  How strange that afterglow!
O, nevermore can I forget
  The sunset's dying brand,
When looking from the mountain height,
  What pathos in the land!

TENNYSON

When Byron died, the bard of Haslemere
  In boyish grief and wonder did deplore
  The passing splendor to that silent shore
Which now receives him in the season sere.
His emigration to another sphere
  May teach us all what *he* had learned before,
  Though Byron was, and Tennyson is no more!
Yet Poesy lives forever with us here.
She gives the meed of her "melodious tear"
  To parting genius, but reserves a sheath
  For new aspirants to immortal song.
Nor can you tell of all that live beneath
The Sun to-day, who yet shall wear the wreath —
  To whom the garland and the robes belong.

THE PERFECT KNIGHT

"He was a very parfait, gentle knight,"
Valor and courtesy, a blended light
Like the twin stars of Leda burning clear
Shed grace and glory on his wild career.
Ardent in love and foremost in the fight,
He bore the token of his lady bright;
The chief devoir of gallant cavalier,
To kiss a dame and also break a spear,
The proof and prize of courage in a knight.
This was the picture and the fair ideal,
The mark of manhood once; that bravest he
The best in love and war became the real
Prince of the flower of noble chivalry.
King of his word, and stainless, pure in soul,
And true to love, as needle to the pole.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

In scales of judgment held aloft to weigh
The spiritual quality in men and things
Manhood is more than crowns of sceptred kings.
But thou wast moulded of fresh western clay
And filled with fiery life of our new day,
And made to skim the world on ostrich-wings
Of fear and wonder reckless of the slings
Of an outrageous Press, which, bound to stay
Thy race with fame, was beaten out of sight!
Others but ended just where they began
As gilt weather cocks, facile to a man.
But being challenged, thou, in thickest fight,
Grasping thy country's standard, wrong or right,
Was first, last and always an American.

THE END OF HAYING

Jerusalem! the sun is hot.
  It bakes a man like a pipkin, say,
Like swarthy Dan in the mowing lot,
  Who sweats like a pitcher born of clay!
How red one looks! if men are not
  All reddish-brown as the earth to-day,
No fault of the sun's assaying:
  Hand up the pitchfork and the rake;
  Now the "little brown jug" by the handle take,
  (It is only sweetened water, Jake)
  And "a health all round!" so then, we make
      An end of haying.

Gee up, there! Bright and Broad as one
  Together start the creaking wain;
The boy on top, the sinking sun
  Glows, and o'erlooking all the plain,
As Cæsar proud of the red field won,
  He glories in the garnered grain,
And holidays for playing.
  The shadows creep o'er field and stream,
  The far-off woods in sunset gleam;
  As the old squire jogs beside the team,
  He falls in a sort of wayside dream —
      At end of haying.

Here come the girls! they will catch on,
  So, pull them up, and stow them quick;
They, too, enjoy the shaven lawn
  By cornfield and the corn in silk.

Better than both, their eyes like dawn,
  Black eyebrows and white arms like milk,
Their beauty oft betraying!
  The great barn doors are now let slide:
  Over the ridge we go, and glide
  Under the tall beams high and wide,
  We girls and boys together ride —
          At the end of haying.

The supper horn! and who but knows
  There's doughnuts in the pan a-frying?
As home, at length, the last load goes,
  The busy housewife, mother trying
To do her duty, one eye shows
  To Blue Eyes in the cradle lying!
  But food and rest there's no denying
To hungry men-folk tired, in-straying;
  The doughnuts are devoured with noise,
  Butter and cheese, and whitebread choice;
  But "cowcumbers" he most enjoys,
  The white-sleeved farmer with his boys,
          At the end of haying!

CHIAROSCURO

Around all souls there is an ether fraught
  With light in darkness, full of thoughts unborn;
  Fools only treat it with a shallow scorn:
The clear obscure of transcendental thought,
Like deep-browed Night with starry veil upcaught,
  Shows more and greater objects than the morn
  Of understanding in a world forlorn
Of all things save the knowledge which is nought.

Things seen and known familiarly we hate.
  Our heads want heaven—never too high the vault;
  Bare feet perceive the virtues of the globe.
I feel a thousand things I cannot state.
  What then? Is their obscurity my fault?
  Read Homer, Shakespeare, and the book of Job!

INDIAN SUMMER

When the harvesting is ended,
Ere the festival Thanksgiving,
On the edge of gruesome winter
Comes a spell of pleasant weather—
        Indian Summer!

Hangs a haze above the landscape,
Spreads a dimness o'er the vision,
And the lazy earth in sunshine,
Like a jewel softly shimmering,
        Gives contentment.

AT THE GRAVE OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

Borne to his rest with dirges that retreating
  Blend in the distance the refrain of years,
While answering bands, the solemn air repeating,
  Draw heaven itself to shed some gentle tears!

Though all too late and vain is this returning
  To let him wear the laurel on his brow,
And feel the heart of a great people yearning
  To him who "sleeps in dull, cold marble" now—

See! the fleet Iris from the heavens bringing
Light to the world through dark skies bending o'er us!
Hark! the clear carol of the brown thrush ringing
Down woodland aisles his hallelujah chorus!

The passing breath of foolish praise or pity
Nature forgets, and well may disregard;
But to the silence of her sacred city
Receives the bust and ashes of her bard.

Perchance the future poet of his people,
Haunting this grove, as he loved here to stray,
Musing this pile in sight of dome and steeple,
Shall pause beside his resting-place to say:

"'What fatal bar, what spirit of resistance,
So held the captive, and detained him long?
Now let his human life with our existence
Blended forever be, by power of song!

Here rest, O restless and far-wandered mortal,
Laid in thy native earth, no more to roam!
Dost hear, glad spirit at the heavenly portal,
A world-wide people singing 'Home, Sweet Home'?"

Oak Hill, June 9, 1883.

PEEPING FROGS

Now come the minstrels of the swamp and pool,
The peeping frogs who make the marshes ring
At sundown like some myriad-squeaking thing!
Thus with our senses Nature plays the fool,

And has these blubberings of her infant school—
Low forms that make more noise when they try to sing,
Kept like the rune-stocks of the ancient spring
In notched green flags among the waters cool.
I know the blood-root and the crocus nigh,
New leaves and grass and winter going off
Soon as the earth sends up that herald cry;
It makes me dream of summer bye-and-bye,
Of shade, and cattle at the drinking trough,
And sunburnt reapers in a field of rye.

IN THE FORTIES;
OR,
THAT OLD WHITE HAT

When Greeley wore his old white hat,
The party badge and all of that,
When Webster wore the buff and blue,
And Whigs throughout the land were true
As their tried leader's trenchant blade
To principles which none would trade
For locofocos' foolish plunder,
The country's brains were carried under
That old white hat.

Came Adamses and Quincys soon,
Then Choate, and Winthrop, and Calhoun;
Came Harry Clay, his clarion voice,
And Ewing led the Bucktail boys.
The old Post-rider on the fly,
Flung the "Palladium" or the 'Spy."

The land with oratory rung,
And poets, also, were who sung
That old white hat.

They talked of Annexation then,
When ‘‘Hell and Texas’’ daunted men.
But none evoked from dread abysm
The spectre of Imperialism!
No Julius Cæsar yet had won
To the brink, then, of our Rubicon:
Nor war and want with Standard Oil
Politics combined to spoil
That old white hat.

I recollect that far halloo
‘‘For Tippecanoe and Tyler, too!”
Just how Maine went for Governor Kent,
And such a landslide!— what it meant;
How the whole country, bold and free,
For six weeks went upon a spree!
How father stormed, and almost swore
At neighbor Craig, for ‘‘Billy’’ wore
That old white hat.

The old Whig Party was combined
Of ‘‘all the talents’’ once that shined;
Wealth, culture, learning in the land,
Joined wit and worth to make it grand.
’Twas fit to govern, and its creed
Was *Ich dien* — the country’s need.
It held the world’s respect in fee,
It had respectability,
That old white hat.

Our haughty Anglo-Saxon race
Then lorded it with power and grace
In lofty strain, the source to be
Of eloquence and poesy;
Till men forgot it could install
The slave pen at the Capitol:
And demagogues then had their will,
While good men raised in worship still
That old white hat.

IN A STREET CAR

"Where do you find the matter for a sonnet?"
Why, any girl can give you, for that matter,
Enough to write about — have you a smatter
Of learning, and the knack, I'll say, to con it.
The charming creatures — look at that one's bonnet —
Can turn your head, and all your wits can scatter;
But keep your thoughts, and let your ink bespatter
Freely the page when you are writing on it.
Certain it is, a pleasing shape and air
Are most engaging when you wish to write;
Form to yourself an image of the fair,
And think how happy you could be to-night,
In all your pondering, while sitting there,
If she were only sitting opposite!

THE WIRES AT MIDNIGHT

The wires a-humming overhead with might
Of man's intelligence give him the right
And power to be the Dionysian ear,
Which gathers all those strands of hope and fear,
And brings the secrets of the earth to light!

The world's great business must go on, in spite
Of all things coming else to interfere
With necessary working brains — go not too near
The wires a-humming.

The morning paper, doubtless, will appear,
And I shall read what famous wits indite
In all the capitals of the world to-night.
Wondrous invention! This alone makes clear
A thousand things obscure and far-off — hear
The wires a-humming.

THE PULLMAN TRAIN

The Pullman train, which our inventive race
Designed, for steam, to conquer time and space,
Transports you now in a first-class hotel.
Think how refreshing and delectable
The flying landscape looks from such a place!
It is a thing of beauty and of grace,
The slave who had Aladdin's lamp to sell
Could never beat this modern miracle,
The Pullman train.

Science alone has wrought the mighty spell.
  Thousands must travel; and 'tis very plain
  That all on earth who have far ends to gain
And love the luxury of traveling well—
For them and others nothing can excel
          The Pullman train.

RONDEL

A little serves the creature's daily need.
Out of a window watch the sparrows feed
On bread-crumbs thrown, or maple buds preferred—
Each vagabond a blithe and careless bird.
  No invalid is he, with shattered nerves;
          A little serves.

His wants are few who has no vain desires;
In winter, coals and candles one requires,
But no Lucullus' feasts nor costly wines;
Plain food's enough for him who sparely dines.
  From nature's frugal way he never swerves;
          A little serves.

QUARTRAINS

A sculptured deed without a name,
  A head with lasting sorrow crowned;
Death's orbed shield of deathless fame —
  God's infinite peace is poured around.

LYRIC SONG

The prisoned fire within the diamond stone
  Is the wrought secret of the ages long;
Art steals in words a passing grief or moan,
  The deathless dew-drop of a lyric song.

As a light wind the breath of song floats by,
  But, as congealed upon the printed page,
These airy nothings to the world's end fly
  Beyond the glory of the saint or sage.

SMOKE WREATHS

The farmer builds his fire at break of day,
  And standing on the stone step by the door,
  The morning sun upon his face and floor,
Beholds his chimney-smoke when far away
A cloud of tissue shot with gold and gray.
  He sees the transformation but no more
  The secret cause of wonders to explore
Will give a thought to Nature's miracle-play.
The poet sees by aid of that clear flame
  Which rises from the hearthstone of his heart
  A morning cloud, a wreath of vapor broke;
It flies abroad, and then men call it fame.
  His business here is poetry and art,
  Not watching vulgar chimney-pots that smoke.

SCIENCE AND SUPERSTITION

High tides and winds, that signal coming storm
To dwellers by the strand or lonely wood,
Harp to the world of all vicissitude.
Oh, sad and strange men's altered state and form
By death and sorrow, and all ills that swarm
On houseless heads in tempest; flesh and blood
In some old chronicle of field and flood
Lived long ago and live in types yet warm.
On such a night, of old, the Wandering Jew
Was much abroad, and corpse-lights, flickering fire,
In fen and moorland seen, made goblins feared.
But when the late storm-wind around us blew,
Through rain and rack, on mast, dome, rocking spire,
Electric lights like midnight suns appeared.

CHRYSANTHEMUM

Tears — on my hand! Dost thou remember, Dear,
The parting sad of that November day?
'Twas on a hill-top that o'erlooked the bay,
And we were quite alone but standing near.
Thou from a grassy mound the flower of cheer
Pluckt, and with ribbon on my shoulder gay
Pinned in a love-knot, didst thou truly say,
"Wear this for me in battle without fear!"
Long days went by and through the horrid sights
Of war, in army hospital and tent,
I saw thee move among the wounded knights.
Thy form at last o'er my pale form was bent;
The tears were falling where I saw thee stand,
The white chrysanthemum in thy open hand!

SUBMERGED

Here, on this mountain-top, this bald and hoar
Summit of ages, let me look around
Over the flooded but familiar ground
Where the great ‘‘Ox-bow’’ made his curves before.
A tumbling sea of billows to the shore
Removed and distant as the dim and drowned
Vale of my fathers filled with fluctuant sound —
Is that the River that I knew of yore?
Something that tells me I shall never reach
The threshold of my home, from which a boat
Is putting off, deprives me of all speech.
My life, like yonder skiff, seems all afloat:
What voices, yet receding and remote,
What hands, what torches, passed along the beach?

THE OCEAN OF LIFE

The weather is thick, and the rote of the sea
Is loud; it moaneth exceedingly.
I walk on the margin, and list as I walk
The waves' everlasting babble and talk;
And I try with all my soul to reach
The sense of their dim, inarticulate speech.
What would they say, the curling and fleet
Waves in their coming to cream at my feet?
The rolling billows that foam and fret,
Do they utter the note of a wild regret?
And farther off in the deep sea-knell
Hoarsen to something like ‘‘farewell!”

Ah, who can tell me what they say
Forever and ever, night and day
Coming and going on shingly beach,
But never, so far as I know, reach
To human, clear and articulate speech.
And have they a voice for the general ear,
'Tis not a message I care to hear;
But what do they say to you and me,
The waves of this deep, mysterious sea?
Forever they roll to the eye and ear
Their awful burthen of doubt and fear,
But with it they mix the sense sublime,
The voice of eternity heard in time.
As inlander, when he to embark
On board ship bound for some sea-mark,
The hardly moving vessel stays
By mere inertia's sluggish ways
In harbor long, and seems to creep
With languid airs to the open deep,
And then with sails more taut and trim
With a good stiff breeze appears to swim,
Till all of a sudden, going well
Uplifted on the great ground-swell,
"This is the ocean," says to himsel'—
So, looking forward o'er the brine,
As far as to the horizon line,
And thinking only a plank can be
Betwixt him and eternity,
Comes over him like chill airs blown,
A sense of dread — the Great Unknown.
The tragedies that make men weep
Come not by perils of the deep:
The peril lies to the innocent in
The world, its whirlpits of deep sin.

Look at the daily papers; these
Long lists of crimes and casualties.
Great cities like great maelstroms draw
Beyond the pale of human law:
What mad hosts there rush to ruin
In vaster whirlpools of deep sin!
And who can picture man's despair,
The sea of upturned faces there
Drawn to disaster and mischance
By downward suck of circumstance!
Some swallowed up in the morass
Of sensual appetites, alas;
Some by hereditary sin
Of others pushed and plunging in;
So of all men who to the verge
Of life approaching, see the urge
Of the incessant sobbing sea
Whose billows roll remorselessly.
In face of the vague and vast unknown,
Who does not dread to go alone?
What is behind, Experience shows,
But what's before him, no man knows.
He only knows he can't desist
From marching on to meet the mist
Enshrouding all life's hopes and fears,
In which, of a sudden, he disappears.
As Mirza saw from a lofty ridge
Only the end of a broken bridge
Whereon (the toward-end of the world
In rolling clouds and mist upcurled),
A pilgrim train, the walkers on
This bridge, like all the rest foregone
By many pitfalls which are laid
For feet unwary, I'm afraid

Like other men when they abscond
To the abysmal dark beyond —
Who goes will stumble, fall and miss
His foothold over the vast abyss —
And where are you, then, when it surged,
If not among the great submerged?
Of ships that in the offing wait
To take on passengers and freight,
The ancients thought old Charon's barge
The best to carry and discharge;
But let me not, I pray the Lord,
Once mention here the name abhorred
Of Styx or Acheron, where it rolls
Its ghostly burden of dead souls:
But let me for your sake rehearse
A bit of Christian poet's verse.
(That man of orange-tawney hue,
Known by the gossips telling you
In Florence once how he did fare
To the Land of Death, and lo, there!
For proof — the singed beard and hair.)
Remember, he's among the shades
Yonder, in those infernal glades.
"Thus we, with wandering steps and slow
Passed on, as going against the grain
Of spirits mixed with drizzling rain,
Amid the palpable obscure
Of shadows in that dismal drain
Of darkness and of souls in pain,
And there, amid a world of strife,
We touched upon the Future Life."
No, not that river of ill fame
Debarred of heavenly light to shame

The sevenfold circling wave that ran
Around that lowest world of man—
I say, not death, nor the deep sea,
But life is the awful mystery.
Though science dissect with keenest knife,
It has not laid bare the hidden life.
Thousands have searched, and others will—
Remains the secret, secret still.
And though Life this or that way tends,
Who knows where it begins or ends?
No matter how much we know, a baby
As much as we knows what it may be.
And when we put off to the spirit shore,
As no man knows what is before,
We leave to flutter on wave and wind
Never a rag of sail behind.
Strange! that no word from the other side,
Of all the men who ever died,
Has come to us on earth to tell
What at the moment them befell,
Who slipt their moorings on this side.
Instead of which we have "last words,"
Omens and oracles, beasts and birds
(Who talked in the ancient pagan world),
Portents and prodigies when, hurled
From his high seat, a Cæsar dies.
To Nature, then, what signifies
Assassination, murder, hosts
Of apparitions, and of ghosts?
Naturally, some men are thunder-
Struck by tales of wind, and wonder,
Exclaiming to their friendly hosts:
"What! Then, you don't believe in ghosts?"

"I've seen too many such, my friend,"
Replies the skeptic, and "I'll send
To you for each authentic ghost,
Two thousand pages, parcels post,
Of proof to the contrary; this I'll do
(If you will pay for't in the end).
Forward your contribution to
Society for Psychical Research."
But what your ghost-seer sees, forbye,
Sir William says, "it's all in your eye,"
And (will you now come down from your perch?)
Both Crookes and Ramsay say they will
Produce a better than those ill
Materializations when — keep mum —
A "mug" appears, and always some
Determined skeptic mutters "hum."
But yet the theosophs may say,
The time will come, if not to-day,
When there will be a parcels post
Bureau of inter-mundane ghost —
Seers, who will receive, 'tis said,
Communications from the dead
By spiritual telegraph, and some
Declare it has already come
(The news yet confirmation lacks).
I question who draw living breath,
As we that go from life to death —
The death that ends us — is that all?
You think so? Well, your thinking is
The end of you — at least, iwis
It may be so, but I, God wot,
Say if the future life is not
Important, nothing on earth is;

Stick a pin there! and I say this,
Nor Heaven, nor Hell, nor bale, nor bliss
Concern us more, but mainly how
To hold the everlasting Now.
Calcanda via leti, all
Who dwell on this terrestrial ball
(As Horace tersely put it when
He marked the common bourne of men),
The lot is drawn, and it shall fall
One day on earth to each and all
The creatures who draw living breath
In brief, said he, the way of death —
It must be trodden once for all.
We hold on earth a life estate,
Tenants in common; death and fate
Serve notice, and we can't retrieve,
Quit and abandon, and take leave
Of house and land, of wife and child,
And friend, also, the last who smiled
On you; as cloud in heaven doth fade,
We are but dust and empty shade.
A country most obscure and flat
With filthy drains, lakes, bogs, and mat
Of reeds and rushes—no, not that,
But just its modern antonym,
The river Jordan, ''holy rim,''
Or at the ferry, waiting bark
For coming souls there to embark —
''Carriage, sir, for New Jerusalem?''
But not there yet, look out! the bridge,
We are on it now, my loyal liege
And friend beside me, nothing new
In such companionship — the view —

How strange! how singular is this!
Where am I? Ho, there! did you miss
The last one over the great abyss?
He disappeared as at a bound,
Without a word, without a sound!
A moment since — how blank the spot —
For where death is, the man is not!
And does it merely stop the breath —
Or can you tell me what is death?
Whether we think or say so here,
'Tis dying, and not death men fear.
And possibly, as some one said,
"As life to the living, so death to the dead."
I rather like what Thoreau said
To Parker Pillsbury, "Let them chime
The bells, not toll — one world at a time!"
And yet not so, be thou, my soul
Persuaded still of some far goal
Toward which forever it shall wend
In hopes to find itself and friend,
And what did Schelling say? "Because
From all eternity I was
The very being that I am,"
And if not here with Uncle Sam,
I shall be somewhere in the game,
Another man, and yet the same.
So then, no pagan, I shall say,
Adsum, at the general muster; aye,
Comrade, sure, the lot will fall,
And so, as Hamlet said withal,
"The readiness," indeed, "is all."
If you are ready, all is well,
Take pilgrim staff and scallop shell,

Gird up your loins, like lion bold
Look round once more upon the old
Familiar faces — ‘‘good-bye, friend,
And blessings on your journey’s end.”
What more, then, can one do but wend?
Sometimes he can only stand and wait
The certain coming of death and fate;
And that is the test of manhood when
In ways superior to common men,
One waits and calmly draws his breath,
When face to face with imminent death:
For death is nothing, and what’s the sea
But a drop in God’s immensity?

MY NEIGHBOR

Much loving quiet and much hating noise,
  Pursuing knowledge as the Golden Fleece,
  I have a new disturber of the peace.
You cannot guess? None of those horrid boys
Who should be hooped up, and, till surfeit cloys,
  Fed through the bunghole when they cry and tease:
  But my new neighbor, now, is none of these —
A real torment — and the first of joys.
  And is it such a plague? Well, I should smile!
  She’s laughing, singing, crowing all the while
Till slumber comes and takes the Golden Curl
  And has her laid in the sweet death of sleep.
  And I, oft plunged in midnight musing deep,
Bless God for her — my neighbor’s little girl.

THE WHEEL OF THE LAW— A BUDDHIST IMAGE

In that vast realm of human woe or weal
Which man inherits and in part controls
I heard a voice that thundered to the poles,
And shook the world with following peal on peal.
It was the Law whose million-spokèd wheel
Still on forever and forever rolls,
Bearing the lots of myriad-minded souls
Whereon the destinies have set their seal.
Our actions are the spokes which, white or black,
Make up the wheel revolving with events;
And call it law, or fate, or Providence,
Bound are we to the wheel, which, turning back,
Bears up the good to glory and delight,
And whirls the wicked down to dwell in night.

SUNDOWN OF THE YEAR

The season of fine sunsets! They relume
The dying lamps of beauty still to cheer
The said waste places of the earth whose year
Grows darker to the close. They brighter bloom
Along the gray skirts of the world in gloom
Like solitary joys. They hint the clear
Shining of some immeasurable mere
In that pale, edging sky round earth — a tomb.
I love to walk alone and lonely muse
In the strange light of the straw-colored eves.
The skies are clear, but one long crimson bar
Fed from the heart of sunset will not fuse
Its proper glory with the sky that weaves
Its blue tent yonder for the Evening Star.

TO A MOUSE NIBBLING

Thou cunningest little creature! Timid, too,
So fearful that I may not move nor stir
Lest I disturb thee at thy small feast, sir!
Leave me alone the timid Muse to woo.
She is more dainty delicate than who
Scarce ventures forth, and if a cat should purr,
Would whisk him out of sight, wayfarer,
For whom a crumb, or drop of paste will do.
O, Mousie, not alone thou nibblest here
In this great library! Many a book-worm so
Gnaws at the book for whom a page sufficeth.
And I, thy human and more bold compeer,
Of the vast book-world may as little know
As thou of markets — wherefore who despiseth?

THE TRAGEDY OF GENIUS

Of all the mournfulest things on this our earth,
The tragedy of genius is most sad.
I look on them as lunatic angels, mad
By the mere circumstance of human birth!
So out of place, so out of time! Their worth
Wholly misrated, and their best deemed bad.
Time's football here, till time or fashion's fad
Of one man's misery makes a million's mirth.
Shelley and Keats! Had British thorn the right,
That pair of English nightingales to fray?
Burns, Collins, Chatterton and Poe — what blight!
Milton was poor, and Dante was not gay.
The Muses led blind Homer to the light,
And Virgil was a conjurer, they say.

ÆSCHYLUS

Titanic still among the Titans, he
  The superhuman over poets rose,
  Rugged as Caucasus with eternal snows;
Grandeur of suffering in his lines we see—
The Free-will poet of Necessity!
  He paints with strength the vast Promethean woes,
  The Heart of Freedom where the vulture grows
Of kingly power, and mobs' worse tyranny.
  Genius and valor of the Grecians old
Conquered for freedom at Thermopylæ.
And that same genius in the Bard appears
  With equal courage on occasion bold.
Tyrants of earth! To you and your compeers,
His words a sheaf of thunderbolts let be!

MAGDALEN

The winds of Autumn whisper back soft sighing
  To the low breathing of the Magdalen;
She on her couch of withered leaves is lying —
  Dreams she of days that come not back again?
No, past and present both within her dying,
  Her earnest eyes upon the page remain:
While the long, golden hair, behind her flying,
  No more is bound with ornament or chain.
The storm may gather, but she doth not heed;
  Nature's wild music enters not her ears;
Her soul, that for her Saviour's woes doth bleed,
  One only voice, for ever sounding, hears:
"Follow His footsteps who thy sins hath borne
And who for thee the thorny crown hath worn."

AN ITALIAN SONNET

Up where the Northern Appenines put on
  Their summer royal robes of singing green
  Vast chestnut woods, which hang a living screen
Betwixt the glare of marble summits yon
And the green hollows where brooks babble on
  The flowery slopes of bitter amarene,
  Bloom the wild cherry fruits that gathered been
By young girls on the eve of good St. John.
Catrina, sitting in the vine-clad porch
  Of her thatched cottage by the river-walk,
  Listens to gossips of the village talk
About to-morrow's wedding at the church.
  For she is married then, and shows with pride
  To her girl friends the dowry of a bride.

THE SUNSET

I saw the angel of sunset stand—
One wing on sea and one on land.

One edge of earth was orange-bright,
And one was grey with steel-blue light.

Dust of stubble and plowed lands dun
Rose reddening in the setting sun.

The cattle, wandering slow and whist,
Seemed black spots in a burning mist.

The ragged edges of the wood
Were bathed as in a crimson flood.

Where barn or building west extends,
It set on fire the gable ends.

Upon the eastern mountains cold
Glistered the brooks like threads of gold.

But opposite that glory burned
Which even use to beauty turned.

As seemed all hues in heaven-had birth
Were falling down at once on earth.

And on the distant hill-top's crown
Was New Jerusalem let down.

That crown of glory seemed to swim
A mirage light that haloed him.

On his wet cheek fresh color glowed
As toward the sunset hills he strode.

Great thoughts were his, and songs of peace
Hummed in his breast like swarming bees.

He reasoned not — he was a boy—
But in his eyes stood tears of joy.

With joy immense his heart was riven,
And how it swelled to be forgiven!

When heart is right and heaven is near,
How eloquent a single tear!

But did the vision stay for him?
E'en as he gazed, he saw it dim.

On window-panes a glimmer red
Crept from the dying clouds and shed

A barren splendor on the grass
And seemed the World about to pass.

This painting vast who could unroll,
The dread apocalypse of soul?

* * * * *

Who saw the earth in wonder drest,
Who carried sunset in his breast.

A little seed of Heart's Desire
Had burst in blood-red bloom of fire.

And beauty broke from wondering eyes
In flashes of a glad surprise.

This world was new, unknown before
A secret correspondence bore.

The soul in things appeared divine
And made the true duphinic sign.

A boy looked up and left his play
To worship God in his own way.

There was no way but feeling pure,
And that would last while things endure.

But still the mind within him wrought,
According as his faith had taught.

A row of red-leaved maples stood
Like wounded soldiers streaming blood.

Who mourns the loss of heaven-born power?
It came and vanished in an hour.

It came and went and was to be—
That sunset over land and sea.

So looked the world to Hebrew boy
Who knew and clasped an awful joy.

And so when thousand autumns roll
May look the World to prophet soul:

But never more on land or sea,
Will that Evangel come to me.

WORSHIP

Out from the smell of coffin-mold,
And from the churchyard gate!
Why should I enter churches cold,
Or in dim chapels wait?
Why kneel upon the gray flag-stones?
Why drink in sighs and groans?
        Why macerate
My body, blood, and bones?
        My body is a lyre
Composed of water, earth, air, fire;
        With them is kneaded in
        The soul alive
        And sensitive
In every part.
The soul is organized.
I think I have a head,
Am sure I have a heart.

'Tis chorded like a shell,
And answers to the touch.
Feeling is overmuch.
Abuse it not, but learn
To play upon it well.
And for the reason that we are
Poetically made and wrought,
Painted and carved material thought,
And thought is worship, thoughts divine
At once the substance and the sign
Of being, and a spiritual fact,
'Tis God himself caught in the act.
        The soul attuned
To the elements, harpstrings
Of all surrounding things
        Is vibrant all,
        Harmonical,
Divine and musical —
        Outgrown
From one small seed, Desire
Planted in a far hour,
Nourished and nurst
All tenderly, until
This very morn it burst
In blossom of air and fire!
The church is good —
For those who like the sermon and the psalm.
But I prefer the calm
Of sunny silence, and the still
Bright beauty that is there
With dove-like Peace upon the air
Brooding, by south side of a wood.

I need not walk
In any silent grove of death.
I hold my breath
To see that God is fair.
Nor would I with the ghosts of ages talk,
And sin and death.
Life is my sermon, psalm and prayer.

Sweet are the chiming bells
By distance softened to delight,
Like stars upon a frosty night,
They sprinkle melody around
That to mine ear hath crept.
Brightly the sky doth shine
Unto this heart of mine,
Unto this heart.
My cordial spirits like new wine
Have got the start.
Gladly, as on I roam,
I mark the distant dome
Of the Capitol like a bubble blown
And floating
Softly and bright
In the still morning light.

SLUMBER

Cover me up warm in bed;
Cover me from feet to head.
Now I feel the drowsy creep
Of slumber soft which is not sleep,
Lying in my poppied nest,
With a genial warmth opprest,

I have gone and drunken more
Of sweet slumber at each pore;
Eyelids of my heart a-winking,
I am always drinking, sinking
Downward through the ooze of sleep,
Many, many fathom deep,
Being perfectly at ease
Where all pain and sorrow cease,
Where sounds of daylight fail
And the twilight spells prevail,
Deepening to a hush like Death
Where all Nature holds her breath.
Now a barge across the lake
Cometh for a soul to take.

"MOTHER, I HAVE SAVED ONE."

I saw a little girl
  Running about the beach;
Each pebble was a pearl
  She tried to grasp and reach.
Her chubby fists were full,
  Her apron it held more;
Yet she was sorrowful
  To leave so vast a store;

Because the naughty nurse
  Down running to the beach,
Caught up the child, and worse,
  Her treasures all and each
Made spill along the road
  Till all but one was gone;
But that she proudly showed,
  "*Mamma, I have saved one.*"

Great cities make us think
  Of their young lives in shoals,
Like pebbles on the brink
  Where mighty ocean rolls.
If you can't save them all,
  Grasp, like the little girl,
And have, when nurse doth call,
  One pure and priceless pearl.

For while we gather some
  Along the shining way,
The nurse will surely come
  And carry us away.
Give not an ugly name
  To her who stops men's breath,
But let some jewel flame
  Out from the Dust of Death.

"THE EMPTY SINGER OF AN IDLE DAY"

I

An English poet in preluding song,
  Seeking some cause or reason for the lay,
Prefers himself before the world to wrong,
  "The empty singer of an idle day."
For such he seems while piping to the throng
  In life's mad vortex whirling on, away,
Reckless of treasures which to them belong
  Whose hearts are young, whose heads are growing gray.
Mankind had leisure once to mark and hear
  When poets sung or minstrels tuned the lyre;
  Now the vexed ear of the great world doth tire:

The critic comes with Mephistophelian sneer
And supercilious brow to take offense,
And readers read with calm indifference.

II

The singer fails in song-craft overwise.
Should one, by some diviner madness stirred,
Venture to soar above the common herd,
By the sharp critic's penny pen he dies.
With wing unsteady, failing in the skies,
He wavers, falls, and like a wounded bird
In reedy silence maketh moan unheard.
Though all the air be vocal with his cries,
Always the present singer lacketh grace.
Surely, ye praise him not till he is cold!
For wit, like wine, grows better, growing old.
But why should lees and vapid commonplace
Pass now for wit or wisdom under names
The age has gilded with its lying fames?

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Born, like the world, in spring, a soul confined
In the strict zone of thought, by happy fate,
Succinct and beautiful as the Muses' mate,
The perfect model of a man designed
To teach the age, and meliorate mankind;
Alighting on our planet, not too late
Returned to heaven, benignant, pure, and great,
That spirit rare by nature joined to kind
His beauty was of power, a power-like pearl:

The brightest and the highest thought inlaid
With those transcendant colors of the mind,
Mystic and seer and scientist combined,
Nature's high priest and oracle obeyed,
The angelic doctor blushing like a girl.

GOD'S HERO

(In Memory of Prof. Albert Hopkins.)

He wore no plume, nor carried glove nor glaive,
And the proud war-horse never he bestrode;
But on the narrow, steep and arduous road
Of virtue toiling, travel-worn and brave
With loins girt up, he went with mind to save
The fallen, and relieve the galling load
Of sin and misery whose dreadful goad
Urges men on destruction and the grave.
But not for him the harnessed thunder-steeds
Of Victory rushed on fields of glory; shorn
Of laurels raised from carrion-flesh abhorred,
He found his recompense in those pure meads
Where shriven souls like water-lilies borne
Lift up their hearts with incense to the Lord.

TRUST

My shallop that sat still a sheeted wraith
On waters moonless, tideless, windless, dark,
And scarcely showing virtue's signal spark
Above the stagnant sea of life-in-death,
Feels now the rapture of a heavenly breath
Filling the sail, which bears my moving bark
Right onward, rushing to the far-shown mark
By the great lights of knowledge, virtue, faith.

Had we not confidence in this our just
Pilot of Souls, who then would put to sea?
Came there no urge of spiritual sympathy
To move this mass of animated dust,
Pillar of fire and cloud could never be
That infinite Hope which conquers all mistrust.

SIN

The spring was late that year of years gone by,
And snow in patches lay upon the ground.
I scarce remember how, but yet I found
Myself wayfaring on the mountains high,
Night coming on, and storm was in the sky.
My way abrupt and sheer to vales profound
Showed me the hollow earth in darkness drowned,
And awful shapes rose up before mine eye.
Then all that I had heard, or read in youth
Milton, Dante, Bunyan or Bible
Came rolling on my mind in seas of doubt,
Enforced by all the thunders of the truth
Whose batteries open on that fortress, Sin
Girdled with fires of hell, and heaven shut out.

OCTOBER

The sun, now at the Crab's autumnal sign,
Around the circle swings our little sphere,
Trailing a splendor out so burning near
That earth-born spirits tremble in the fine
Air, and brimful of rich October's wine,
Feel such exhilaration in the clear
Life of the bright and buoyant atmosphere,
They want but wings to soar, and sing and shine.

In converse sage friends loiter by the way,
  Spending the golden hour ere evenfall.
Come, dress thy soul, be happy, for to-day
  The world puts on the air of festival.
  On rainbowed wood, and wold, and mountain wall,
What light shines through the vesture of decay!

FUIT ILIUM

O soul, sonorous, musical, and more
Harmonic than the spheres that were made last
And leading symphony of the worlds' dicast,
Where is the key of melodies forlore?
There rolls the burden of Time's nevermore
Before that Sorrow voiceless, vague and vast,
Which dumbs to silence all the happy past —
A grief of sobbing seas without a shore.

The frailest outworn creature leaves his shell
Behind him on the beach; and that is all
The poet leaves — the record of his verse;
A tarnished shining dress, poor irised cell,
The bower of beauty once, now darkness' pall,
The sepulchre of thought, sad music's hearse.

HYACINTH

Sweet Hyacinthus, noble in thy death,
  And nobler in the life the God bestows!
The perfect bud of boyhood by a breath
  In recompense of that which fate o'erthrows —
By jealous Zephyr slain, tradition saith —
  From thy spilt blood on earth forever grows,

Spotted and purple-stained through mortal skaith,
The stately flower that from the ground uprose.
Still in thy leaves we trace the crimson hue
Of blooming youth and beauty early cropt
By cruel fate; and in thy cup of blue,
The sorrow of the God who might have dropt
A tear from shining eyes that sudden grew
Dark-purple as that stain when thy heart stopt.

VIOLIN

Then came the master; from the violin
Outpouring sounds like golden humming bees
That fill the air and swarm upon the trees
Did murmur in me such harmonious din
I dreamed myself beside a rocky linn,
Or catching glimpses on the pleasant leas,
Looking through sunny vales to singing seas
As far-sailed ships across the world come in.
That wordless music had a voice to me
Charming my passions into perfect rest.
As light is but the blended colors seven,
So differing souls are joined in harmony.
For he that is on earth sweet music's guest
Gains all we know or think or dream of heaven.

SUDDEN DEATH

Voices of anguish — wherefore, whence the wail?
Death in high places! Sudden death, and where
Roses are wreathed in laughing maiden's hair
Hushed is the sound of revelry, the pale

Destroyer comes, the lights grow dim, the gale
Of laughter sinks to dirges on the air;
In banquet-hall alone treads dark Despair,
And all the customed sounds of joyance fail.

Not once nor twice that messenger has come!
But in some time and place his loud knocks pall
The land with terror; least and greatest fall
Like reed or oak: the tap of muffled drum
Follows the soldier's hearse, and sorrow dumb,
For rich and great makes a state funeral.

WAITING FOR DEATH

Her life-work done, she sits with folded hands —
Brave, patient, pure, devout, but passive still;
Or if at times some household task demands
The instant duty which she can fulfil,
She does it as a person waiting stands
To take a journey; as a mother will
Perform some little act which most endears
Her memory embalmed in children's tears.

ONLY A TEAR

Do you remember in your Dante here
Reading that passage (please to look below
In canto five, the Purgatorio).
Where in the stream of his deep verse and clear,
He speaks of one who says he plumbed the sheer
Profound of hell, and from the abyss of woe
God's angel took him up, and saved him so,
Just for the sake of one poor little tear.

How terrible his doom who cannot shed
One tear for others, in his marble woe!
Far better are the eyes with weeping red.
Who was it told the guilty woman, ‘‘Go!”
Forgiven — ‘‘thy sins which were of scarlet” said
The pitying angel, ‘‘shall be white as snow.”

THE FALLEN ROOF-TREE

The apple blooms drop down when light winds pass
Over the spot that in the sunshine flack,
The grace of nature somehow seems to lack,
No less than human sympathy — alas,
The mouldered rafter in the rank tall grass,
Dock-weed and nettle growing in the slack
Of stones unmortised from the chimney-stack,
And thrown down there in a disjointed mass.
More than a grave is that unsightly hole;
A grave unfilled in the long tract of time
Since fled the ghost of that unburied joy
Which once was man — a living human soul —
Who saw the blue smoke from his hearth-stone climb,
Returned, at eve, to meet his wife and boy.

HOARFROST

“*He scattereth the hoarfrost like ashes.*”— Bible.

From the Inferno, Canto XXIV, v. 1–15.

In the year’s forehead when the flaming sun
Tempers his locks beneath Aquarius’ urn,
And the nights shorten as the days stretch on;
When on the ground the Hoarfrost’s pen doth yearn
To copy there the likeness of her white
Sister, but the distempered nib will turn;

The countryman whom forage faileth quite
  Gets up and sees the feather-frosted plains;
  Whereat he slaps him on the thigh outright;
Goes in the house, and up and down complains
  Like the poor wretch that loseth heart of grace;
  Then out he goes again, and hope regains
Seeing the world doth wear a changèd face
  In a brief while, and takes his shepherd's crook,
  And drives the flock forth to their feeding-place.

ON A PRETTY CHILD

Child, with the soft blue eye, and cheeks that glow,
  Like rosebuds wet with morning dew;
Fairer thou shalt be when those beauties grow
  That now are sweetly folded up in you.
Would that I were the far-off waiting sigh
  Of Love, whenas that shall come to share
The tender secret round thy mouth and eye,
  And make thee happy as thou art most fair!

ON BEING GOOD

Be good, be good! It is the great ding-dong,
  Of preacher, poet, sophist, bard or sage,
  Heard in all mouths, and read on every page —
The same old story and the same old song.
In every style and language, right or wrong,
  Thundered from pulpit, whispered on the stage,
  The well-worn commonplace of every age
Which the world hears — and goes on right along.
There is philanthropy of a kind that's rank
  And smells to heaven — it has ulterior view.

Have you, sir, any business here? Then thank
The Lord in heaven who gave you work to do;
About your business go and turn a crank.
Hand-organ? Yes, be good for something, you!

DUTY

What is duty? When the hour
And the task arrive together,
Then, in foul or in fair weather,
Take the sledge, and smite with power
On the anvil nearest you.
Work with all your might and main,
Work with hand, and heart, and brain,
That is duty, to be true
And fulfil your office — ask
No excuse, but do the task.

"ALL'S WELL"

I seemed to stand upon an Alpine height,
And hear far-breaking in their mountain caves
A rolling thunder as of ocean waves.
It was the Law, eternal, infinite,
Which lifts the good to glory and delight,
And downward drives to their dishonored graves
Whom lust or greed or selfishness enslaves,
Fallen and lost and buried out of sight.
Eternal cause, eternal consequence!
Good to the good and to the evil ill;
Blessing or cursing, now choose which ye will,
But blame not that great law of Providence
Which as you sow the good seed or the bad,
Shows you the harvest which makes glad or mad.

HIS LAST RIDE

I

When seeing, after four long years of stress
And storm of action, Peace her ways prepare,
And all the land put on a festal air,
Did Abraham Lincoln in his looks no less,
Leaving behind his usual sombreness,
And his most melancholy load of care,
Gladly go forth with the rejoicing fair,
Clothed on with all his people's tenderness.
'Twas the last day, and his last ride, alack,
His last but one, who had alone to go
To his long home, the world all gone to wrack —
What miles of mourning streets! what cities, lo,
Like black beads strung the rosary of woe,
Across the land! Hung were the heavens in black.

II

Thrice in my time have I beheld that slow
Procession move at Murder's beck and deed!
Thrice hath our state been garbed in mourning weed,
As even thrice by the assassin's blow
The chief magistrate of the land laid low!
No ancient tragedy could well exceed
In horror and in hate whose awful seed
Flowered in such fruitage of transcendent woe.

Such themes as these, because they held of yore
The springs of tragedy in their deep source,
Shakespeare and Aeschylus brought upon the stage.

Were it not wisely done to reach the core
Of murderous anarchy by laws in force,
And set example of a better age?

THE PEN IN THE CLOUD

My friend's great grief and sorrow for a child
Afflicted me — because in his white face
I saw entombed the hopes of all his race
And none could comfort him;— a grief not wild,
As woman's is, but hopeless, patient, mild.
For women's feelings like soft marriage lace
Invest a sorrow with a certain grace:—
But grief like his — my friend nor wept nor smiled.
I told him then to do as poets use
Who take a pen in hand and all conjoint
With the still heavy cloud of grief that girds
A lonely heart — no comforter like Muse!
She guides the sorrow down the pen's sharp point —
Precipitate in a gentle shower of words!

MATINS

Now morning comes with scarf of grey
To usher in the new-born day.
The mountains stand with foreheads white
In still sublimity of light.
Behind the veil of waterfalls
White-waving from the mountain walls
High over rocks, high over pines,
The infinite sacred morning shines.
From off the earth and crystal seas
It washes all impurities.

No less the sweat of works and days
The dust and scum of yesterdays
Upon the surface of our dreams
Are washed away in those pure streams.
Now Heart of Man fresh from the deep
Lifts level from the seas of sleep.
His orb of duty slowly fills,
Prepared to climb the heavenly hills,
With courage of the new-born day
And dragons of the darkness slay.
Fulfilled it is of worship then
Light-bringer to the sons of men!
For speed of thought and strength of limb
By right of old belong to him
The finder out of arts and arms,
Forger of weapons and of harms;
Maker of alphabets which find
The universe of living mind
And bring to us untarnished gold
The immortalities of old.
The ends of earth together brought
By telegraphic sign of thought
The *Word* whose distillation brings
The essences and souls of things,
Preparing still new births of mind
To tame and civilize mankind.
Emerging from sleep's solitude
Man and the world are both renewed.
The mind whose floors has Morning gained
Stands as a temple unprofaned.
Who comes with pure and innocent eye,
And maiden thought, may lift on high

A soul-and-body breathing hymn
Impleted and inspired by Him.
Religion is a flight of soul
Unto the One and only whole,
In exercise a bar of rest
To swing from better on to best.

NERO AND AGRIPPINA

When burning Rome lay reddening in the dye
  Of conflagration, and like torrent swirled
  All things to ruin and destruction hurled,
"Give me the lyre," cried Nero, from the high
Balcony of the Golden House; "I'll try
  That song of Ilion, when the smoke upcurled
  Above the roof of Priam, and the world
Of Troy sank down in ashes soon to lie."
It was an awful moment; glory, shame,
  Men like wild beasts, the hydra mob was seen
  With hurrying torches; one could just descry
Aloft, on crumbling tower, by eating flame,
  That tigress, twice bereaved, the empress-queen,
  Etched, as in silhouette, against the sky!

THE LANDING

Over a flowery land the light mists flee,
  And from the anchored ships the crews are gone.
  As "washed with morning their moorings shone!"
Lo, the clear sapphires, of the heaven-hued sea
  Shine like a floor of lapis lazule.

But the grand Admiral and the Viceroy thrown
With tears and kisses on the earth lay prone,
And all rejoiced with joy exceedingly,
Hemmed in with wondering naked men at loss
And all in pomp of scarlet and of gold;
The risen Viceroy in his hand unfurled
The banner royal blazoned with a cross
Vert, and surmounted with a crown that told
Who gave Castile and Leon a new world.

FEMINA MUTABILE

Said Virgil of yore, in classical lore,
That woman was truly wanting in stamina;
And for it comes pat in, I'll give you the Latin:
"*Mutabile et varium semper femina.*"

This mutable she always was, and will be,
Like the wind and the wave, the cloud and the foam;
No being most airy, no sprite yet nor fairy,
Plays tricks so fantastic abroad or at home.

The falling leaf brown, the soft thistle down,
Is like her the most because most uncertain;
So wavering still, our pulses to thrill,
She comes like the rustle of air in a curtain.

To-day with your fair, an agreeable air,
Tricked out like the rainbow, how sweet she appears!
To-morrow she'll frown, and the sky will pour down,
If not in a shower, in a drizzle of tears.

His hand on the tiller, the wind that drops stiller,
Now comes in a puff, and dies out as it goes;
What helmsman is there can steer by such air,
It whiffles about so, and which way — who knows?

This foible of sex which the wise can perplex,
  The trick of all women, who had it of old,
From Eve in the Garden to the last Dolly Varden
  Plays the mischief with men straightforward and bold.

The pig that one meets all manner of streets
  Goes up, or attempts to, with start and with lurch;
And that's just the way that a woman to-day
  Behaves with a man when she steers for the church.

The mart matrimonial, the church ceremonial,
  She's headlong to urge, but behind if she can;
And give her the odds, she'd beat all the gods,
  With delays and excuses for fooling a man.

She's a cushion of pins, as a penance for sins,
  When you sit on the stool of repentance—'tis true,
With petty annoyance she kills all the joyance,
  And makes life a torment to her and to you.

  She's given to pouting, to teasing and doubting,
  Misfortune is hers, she's always a-miss;
But though we may flout her, we can't live without her,
  Who twines like the ivy, and rhymes bliss with kiss.

ON A LADY IN CHURCH

Most gentle lady, and in truth most fair,
  Forgive me if in homage of thy face,
I do forget myself, the time and place,
Only remembering of thy beauty rare
The dead wan gold of eyelash and of hair—
  The pure refinement of a high-bred race,
  The soul of delicacy, exquisite grace,

The winning smile and sweet, engaging air.
I feel thy utter feminine graces strong
  O'erlapping so my robust masculine sense,
  As soft airs falling on a harp-string tense,
Break into sad and plaintive undersong,
  Complaining how we gladly suffer in it,
  Ages of torment for one happy minute.

BEING IN DOUBT

Amazed I stand beneath the sky,
And wonder who on earth am I.
Who brought me to this unknown land?
Ten thousand leagues of sea and sand
Divorce me from the Man of Sin,
Who, some one said, was next of kin.

And is this desert round me spread
In apprehension, what I dread,
To be alone, alone, alone,
As is some wandering music-tone,
Alone above the lonely sea
That hath no rest in being free,
And ranging through eternity.
Lo, borne forever on its breast,
The baby-breakers climb its crest,
And clap their hands, and shout for glee,
Upon thy bosom, Mother-Sea!
Green hills that touch the sunken skies,
That rise to sink, and sink to rise;
So go we up and down the ocean,
In see-saw of eternal motion.

My thought doth waver like the sea.
I wonder what it is to be!
Unless our seeing is in vain,
Being and seeing are not twain,
(This overhanging cloud of doubt
Will put the sun of being out,)
Not twain, but twin whose bond is truth,
And fountain of Eternal Youth.
I would not care to stand, or be
In a great noon of certainty;
Chained to the wave that meets the sky,
One bottomless, wide-rolling eye,
Looked in the face by suns that find
Dead water-levels of the mind,
A thousand sunsets left behind.
Give me the poetry and grace
Of evening, or a morning face —
The planets in the mind that roll
Through atmospheres from pole to pole,
Which make the twilight of the soul.
In its profound the stars come out,
And mountains raise their heads in doubt.
Thank God that being one can be
A miracle, a mystery.
But see! the setting sun of life,
Makes shadows there of man and wife.
They are expressed in God as nought,
(Expression is the mask of thought,)
And crumble back to something vain,
Part of the dust that walks the plain;
A wave that comes up from the sea;
Uncurls, and breaks,—a moment free.

THE GREATEST CURSE

Of curses I have read, and not a few.
The church's ban with bell, book, candle bound,
The curse of excommunication round
One rooted to the spot in horror new
As on some blasted heath a stunted yew.
Within the lids of our old Bible found
The most tremendous curse of all 'bove ground,
Was long since launched against the Wandering Jew.
But yet methinks there is a heavier curse
Denounced as coming, or as come on what
Horace declared an evil past all cure:
As when he said of mediocre verse,
It was such poetry as truly not
Nor gods nor men nor temples could endure!

CULTURE

Kingdom of uses is the kingdom good.
And all our learning is not worth a pin
If human culture fails at last to win
Both light and leisure to the man who would
Improve himself, and eke the world that stood
Ages of darkness, heathendom and sin.
Candles with Christianity came in:
That gave more light and sense of brotherhood.
It is not safe to treat your neighbor ill.
All waste and all neglect is shameful too.
Our globe is better aired and lighted; who
That has the arc light, wants the old "dip" still?
What in future civilized men may do,
They will not ravage, burn, destroy and kill.

HIGH WATER-MARK

In the great deep of feeling, currents main
  Traverse all moods and climates of the soul,
  Over the dim unsounded depths to shoal
In thoughts that to the shores of speech attain:
Filling the earth with murmured music-rain,
  Or dashing on to Silence's mighty mole,
  Fond hearts that break amid the breakers roll
When some great passion floods both heart and brain.
But yet a man will sooner risk his bark
  Amid the boisterous seas of passion rude
  Than idly safe in port and anchor ride.
Better the flood which makes high water-mark
  Than the low sea that crawls with no wreck strewed,
  A stagnant mere without wind, moon or tide.

CHINLEY CHURN

On Eildon Hill an unknown hero sleeps.
  And with him buried arms, a trophied urn,
  Above him raised the pile of Chinley Churn;
From whence the gazer with a bold eye sweeps
A noble country where the castled steeps
  Look down on forest, frith and river's turn
  O'er which the evening skies in glory burn,
And the sad-colored sky of Autumn weeps.
We call a stone-heap what they called a cairn.
  They meant it for a monumental pile,
    Cromlech or altar, cairn or sculptured stones.
But to the simple superstitious bairn,
  The dead complained, and so they said erewhile,
    "Light lie the turf upon his honored bones"!

THE WORLD'S DEBT TO SCHOLARS

The world owes much to scholars; and the debt
Is such as well can never be repaid;
In close retirement delving in the shade
Before all virtue they put bars of sweat.
Slaves of the mine! what sparkling jewels yet,
What sunless riches as of suns outrayed,
King's treasuries, libraries, museums, trade,

They've brought to light, and in full glory set.
Two noble works before me lie outspread.
One is the "Buke" of Sir John Mandeville,
"Writ in romance," and englished out of it.
The other that ancient "Book of the Dead"
Whose picture-writing hieroglyphics fill,
Which, to decipher, needs a famous wit.

CITY AND COUNTRY

A Didactic Poem

I

O fortunate pilgrim at the break of day
Who had, then, setting out on life's highway,
Of woodland vistas the far looking through
For pillared arch and long-drawn avenue!
What's well in Luxor and Persepolis
In modern cities one would rather miss;
Unless to wander in midsummer's wide
Deserted ways at midnight there, with bride
Of silence looking through the foliage far
To catch the twinkle of the Evening Star,
And feel the purple pride men trample on,
Shall be as Bagdad or as Babylon.

But where no jackals prowl nor serpents hiss,
If he felicitate himself on this,
'Tis not so much that solitude is sweet,
Nor harsh to him the thunder of the street,
As feeling in the hubbub and the strife
The insecurity of human life,
And seeing in those all converging lines
Where the web city's vast concentric shines,
How the drawn foot deplores in every way
The tendency therein to go astray,
One dreads that forest of enchantment, hurled
In the great wood of error of this world.
Fraud there and Folly spin their separate web
For silly flies, and there the mighty ebb
And flow of business with its endless roar
Is heard like ocean on a surf-boat shore.
Lowell in London heard it, and sublime
It seemed to him the "roaring loom of time"
Forever weaving to no end or date,
The awful web of crossing wills and fate
Whose everlasting clash and conflict brings
Up Virgil's "sense of tears in human things."

But is that human flux and reflux more
Impressive by its dull, continuous roar
Than is the sight and presence of the dread
Supremacy of light on some bald head
Of heaven-high battlements with their great shag
From base to summit of the toppling crag
Which, thunder-smitten, is forever more
Gray with the ages' everlasting hoar?
Cities and states may sink in their own slime
Along the littoral—ruins of old Time,

But these remain, the mountains and the sea,
Two things that have been and shall always be;
Though changing place, as witness eke the strong
Weird in some old forgotten ballad song:
"*For waters shall wax and woods shall wane,*
Hill and moss shall be torn in,
But the bannock shall never be braider."
No place is where vicissitude is not,
But love and hunger ear the human lot.
As rivers vary in their speed and force,
So human passions in their headlong course;
But none the less, as wisdom erst foresaw,
Their terms and quantities are fixed by law.
One Power sets limits to the wandering foam,
French Revolution and the Fall of Rome.
What seems more permanent than the mountain head?
And yet it crumbles like a loaf of bread.
All things are molded in a manner, so
The marble made is plastic as the dough.
Dost thou remember, man, the johnny-cake
Which our good mothers used erstwhile to bake?
To Indian meal and water mixed and scalt
To bake before the fire, add pinch of salt,
And there's the bannock which old wives afford
As it came smoking hot from off the board,
Which eaten with fresh butter did, with routh
Of maple syrup, fairly melt 'n the mouth.
This was a dish in old New England days
Which any epicure might justly praise;
And Joel Barlow's "Hasty Pudding" is
Not to be mentioned any day with this!
But here my homely illustration, sooth,
Is peg to hang an economic truth.

You cannot have your cake and eat it, too,
And hunger's law which even has to do
With wearing tides still the land invade,
Is not more constant than the course of trade.
Aye, waters shall wax and woods shall wane,
And what you lose will another gain,
But the bannock shall never be braider.
Who dreams of larger bakers' loaves iwis
Reckons without the host of avarice.
More deep and strong almost than human need
The grip of custom and the grasp of greed.
Of course, the country will outlive the town,
But will it live to put monopoly down?
Not till the farmers learn like sturdy sons
Of toil so stand embattled by their guns.
And strength they have but not yet eyes to see
And arms to strike the entrenched enemy.
Some day perchance when they shall organize
The People's party, a new morn will rise
On the midnoon of our prosperity.
The dollar mark on all things set to see,
In business battles then, will but enhance
The strife where all men have an equal chance.
And none shall lack the necessary fee
Of labor lost for superfluity.
The battle will be when are seen arrayed
The sons of toil against the sons of trade.
Let those determine in the world's folk-mote
The cost of the world's breakfast, corn or oat—
Meal, if the johnny-cake be good, then, eat,
And trade will soon adjust the balance-sheet.
But middlemen like millers, toll will take,
A measure from the mouth of mealsack, make

The bannock broader only for the thief,
(*Vide* the Miller's tale in Chaucer, chief),
And so the farmer still will come to grief.
The "grangers," aye, a most respectable class,
Have borne their burden like the patient ass;
They, when the tithe and the tax-gatherer come
Like sheep before the shearer still are dumb.
But will it be so in the land at length
When they shall come to know and use their strength?
Which organized and drilled and trained might be
To throttle trusts and starve monopoly.
Considering how the world's support indeed,
Depends upon the shooting of a seed,
Who have the seed to sow, and hence prepare
Must in their way the world's chief burden bear.
Yet the desertion of the cot and mill,
Of farm and homestead for the shop and till
Is the marked tendency of modern days,
And augurs ill for the Republic's ways.
Look at those towns which, as it well appears,
Have stationary stood an hundred years.
The land stagnates, and then the popular curse
Deterioration makes the matter worse.
The old hill towns of their New England clan
And farms abandoned almost to a man
Deserted are, in consequence you find
The dregs of population left behind.
A frightful state of morals supervenes
On heathenism such as thereto leans,
Of which one feature is the female mind
In solitude and isolation pined,
Leading, where wreck of womanhood survives,
To much insanity among farmers' wives.

From personal knowledge yet I cannot say
If these things be, but well indeed they may.
As the old English stock is lessening, so
Increasing see the proletariat grow.
Old neighbors living on the road or pike
Give way to foreign faces and dislike.
Swedish and Finnish, French and Irish hands
Hold the fee simple now of house and lands.
The cattle and their owners supersede
A nobler by a meaner race and breed.
The country slipping back to wildness turns,
The pastures grow thorn bushes, brake and ferns.
The stone-heap is a mass of matted vines,
The gate-post leans, the parasite entwines,
And by the gap-toothed gray stone wall one sees
A stunted row of ancient apple trees.
The sumach in the fall appears to smoke,
And clings the grapevine to the doddered oak.
In glebe and upland for good grazing fair,
Were arable lands which now white birches bear.
The foxtail once that plumed th' embankment wall
Is choked with weeds, and the short mowing all
That green and bowery in the summer shone
With spruce and hemlock now is overgrown.
A pump stands where the open well once stood
Under the sky, the water then was good.
The meadow brook with its flower'd border rich
Is nothing else now but a stagnant ditch.
And the vine withers, stem and branch whose trail
Along the wall hangs by a rusty nail;
The rose-bush, too, which taps the window pane,
Looks for each old familiar face in vain:

It seems discouraged, and like all things fair
Will flourish only in congenial air.

Where are the old folks? Ask the burying-ground
For their memorial by each grassy mound.
Or ask the lilac bush that stood before
Their pleasant homes and cottages of yore.
Lo there, the cellar hole whose mournful story
Is, in that "smoke of earth" called fumitory;
Told by remains of the old chimney stack
With burdock, weeds and nettles in a pack;
Where night winds sigh, and sighing overpass
The blackened rafter lying in the grass.
And there is heart-break in the wind that waves
The grass above this land of household graves.
The stout old apple-tree alone remains,
But sour and crabbed in his knurly veins,
Not as of old his branching top and tall
Which loaded took the "slantin' light o' fall;"
Cornwallis then was, and like strain and stress
Of martial virtue flowed the cider-press;
Great heaps of apples lay upon the ground,
The urchins came, old dobbin went around
The tan-bark circle, and the rollers wreak
A vengeance on the pippin as they squeak;
The farmer brought his apples to the mill,
And the wise deacon, then, who owned the still,
When every wife put cider in mince pies,
Had in his orchard aye a noble prize:—
Now, blighted fruit, the worm is at the core,
The orchard gone with cider-mill of yore —
The picturesque of landscape is no more!

CITY AND COUNTRY

A Didactic Poem

II

What hope for youth whose native country drains
Its health and strength, its energy and brains
In mammon service and the greedy maw
Of city trade and corporation law?
See mountainous wealth o'ertopping to beslime
What gulfs of poverty, wretchedness and crime!
Here luxury lolls upon its cushioned seat
Of triumph o'er the beggar on the street.
The cars that rattle with their own feet
In brutal disregard of all they meet
Are not more ruthless than the Powers that grind
Forever on youth's budding hopes and blind,
And which to trampled hearts in that wine-press
Contrast the ruin and the wretchedness
With Nature's old elm-shadowed homestead farm,
And all the country's lost idyllic charm.
Life that descends from mountain peaks of rose
To the dead level of the dullest prose
Is his, exchanging for a woodland dress
The city's waste and howling wilderness.
Not bred on Russian steppes nor barren moor
The pack of wolves that hunt the city poor.
Sometimes they hunt, alas, it should be so,—
A Spenser, Collins, Chatterton or Poe!
Of all sad things, the saddest on this earth
The tragedy of genius is from birth.
But leaving this, as no man can divine
The reason why such pearls are cast to swine,

Take the raw youth from country come to town,
Lured by big fees and prospect of renown.
Fooled by illusion, forward-looking Hope
To young Ambition offers boundless scope.
There is a crowd to hinder and to stop,
But always room, they tell him, at the top.
He looks again into his heart and reads,
"'The many fail, but still the one succeeds."
Ah, but my friend, who knows if you're the one
Whom glory calls, ambition's chosen son?
Suppose, at last, you have attained the prize,
At what a cost! — all satisfaction dies.
To pay for sitting on a worldly throne,
Toil, torture, heart-break, life itself a groan!

But now, suppose our country youth installed
In some town office, he is gibed and galled;
As time goes on, he pines in discontent,
He had not counted an environment.
For rural sights and sounds and moonlit glades,
What are the city's broken lights and shades?
There first, familiar as the morning street,
The plodding merchant at his balance-sheet;
The store's long counter, and trade's knight-errant,
The saucy waiter at the restaurant;
The tired shop girl, the seamstress poor and proud
Making a sister's bridal robe or shroud;
The gouty rich man's red Burgundian wine,
The labor union, and the turn-verein;
Throw in, of course, the theatre and the ball,
And add the siren of the music-hall;
Statues and paintings, letters, arts, the case is
Where literature is on a business basis,

The publisher who builds his House of Fame
On the commercial value of a name,
Must take for granted the diviner spark
Of poesy branded by the dollar mark.
He knows what's what, and to compose in rhyme
A misdemeanor, poetry a crime;
Or if not that, 'tis heresy and schism,
Flat treason to the state commercialism
Which rules the roost, and relegates all verse
To rhyming punsters, like Hood's "prose and worse,"
The stale of editors who jest at "beans"
And verses made to chink the magazines.
Because there are no Miltons left, men smile
At poets, or poeticules; meanwhile
The reader quenches at his daily toil
A thousand lamps of the burned midnight oil:
And yet what endless reams of written slosh
Where every paper pours its boundless bosh,
And he whose labors on the cold types wait,
Bound to a wheel of fire, Ixion's fate,
Is of all trades the first in that huge wen,
Type of a world of cities and of men
Who live in crowds to die at last alone.
Few note his passing, and his latest moan
Disturbs not his successor at the case,
Who must keep up the same terrific pace,
His intellect a tool, his heart a stone,
A soul to justice and to pity blind,
While cant and catch-words fill his mouth and mind;
Case-hardened wretch in ignorance as great
As paper walls make his the cocoon's fate
To die imprisoned, and, a grub to date,

Strive as he may, and hustle as he can
To do his duty like a little man,
He never can catch up, nor put a stop
To that which rolls and rolls, and from the top
Goes like the wind regardless, and amain
Is heaved uphill to thunder down again.
Another spills his life about the club,
Or, a Diogenes of the town and tub,
Scorns wealth and fashion, mocks at beauty vain,
Condemns all trades, and all men rogues in-grain,
Makes no exception, being one and all
The slaves of circumstance, occupation's thrall,
A starved flower-life within a crannied wall.
What chance has beauty to be seen or felt
Where lives are barren as the karroo's veldt?
Are river waters sweeter for the drains
Of a great city with its feculent stains?
Or breathing airs more pure for sooty pall
Of coal-smoke banners trailing over all?
Where commerce murmurs in the busy hive
With thoughts of gain in every breast alive,
Around their hearts can charity entwine
Where men are hustled like the hustling swine?
Can they who only grovel there and grope,
Cherish ideals and a boundless hope?
Can pure religion in the world befriend
The man a muckrake to a sordid end?
Can love of country ever rooted grow
In stony streets, or thrive in Rotten Row?
Soul must take root in nature, born to share
The boundless ether, and as pilgrim fare
In the Blue Distance without stay or stop,
The vast horizon of the mountain top,

Not that wherefrom one sees the starry fleet
In the deep canon of a midnight street;
Or in that heaven to her still under ban,
Of sad significance to the courtezan
Standing at midnight on a bridge of stone,
Who sees the burning lamps in heaven that shone
Far round the bay that mirrors heaven to her
Become the foot-lights of a theatre,
The painted stage of meretricious art;
Dazed by the cruel lights that on her heart
Shrink to a glare of endless gas-jets bright,
A fiery serpent winding out of sight
In the black hollow heart of the great town;
O Heaven! the lid of sorrow shutting down,
Black Melancholia comes to blast and blight
As in that city clept of Dreadful Night;
Or even as Dante once the domes of Dis
(More hospitable, one thinks, than may be this)!
Red rising saw, where one confronted is
With selfish grandeur's stony mark and stir
Of Pride blaspheming its red sepulchre.
The Bridewell of a world of souls is there
If not for punishment, for probation where?
One to the Senate goes, another while
Drunk and disorderly goes to the rock-pile;
A workhouse here for corrigible churls,
And there a home for dissipated girls.

How much trade morals and indecent haste
To get rich have debauched the public taste!
What are these trusts that all men's rights invade
But upas trees that threaten to o'ershade
And blight the world of enterprise and trade!

The dreadful plant of evil all can see,
But not the axe laid at root of the tree.
Not Vergil's hind the felled oak falling more
Vast by avulsion set the hills a-roar,
Than will the chopper who shall undertake
That tree whose downfall half the world can shake!
Lo, where the multi-millionaire encamps,
He leaves a wandering horde of worthless tramps.
"Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked;" it may be then
Men look for change and overturnings when
Too much prosperity leads the merry dance
Of drunken revelers at the land's Last Chance;
And chance it may that sometime there the Fates
May change post-horses for post-obit dates.
Whatever happens in the world of trade,
Despite the midnight raider and the raid,
The bandit trust, this modern Claude Duval
Who robs the state and makes the law his pal,
All things by nature strongest in the strong
Refuse to be mismanaged overlong.
Let cities have, though magnates miss a pull,
Both civic courage and municipal.
And since bad men are banded for ill deeds,
Why not the good, where good as oft succeeds?
There is a communism of power and pelf
In organization which betrays itself.
And this betrayal in a manner must
Succeed in undermining any trust,
Or wicked combination using laws
Bad for the state and for the people's cause.
The scholar, too, in politics will fight
Well armed with Goethe's watchword here, "More light!"

Let him drag forth the evil thing by dint
Of pitiless publicity to stand in print.
When men once read and ponder on the fact
Of what is done, they will know how to act.
Bad men prefer most any other box
To being pilloried in the public stocks.
Responsibility if you can fix,
No fury, then, of partisan politics
Obscures the light of purification's beam
In what one called "an iridescent dream."
But since the world demands of all who know
Sweetness and light, the power to touch and go
Over the tops and apices of things,
Come to the fountain-head and at the springs
Of life and action, seek but to disclose
What from the root of true distinction grows.
If one would seek the characteristic trait
Of town and country life, discriminate.
As Beauty's feast of roses is not feast
Of thistles for the munching Blatant Beast,
So neither can good taste accept the type
In mind and morals of the rotten-ripe.
As wildness grows in country pasture downs,
The contrary eke in cities and in towns;
Look at the wilted fruit the market kills;
"No innocent blueberry ever left the hills
For Boston yet," said once the quaint Thoreau.
But the wild strawberry, if the reader know,
It has a flavor which the tamer fruit
Will never come to, though it may not suit
A city palate, and this difference clear
In moral taste and tone and atmosphere,

Is just the difference which a man sets down
Betwixt the rustic tang and tamer town.
No more alike than is the city mode
To country fashion, or the grass-grown road
That shows me here a wild flower once that grew
In Winthrop's Journal, which I pluck for you.
When Winthrop's venture by good fortune ran
To land his company upon Cape Ann,
Ripened in June against their coming, lo,
A great profusion of fine strawberries, so
After their long sea-voyage, and the dry
Remainder biscuit with fat pork to fry,
Women and children hasting in accord
Go fall upon their knees and thank the Lord
For His provision of that luscious fruit
To which the old divine preferred his suit
In that God might have made a better, hid
In grass than strawberry, though he never did;
Perchance there was in that ship's company then
Among the women and the coarser men
Some puritan lover's young ideal, dream
Of maid with cheeks like strawberry in cream,
And all the better if the cream were iced,
And fruit retained a tang of virtue spiced;—
And so, to bring the parallel further down
Betwixt the taste of country and of town,
I match the puritan maid where strawberries grew
'Gainst golden girl, Belle of Fifth Avenue.
From off the berry brushed is gone that fine
Exceeding flavor like some rare old wine.
And this is somewhat to be noted, then,
As time obliterates all distinction when

The traveled folk in going up and down,
In country places carry still the town;
Observe the women's scent for fashions warm
At railroad stations on the wide platform;
The Governor's daughter is no better drest
Than the mechanic's or the farmer's best
In bib and tucker late from boarding school,
With her piano and her music stool.
The web of life is woven still perforce
Of all the strands of human intercourse.
As people buy their clothing ready-made,
They take opinions, too, and tools of trade
From those who manufacture both in shop.
Where does the influence of the city stop?
As the great whirlpool in its vortex draws
Whatever comes in current of its cause,
So does the country feel this drawing down
In all things tending to the populous town.
The Farmer's Year through every day and hour
Adds to predominance of its wealth and power,
As each subscriber at the regular rate
Helps to maintain the flourishing Fourth Estate.

So, have I struck at last the well-worn trail
That leads me home, and if my art prevail
To shoot an arrow straight, in manner, sooth,
Through twelve ranged axes in the eye of truth!
Why then, so be it, though the reader rail
And swear as oil and water will not mix,
So neither poetry and politics.
But never none of these things move me, no
Appealing to the shade of Edgar Poe!

To Wordsworth, rather, who gave ten hours, he
To politics for one to poetry.
For every writer knows who has a true
Divining instinct when he holds a clue
That leads directly to the door of truth;
And he remembers reading in his youth
That Truth and Poetry dwelt in sweet accord
Under one roof, and Beauty was their lord.
But I must mind my business here to seek
The true solution of a problem, pique
My reader's judgment and his honest doubt
To find the marrow of the subject out.
But as for politics no need to 'ware
The dragging in what is already there.
And when the Surgeon will dissect, no fear
But he will lay the scalpel rightly—here!

Now, the biologist discovers well
The naked germ, the protoplasmic cell
Of life that gropes and grows and germinates
The ruling power of cities and of states;
Regarding which the ovum is not laid
In City Councils, or in Boards of Trade;
The formal matter, spirit, life and dress
Of cities is in their Newspaper Press.
And going here to fountain head and mart
Of honor and of profit, thence outstart
Soldiers of fortune, as the time affords,
Who sell their pens, as erst they sold their swords.
They are the Hessians of all causes fought
By these Free Lances in the field of thought.
Bold and unscrupulous ever in debate,
You see him there the devil's advocate;

Though wrapt in endless toil of wordy care
On every page, the hoof and horns are there.
With fine Socratic irony and pause,
Another champions the better cause.
But neither will forego reward for this,
Beside the *gaudia certaminis.*
So let me catch of the uncertain, dim,
Or ere the features of this cloud dislimn
What I observe to tell how spirits come
And shape that moving cloud, newspaperdom.
I can but sketch in very brief outline
The general movement, and for that, in fine
I draw, albeit with a watery pen,
The lives and characters of a class of men,
Who have, chameleon-like in hue and tone,
No will and no opinions of their own;
But what their masters want, they will supply;
Somehow they live, and O Lord, how they lie!
I beg your pardon, gentlemen, purvey,
And somewhat given to romancing, heigh?
In master Vergil's sketch of Common Fame,
Behold at once their glory and their shame.

Newspaper faking is the vice express
Of cities laid to reader's idleness.
It is a trade, a business like the rest,
Which gives to life a certain sort of zest,
But ah, it withers like Sirocco's touch
And some the Boer in South Africa;
Some the Sierras and Andean nooks,
And some like Kipling in his Jungle Books;
Some are pearl-divers and gold-seekers, fain
Of Solomon's Mines and Alan Quatermain.

But in a general way, like ospreys then,
They fish for news, these hardy fishermen.
Observe their dragnet cast, how well it thrives!
At every throw they scoop a million lives!
They live by "scoops" and taking in their ten
The one supreme and valuable asset
Of all their readers' yet remaining time
To finish tasks in, humble or sublime.
Not theirs for men the poets' "winged words"
Like fruitful seeds far-sown by singing-birds,
But just one dreary and monotonous waste
Of words, words, words, Sahara to the taste.
You who have work to do, leave these Bad Lands,
To plodders in immeasurable sands,
Who face the desert and the red simoom
For gold and merchandise, and let the spoom
Of earth pass over, lying low, good bye!
The mirage of the desert shows the eye
Smooth liquid lakes and clusters of palm-trees,
Verdure and freshness and the blowing breeze.
The flower of mind that trusts it overmuch.
The vulgar world is of the vulgar sheet,
The tone, the voice, the echo of the street.
To read it is to hear loud voices start
From every corner of the public mart.
From mouth to mouth the tale of wonder flies
In the crammed cars and to the bulging eyes.
And when there's nothing, then at nothing laugh,
For lo, "the light-outspeeding telegraph
Bears nothing on its beam that you can scan."
Day unto day adds knowledge as it can
Of weakness, vice and littleness in man.

But why make this of mind the daily ration
And leave the nobler part of contemplation?
It is the reader's fault if he conspire
With other wasters of his time, and dire
The consequence to him who only reads
Line after line as wave on wave suceeds
Monotonous, of Ocean's endless smile
And its no-meaning to each liquid mile.
But wander down and far along the shore
Where these men keep their implements and store,
And there is romance and adventure then,
Soldiers of fortune? yes, Bohemian.
Some hunt the lion and the jaguar,
But though in these wide wastes of print there are
Oases in the desert, one goes far
To swing a hammock in a shady nook,
Absorb mint-juleps and a charming book.
Escaped the peril, candor bids me own
That there are papers of high moral tone,
Broad and impartial views, and critiques quite
Free from all rancor, and mere personal spite.
Trees by their fruits, and grains by acreage,
But judging papers by their parentage,
They do small credit to their owners' hand,
Still less to the towns and cities of the land.
Are they much better than in days gone by,
When Dickens gave them a blackened eye?
It is their boast to give in every clime,
The very age and body of the time.
And so, unless the times are better, how
Can they be better which reflect them now?
'Tis even worse when they contribute to
Those chief disorders they inflame and woo.

Here Horace warns me that I must not tread
On dolorous ash of smouldering fires yet red.
The newspaper contains, or should do, say,
The history of the globe for one full day.
But since it covers not a millionth part
Of mankind's doings, all its patchwork art
And enterprise amounts to, is the spilt
Contents resembling most a crazy-quilt,
Where each contributor puts in a patch,
But figures, forms and colors hardly march.
And so, the indictment justly framed on this,
Of the most popular newspaper is,
It rates the intelligence of its readers as
That of mere children and of savages.
The snipperty-snapperty itemizing press,
The shreds and purple patches in its dress,
Are all intended here to catch the eye,
Like Sunday's colored supplements, but why
This vulgar horse-play and mere idiocy?
The reason totters, intellect retreats
At sight of all these penny-dreadful sheets.
Some in the vastness of their vacuity
Lack all coherence and just continuity.
One reads and reads but seldom ever meets
Embodied thought, but ghostly winding-sheets
Made out of words voluminous and vast
Like winter snowflakes falling thick and fast,
Until the mind is buried fathoms deep
Beneath the torpor of benumbing sleep.
But here's the wonder of all words, confess
The modern marvel of Hoe's printing-press!
It is debatable if the art has still
Been more productive here of good than ill.

Johannes Fust and Gutenberg were both
Responsible it seems, and nothing loath
To help it forward, one with brains therefor,
And one with needed sinews of the war.
But though Krupp's cannon in effect may change
The map of empire, 'tis not half so strange
And potent in its working with times ripe
For revolution as the leaded type.
And you'll agree with Hosea Biglow,
Who knew some things, and how to put them too
He found regarding both as types of change,
'Twas Gutenberg's gun that had the longer range.
But to the men behind the guns, not I
Nor any other man not prone to lie,
Will ever shout defiance to the foe,
"Blaze with your serried columns!" — no, no, no.

In ancient Athens law and custom chid
Bean-shooters aye at owls who lived forbid.
The bird of wisdom, courage and good cheer
Inspired the populace with religious fear,
But they like moderns had diviners then,
To take full charge of all state secrets, men
Forever on the hatch and brood, you know
The nidification of Newspaper Row.
But what the law forbade in Athens to
Those same Owls' Nests, you likewise mustn't do.
Hunt every bird except the sacred fowl,
But spare the home and haunt of Inky Owl!
He has a curious habit, by the way
Not unobserved, of turning night to day.
Nor can he give old Breton's reason dark
For playing owl, who had been bred a lark.

He rises not, nor singeth in the dawn,
But goes to bed, then, till the light is gone;
And in his dreams he hopes to get redress
For fancied wrongs by vengeance of the press.
His midnight sun is the electric ray,
Whose glary globe usurps the lamp of day.
And long ere sunrise news to him will come
From every capital in Christendom.
For all the world now being strung with wire,
He plays upon the earth as on a lyre;
The politician tells his tale of woe,
To him the merchant and stock-broker go;
In short, he sits the monarch of the sphere
Within his den, a Dionysius' Ear.
All men by habit, whether bond or free,
Seek to propitiate the powers that be;
And those who rule men's thoughts at every hour
May justly claim to be the ruling power,
Sovereign in all things here from sea to sea,
Whoever holds the nominal sovereignty.
We live beneath a government of laws;
We did so once, or thought we did because
Emancipation then had not yet come
To us poor serfs of mere newspaperdom.
But all things now are wound up, bound to go
By those great lights, world-rulers here below,
Calling themselves a "World," a "Sun," or "Star."
They show what ulcers our great cities are.
"Behold, my son," said the great Oxenstern,
"How little wisdom here will serve your turn."
Behold, I say, the body politic,
The mischief and the ills whereof 'tis sick.

Two parties always who bestow nicknames,
And what one praises still the other blames.
But all state doctors do is a stale trick
To feel the pulse, and have the patient stick
The tongue out, while they go with solemn face
About to ‘‘skin and film the ulcerous place.”
For truth compels the judgment if severe,
There is no soundness and no health is here.
And this we say in spite of the hard task
Compelling men to wear a smiling mask.
For all professional men, in what they do,
Must have the hypocrisy of their talents too;
And every other man whom they shall meet
Lives by his art and practises deceit.
To learn a trade meant once a first degree
Taken in that which was a ‘‘mystery.”
And when his long apprenticeship was o’er,
He faced the world, then, as a traveling ‘‘jour.”
And what this meant, read ‘‘Wilhelm Meister,” see
Of human culture the epitome.
And if he really were a man of parts,
’Twas not from college then his M. A. starts.
They give not mastery howsoe’er one rates
The worth of titles or of doctorates.
The man alone can crown himself with dower
And mastery of knowledge, which is power.
The locomotive and the battle-ship
Built by the man who has not lost his grip
Prove him a master, but had Cæsar stept
Aboard the Kearsarge, he had smiled or wept
To know that he knew nothing of its parts,
And therefore not a master of the arts.

To him it were a marvel or a toy,
As much as any wonder to a boy.
Yet to-day's miracle by to-morrow's grace
Becomes its comment and its commonplace;
Since the last birth of human hopes and fears
In the long process of the patient years,
Through evolution comes by slow degrees,
Hence the true doctorates and the masteries;
And hence proceeds at providential pace
The education of the human race.
Short-sighted mortals who will never see
That all things bear proportion and degree;
And that no man or nation's fit to take
A foremost place till tutored by the stake
That all men strive for, and which e'en defies
All efforts but the best to win the prize.
Who gives the child a homestead or a farm
While yet the rattle has a power to charm?
And would you give the electorate to them
Who have not learned yet tyranny to stem?
Or the last gift of human freedom throw
Like a mere bawbee to those babies, lo,
(So far as knowledge and as self-control
Direct their efforts yet to Freedom's goal),
Capricious, treacherous, ignorant, savage, wild,
Whom Kipling called "half-savage and half-child."
Men are but children yet and savages,
Since they believe what the newspaper says!
Its writers are the puppets on its wires;
Its readers, oh, in purgatorial fires,
Go purge your souls, and if a spot remains,
Scour with the fuller's earth of busy pains

In better reading, purer knowledge, there,
Go bathe in rivers of auroral air,
And make your minds, as Thoreau said of books,
"A thoroughfare for the Parnassian brooks."
The soul that like a distant world or star
Sees not the plague-spots that great cities are
Escapes contagion and all sordidness.
Give me the country, then, and I'll not this
Greenwood exchange for ugly chimney-pots,
A brick-and-mortar wilderness for spots
Of greenary 'mid the Sabbath of the hills.
There the cloud angels come and often lean
O'er mountain galleries to admire the scene.
There in the shade by silver-footed rills
His pitcher at the fountain eke he fills;
That leaps to glory in the common air
Of cities cooled and freshened in the glare;
"And only they who in sad cities dwell
Are of the green trees fully sensible."
They in a hundred gracious ways recall
To mind the Spirit that is over all,
And in the law of limitation set
On ways of mortal men escaped the net
Into the walks of Universal mind,
We feel that they are exiles from their kind,
And in our sadness they are sad as men's
Souls in our urban fellow-citizens
Pining in cities for the sylvan grot
Where solitude is heaven, and man is not,
A grove, a fountain and a shady spot:
These in Homeric landscape found are well
Composed in ancient meads of asphodel.

Until you find such you have never found
What earth was made for, nor the mountains round
About Jerusalem,— still you settled there
And were a denizen of the upper air,
You could not be, for all your thoughts in coffer
The old Greek nature's attic philosopher;
No Plato in the grove of Academe,
Discoursing on the loftiest human theme,
Nor learned rabbi with your ephod on
For temple service to King Solomon.
But then, one need not cross the seas to find
Jerusalem, its towers and temples shined
To Thanatopsis' bard in old Berkshire,
As poet of the superior atmosphere.
His bardship proved when he had given tongue
To Greylock and the hills he lived among,
And Wordsworth also showed by precept, and
His life among the hills of Westmoreland,
That man alone, aloof from power and pelf,
Can be a king and priest unto himself.
'Tis my persuasion and belief, not dim,
Though some would call it prejudice or whim,
That no profoundly meditative mind,
No philosophic spirit great or kind,
Can live in the highly carburetted air
Of modern cities with their gloom and glare,
And all their noise-producing ways and means,
Insomnia, madness, mops and magazines!
For solitude, the soul's incessant prayer
And nourisher of greatness is not there;
But feverish haste, and all that Arnold rhymes
With "the sick hurry of these modern times."

Cities are made for those who buy and sell,
But for the finer spirits, they are,— well,
No poet ever lived who did not own
He loved the country for itself alone.
And no great man or statesman from the days
Of Washington to Webster, Garfield, Hayes,
But sought and found, secure in country life
A home and haven from politician's strife.

Go seek the fountain head and find the spring
Of grandeur in the glory-hidden thing
Of what Webster was; trace whereso allied
The stormy springs of passion, power and pride
To their first origin in the far-off years,
The misty mountain top of hopes and fears
That saw the morning red of his Desire
In Liberty's blown rose as rash as fire —
An ardent spirit held in check by law,
The border mystery and religious awe
Of the unseen and greater universe;
And eke Imagination's natural nurse,
His fatherland whose features bold and stern
Impressed the lesson which he had to learn
Of temperance, patience, and of hard work graced
With bars of sweat before all virtue placed;
And back of all the goodness that sunshined
The region of the heart, and bore in mind
A father's blessing, and the mother's grace
Of sweet religion in a homebred face,
And e'en the church yard where had *she* not lain,
He might have toiled up glory's path in vain:
Why further seek when all that is most dear
In love of country and of kind is here?

Behold the secret spring and fountain head
Of glory in the world of greatness led.
Behold the eyrie, cradle, dear home nest
Of eaglet caught in this wild region, free!
The Genius of Republican Liberty,
From the first hour in which the Boy awoke,
Grew like a solitary pasture oak,
Which, when the stormy South blew up revolt,
Defied the tempest and the thunderbolt;
And in all weathers with a free consent
Sheltered the Union Arms his royal tent.
Ah! what a man he was to the whole world known,
Who on the height of great occasion shone!

He showed his breeding when the ancestral stock
Of virtues came out strong on Plymouth Rock.
And who that heard him, ever can or will
Forget the orator of Bunker Hill?
He spoke for "liberty throughout the globe,"
And in a pause of wonder from the rack
Men heard the monument behind his back
Reverberate "liberty throughout the globe!"
The height of eloquence, the true sublime
Was reached by him, then, in that noble chime
Of thought and feeling, figure, mien and voice,
And the imperial liberty of choice,
Which made those words, "I am an American"
Immortal on the lips of this great man.
He loved his country as the Seamless One,
And had such horror of division,
That in his agony he cried out, "O!
Secession, Sir! but where am I to go?"

Must he, too, fall, chief pillar of the state
Who bore and suffered all, but could not hate
The little men who girded so at thee,
While others laid the axe at root of tree
Of his ambition honorably great,
Nobly to serve and save the falling state.
Say thy last prayer on earth! was't not for her
Who cast him off, and to the sepulchre
Sent all thy hopes and thee! alack, astart,
Then burst the fibres of his mighty heart,
And vailing his proud top, with darkening frown
The lone majestic oak came thundering down
With widespread ruin on the earth to lie,
While friend and neighbor stood with weeping eye:
"The world without you in this awful hour
Feels lonesome, void of glory and of power."
Without a wish to wander or to roam,
He loved his country, but indeed his home,
His home was in the hills from whence he came
To fill the land with his o'ershadowing fame.
Cities do well to honor the Great Man;
They do themselves proud as they will and can
To lift the column, statue, fountain where
His virtue loftiest in the public square
Leapt in the plentitude of golden hours
When men first took the measure of his powers.

ENVOI

The memory of my boyhood would not be
The same it is to country or to me
If Daniel Webster's life and light had failed
Or on my youth's horizon had not sailed,
That star of the first magnitude. No doubt
That a great light went down, but went not out.
And this the doctrine as a gleam in gloom
I gather from the legend on his tomb:
Is nothing greater in the universe
Than the vast soul of man; and let this verse,
Though cracked and warped as ancient tombstones lean,
Remember to the world what I have seen,
Who saw the century's majestic pose
Of greatness in this man; and to his foes
Men said who saw, how gloomed he, overbrowed!
His looks were blacker than a thundercloud.
And all knew when his thunderbolts were hurled;
His was our country's voice against the world!
But when the storm passed by, again he smiled,
Jovial and friendly as old ocean's child.
He more than fame or eloquence did prize
His oxen's honest, shining, great, brown eyes.
And he had told you if he cared to rate
The smug hypocrisy of church and state,
That he preferred, with lettered ease and calm,
The independent life of home and farm
To all the fuss of glory's greatest hour,
The pride and pomp and circumstance of power;
An ode of Horace to the helm of state,
The woodland walk to seeming wise and great,

And seeking still urbanity, to find
He had not disafforested his mind,
But with a heart unspoiled by place and power,
He kept the freshness of his childhood's hour,
And at the limit of the latest day,
Could place his hand upon his heart and say,
He had not purposed wrong at eve or morn
To any man or child or woman born;
But loved his neighbor while he turned the sod,
And prizing all the handiwork of God,
He loved his country first, so that we won
True self-respect, and heard the glad ‘‘well done!”
From that internal witness of the rôle
Which none can bribe: O just and manly soul,
Who, knowing life in palace and in cot,
The state of grandeur and the poor man's lot,
Before all Captains of the wandering foam,
Preferred to live and be himself at home;
And like that other still of ancient date,
Who could not bear to be held second-rate,
The would-be Cæsar of his leafy Rome,
Had but one wish before he turned to loam—
To play the man-child to the manor born,
To shave the lawn or shock the ripened corn;
And far from human wickedness and strife,
In that calm vale where he began his life,
To end his days, and at the last to creep
To Mother Earth where his forefathers sleep.

THE MEMORY OF BURNS

Born January 25, 1759

O sovran poet of the heart!
Oft as thy natal day returns,
With votive wreath of song and art
We crown the bust of Robert Burns.

World-wearied, worn and wandering soul
Which found no resting-place on earth,
Sit now, and crown the flowing bowl,
The guest of wit and love and mirth.

And while the crackling fagots blaze,
Amid the revel and the roar,
In the loud chorus of his praise,
What is one note the less or more?

As one oppressed with gratitude
Steals noteless from among the crowd,
And at some shrine remote and rude
Chants in a voice more deep than loud:

O passion-breathing soul sublime!
Thou bard of nature and of truth;
I to my patron saint in rhyme
Would breathe the vow I made in youth.

It may be wrong, at least not wise
In one no poet by profession,
To strip himself of all disguise,
And show the soul's face in confession.

But this I know, that none yet can
  From hope's high reach to low despair
Encompass all the notes of man
  Like bards of Avon and of Ayr.

I quit the temple where I hear
  The loud Æschylian thunders roll;
Macbeth, The Tempest, Hamlet, Lear,
  But gie's your fist, my ploughman-soul.

I owe thee more than child or wife,
  Or parents in the common rôle;
For they at most but gave me life,
  But thou — thou gavest me a soul;

Since when a tuneless clod of clay,
  My nature wrapt in wintry gloom,
Beneath thy genius' fervid ray
  Awoke and burgeoned into bloom.

For thou hast broken to me bread
  For which the starved heart inly pines;
Raised from the darkness of the dead
  To cheerful warmth and light that shines.

With my large liberty content
  To think and feel and dare to act,
I thank thee for enfranchisement,
  My poet most in deed and fact;

Thou wast to me a warm spring day,
  And all my roots of being stirred,
As when upon the budding spray
  One hears the voice of singing bird.

My soul experienced that new birth
Of springtime in the heart which lives,
When the twin-born of love and mirth
A new and true expression gives.

As lofty mountains capped with snows
Surround some valley green with spring,
So loftiest bards are unto those
Who dwell in thy enchanted ring.

Can I forget the pleasant time
Which love and genius made me know?
Thy many flowers of happy rhyme,
Thy brookside songs that come and go.

Still hummed thy verses' singing noise,
While far thy deeper numbers roll;
And every passion found a voice
That agitates the human soul.

Far in my heart thy thrilling song
Was borne and carried ecstasy;
And in the rush of feeling strong,
I felt the god of poesy.

For nothing heavy, dull or dutch
Bore ever yet thy name or brand;
In the bold freedom of thy touch
I recognized the master hand.

A hand indeed to wake the lyre,
The sweetest, wildest, weirdest strain!
The lover's passion sigh of fire,
The patriot ardor not in vain.

O for that hour when first I met
My poet on the banks of Ayr!
I saw the rainbow song there set
In his dark heaven of grief and care.

And all earth's joy, mirth's mighty reel
Of music made in halls and bowers,
Was mine when first thou mad'st me feel
The consciousness of nobler powers.

So all my faculties in chime
Rang out thy music sweet and low;
Transplanted was thy flower of rhyme
And in my border set to grow.

To think how funny was the rhyme!
What humor sly in "Posie Nancy;"
In Tam O'Shanter what sublime
Imagination, wit and fancy.

What pathos is in "Auld Lang Syne!"
In "Scots Wha Hae," what rage of battle;
"Go fetch to me a pint of wine,"
He bids his love while trumpets rattle.

In every land, in every clime,
Who does not meet his "Bonnie Lassie?"
But who can weave the bonny rhyme,
And pledge her so in silver tassie?

There is no lack of beauties bright
In every rank and place and station;
We view them like the stars by night —
The fairer part of all creation.

And for our lovers, O, alas!
  They are not Burns — but this between us —
Out of a plain Scotch homely lass,
  To make a goddess bright as Venus!

Oh, who can tell the wondrous charms
  Of which his magic verse is mother?
I could have rushed into his arms,
  And hugged the poet for a brother.

'Twas not his poetry though sweet
  Which made all humankind to love him;
'Twas the great heart that kindly beat
  In every verse that doth approve him.

The Daisy and the Mousie's lot
  In those immortal strains relenting
He pitied them because forgot
  By the cold world and unrepenting.

The very Deil he dared to bail
  From hell past hope to see salvation;
But cruel bigots felt the hail
  Of his hot scorn and indignation.

He for a motto might have worn
  The Scottish thistle on his crest;
Which wounds the hand against it borne,
  Though downy plumes the seeds invest.

For he was tender, wise and witty,
  Though rough and hard to wage the battle;
His songs were arrows tipped with pity,
  His satires hailstones keen that rattle.

The Scottish lion ill at ease
  In waging war with gnats and flies,
Or bit by theologic fleas,
  Roared out against his enemies.

Ignoble contest! fire or flood,
  Or any lion in your path,
Were better met than the chafed blood
  Of royal poet in his wrath.

But set him to his proper theme,
  To celebrate the loves and graces,
Which bright as angels in a dream
  Unveil their sweet and serious faces.

Then inspirations came like light,
  Words full of wisdom and of wit;
And every line he did indite,
  He put his whole soul into it.

The hearts of others he can move
  Because his own is utter human;
He writes in friendship and in love,
  The apotheosis of woman.

His songs how simple are in form,
  Pure as Horatian odes in marble;
By his Pygmalion art made warm
  Until the verses blush and warble.

"The Muse — nae poet ever fand her,
  Till by himsel' he learned to wander
Adown some trottin' burn's meander,
  And *nae think lang*:—"

And this is all of Burns's art;
The simple gift of inspiration;
His tones are of the human heart
Without regard to rank or station.

A breath of nature blows and shakes
The heather-bells in breezy verse;
The force of poverty he breaks
With song, and lightens labor's curse.

Yet best in social converse beamed
His native soul of inborn worth;
How glowed his dark eyes then, or gleamed
Auroral flashes of deep mirth!

Of mirth — alas, of melancholy,
For smiles and tears will often rest
Beneath the eyelids which are wholly
Fed from twin founts within the breast.

And these when they exceed in measure,
Must cause the springs to overflow;
"Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
Thrill ever deepest notes of woe."

Sad hearts whose chords were strained too much
Under the weight of hopes and fears;
Their angels rarely come to touch
The springs of laughter and of tears.

Then blame not him because he took
Large draughts of pleasure and of pain;
O'er life's exhausted fount he shook
His daring wings — and soared again:—

To that high seat and sun of love
Which is of hearts the sacred glow:
The mystic Rose which blooms above
His evergreen of song below.

LOVE AND SHAME

Fair Love and Virtue handed as they went,
And, tripping light,
Helped one another up the steep ascent
To heaven's height.
They met another pair
As on they came.
The crimson dress beside the dark stole
Meant Love and Shame.
Over their left a trailing meteor slid,
An omen ill;
But two bright stars where Love and Virtue stood
Shone o'er the hill.

MY LAMP

The maid who every day refills my lamp,
And trims the wick, and wipes the chimney bright,
Assists my genius by the shining light
Which helps *it* shine and burn away the damp
Of dulness, fog, low spirits, lack of sun —
My armor-bearer 'gainst Oblivion.

RHYTHM

The on-rolled waves unto the shore
Break in a falling measured roar.
Winds to the wood with accent strong
Chant loud their dithyrambic song.
And, taught by science how to hear,
The trained physician by his ear
Detects in beating of the heart
The rhythm of poetic art.

TO J. R. L.

To one who, on his charger fine,
Sits like a warrior in array,
A subaltern who stands in line,
Salutes the general on his way;
And with the most respectful air
Which duty, loyalty, and truth
Enjoin on him who owes what fair
Largess of beauty flung to youth!
Distinguished in the courtly throng,
I touch my hat to him, and say,
That from the simplest gift of song
He will not turn in scorn away.

SHAKESPEARE'S HEART

Not in the splendid pageants of the Muse
  Which fill the temple of dramatic art
Where all the world pay homage as their dues
  Do we approach the home of Shakespeare's Heart;
  That sacred thing is domiciled apart.

Hence in a chapel more remote and dim,
  Where the sad music never seems to vary,
There is enshrined the very heart of him,
  And there indeed his bosom's sanctuary.
But that low vault that holds the poet's dust,
  Protected by the curse that o'er it flings
The awful shield which no man dares to thrust,
  Is not more sacred than this Heart with wings:
Those "sugared sonnets" he hath lately penned
Unto his mistress and his noble friend.
  Approach who may with awful reverence
The Rose of Beauty in the dew of Youth
  Gnawed by the canker worm — the circumstance
That leads directly to the door of truth:
Have pity ye who gaze, pity and ruth!
  Remember well it was no vulgar hind
Whose heart was bored by secret torturing ills
  But his conjoint with that imperial Mind
Born to the purple, who so grandly fills
  The highest throne of greatness to mankind.
It is a spectacle that well might move
  Fresh wonder in all hearts and through all time:
Transcendent genius and transcendent love
  With sorrow linked in everlasting rhyme.
He wrote this tragedy and played it true;
  His morning sun was darkened by eclipse;
His heart was bursting in the Rose he drew,
  Clove to the depths in Love's Apocalypse!
  In lofty firmament no meteor slips,
No bright star fallen from the height of heaven
  But some life-stream is poured o'er crimson lips,
And ruin's ploughshare through a soul is driven:

But such a soul — and such a heart, O Heaven!
  Broken in breaking of "'a two-fold truth"—
Not Christ's forgiveness, nor his mercy even,
  Surpasses thine in tenderness and ruth.
He but forgave his foes, but thou thy friend,
In lines of love and sorrow without end.

BYRON

"The Prince of Darkness is a Gentleman."

But when I met him — it was years ago —
Under the warm and windless hush of night
In the brown silence of a vale which was
Profound to him whom it profoundly moved
And chiefly for one great impression made
By something then and there which ever stands
Out like a promontory in the flood of years —
But when I met him, as I said just now,
Being alone and innocent of ill,
I did not know him (for he went about
Assuming any shape that pleased him best).
And so I mistook him for my Lord Byron.
It happened in this wise, if that you care
To know what happened, and with circumstance.
A youth of fourteen summers, I had gone
To the village smithy, and, my errand done,
Was trudging barefoot on the homeward way,
With the plow-iron on my shoulder laid,
And as a boy will do, went shaping out
The object of my thoughts, perchance my fears,
From dim seen things and dark imaginings.
So as I walked beneath the starlight on

The silent trail of the old country road
Close to the chalk-line keeping on the marge
Of the black green sward, velvet to my feet,
And heard the corn grow in the silent night,
I saw the glowing swarms of bright fire-flies
Over the meadows and along the swamp,
In their mixed motions, filling all the air
With wreathen fires, like gems, and flowers of light,
Bunches of golden bees, and gay festoons,
Rising and falling and forever crost —
The marsh-fed meteors of an evening damp.
I know not why nor wherefore, whence nor how
It came about, but in that instant came
The thought of Byron and his genius which
Voluptuous as the soft-breathed summer night
Held in its dark and cloudy bosom just
Such fire-fly swarms of thought and golden braid
All glittering, and in such profusion poured
As thick as bright, and jerking streams of fire
Over the meadows of immortal song!
He was eccentric, too, as giving light
In fitful flashes, and in motion still
Like erring stars — erring yet beautiful.
Yet not his genius nor his gift of song
Impressed me so, as did that something dark,
And grave and sad — the presence of a power
Demonic, as of some deep and personal force
That was to him as an o'ershadowing cloud,
And laid a spell on every line he wrote.
I could not fathom nor make out this child
Of genius like a cherub heavenly bright —
Bright for an instant — changing to a frown

Dark and forbidding, weird and awful as
The face of Mystery in his mien and make.—
For still he loved to wrap around himself
His cloak of close concealment, and to feign
And mystify his friends, by some perverse
Humor that swayed him — no man can say what —
The inward check and form of destiny,
The whim of genius to this wayward man —
The strangeness of his nature and his fate.
I, trembling then at his dark spell of power,
And at his name — a name to conjure with —
Had such an awe of him that with my thought
Came superstitious fear, and added wings
Unto my flying feet and shoulder blades
That pointing forwards fled the Evil One,
Who seemed in league with him, and really seemed
The power of darkness he personified.
For I had heard that such a power might be
Transformed to angel in his robes of light,
And granting this, what was there to prevent
The change and transformation taking place?
And his unearthly beauty, might it not
With head of cherub have the cloven foot?
So, with a great and foolish heart of fear,
I looked not backward, but with break-neck pace
Held on my course, until a sudden turn
Where the road winds around the crest of hill
Disclosed the great square chimney rising up
From orchard trees about the farm-house old,
And then the plum-tree by the garden-wall
Next to the door-yard, and the door itself,
At which I rushed with a loud-beating heart,

And throwing down my burden as I passed
The entry, lo, the supernatural fear
Was loosened from my mind, and slipt away
As clogs from feet, or garments drop from us
Wearied and willing to be drowned in sleep.

ON SHELLEY'S MEETING WITH LORD BYRON

They never met or met as planets twain
  Conjunct though opposite, and the most benign
  Was over him of aspect more malign,
A darker body and of denser grain,
Whose lurid light like darkness seemed to stain
  The body of clearness of those crystal eyen
  That like bright stars in baleful vapor shine.
Dim, weak, and watery through a comet's mane,
This dreadful orb, one mass of whirling flame,
  The season's portent, prodigy and sign,
  Vanished in smoke, and self-consumed ere long.
But that white star disgraced, its purer fame
  Reconquers, and comes forth again to shine
  Victorious and supreme in modern song.

THE GREAT TEACHER

As the awed looks of lowlanders by light
  Of mountains in the blue that seem to soar
  From earth to heaven at whose open door
Their cloud-capt summits — hidden out of sight
Are touched with glory of the infinite,
So we, poor mortals, when we stand before
  The gate of Immortality, adore

His awful masque of Music and of Light.
How blest forever to the humble mind
The sage and spiritual teacher of mankind!
O, nigh to God is the age-reverend brow
Bearing the impress of the world unseen,
And, like the secret mountain-top serene,
Basking in sunshine of the eternal Now.

SHE SLEEPS

Night sleeping here in sweet composure view
In this white stone an Angel carved with pains;
She Sleeps and therefore lives — you doubt my strains?
Awake her then, and she will speak to you.

"My pleasure is to sleep, and be a stone,
So long as sleep and infamy remain;
Not seeing, and not hearing is my gain,
Then wake me not; hush! speak in lower tone."

OUR MOTHER TONGUE

And would you know the English language, you
Must know its ancient homes and homesteads, all
Domestic manners, custom, usage, trade,
And man's and women's ways in hut and hall;
The open fire-place and the chimney-stack
Which anchored the old mansion to the soil;
Its ancient stair-case oaken, broad and strong,
Its winding passages, and winsome nooks,
Nursery and playroom, bluebeard chamber, old
Armor, and harness; helmet, gloves, and foils,
And much old furniture of a decayed

Gentility pattern, tarnished and outworn,
Sent to the store-room, general hospital
Of all such invalid and broken-down
Chattels and movables no longer used.
So, in our day, householders relegate
The ancient spinning-wheel and old hand-loom
To dusty attics, where a child will climb
To hide some secret sorrow, shame or blame,
And find great comfort there in poking round
Among old papers, hangings, and dried "yarbs,"
The smell of sage, and infinite debris,
The wrecks of time-old family heir-looms.
And such a home with its heir-looms is this
Our English tongue, the language, all
The many corridored, and spreading wide
Old mansion house, with all its lean-tos, made
From time to time, as need and use required.
And where's the child brought up in it, to-day
Who does not love it with a passionate love
Of longing and regret to miss one old
Familiar feature? let it be the same
Old homestead, falling but by slow degrees.

PROSE VS. POETRY

Prose creeps, loiters, dawdles or dashes through
A hundred ways, but always sticks to you;
Heavy and lumpish, with a soul of lead,
And drunk, or sober, less alive than dead.
The muse is dainty, her aerial flight
Balanced and beautiful, and charming light.
A bright intelligence featured like a girl
In cheek and brow, the dew-drop's mounted pearl.

The form succinct, and with a perfect poise
Of motion sliding onward without noise,
Whether she walk or ride, run, fly, or skim
The earth, admired, so featly she doth swim
With goddess-gait the roughest ways along,
All men admire the easy flight of song:
Her graceful motions ere aloft she springs —
Though the bird walk, you know that she has wings.

WORD CRITICS

To those word critics, and to only them
  Who pick a flaw in everything you write!
  I scorn them as they scorn what can delight —
Beauty set off by some adorning gem.
Flawed are the world's crown jewels, on the stem
  Of Honor borne to Royalty bedight
  With robes magnificent, and dazzling light
On brows where Glory sets the diadem.
The element of language is not pure
  Though plastic, as it is by poets wrought.
  Lucky who fails not in the supreme test!
E'en Dante could not wholly mend nor cure
  Those ill words put to torture of his thought
  He made them say, though, what he wanted, best.

THE COLD TYPES

Thou fool, beware the terrors of cold type!
  Tremble and cry, spare me the terrible test!
  Needs must he have high courage, soul addrest
To ease and manage of the smooth-lipped pipe,

The firm and flying touch, the bold sure gripe
  That holds the subject still in idea, lest
  Falling below the level of his best
He should be lamed in judgment as unripe.
The public knows not, and should never know
  How many failures go to one success.
  But write on still, and all that labor spent,
Burn what is written; time at last will show,
  In some great Crisis' real storm and stress
  Perfected mastery of the instrument.

A SCHOLAR'S CREED

Let the gods who dispose of kingdom and crown,
Boss Congress and Courts in Washington town,
Whomsoever they please set up and pull down.
Be it Cleveland or Blaine, what matters to me,
So I hold but my tongue and keep my soul free?
No party-man I to bawl or to screech
Red-hot editorial, or congressman's speech.
I think what I please, read books, or hear read,
I smoke my cigar, sip claret, to bed,
But with matters of state ne'er trouble my head.

SPARE THE ROD

The proud, the brave, the sensitive, the heart
  Broken for any fault deserves some ruth;
But most the young deserve it on the part
Of all who use the pedagogic art.
  Think, O ye moralists of sturdy truth,
  How keen the sorrows of your own first youth!

A SONNET OF SONNETS

Ego apis Matinae
More modoque
Grata carpentis thyma per laboram
Plurimum circa nemus uvidique
Tiburis ripas operosa parvus
Carmina fingo.—*Horace.*

Well done, friend Horace. Like the booming bumble bee that
Loves in wavy lines to steer
About his flower-loves in the garden; hear
The glorious reveler with his fervid hum!
Mark with what fine unerring instinct plumb
Down in yon tuberose he drops him sheer
Weighted with sweetness — that's your sonnetteer!
I love the honeycomb, but, Horace, come,
Your odes are sweeter, labored as you say.
Yet where's the poet worthy of the name,
That does not sing as doth the lark in flight?
Pleasing his toil as bees' in flowery May
From music's self he sucks the soul out! Aim
Bee-like at beauty, pleasure, sweetness, light.

HELEN OF TROY

Was this the form, was this the face
That set the ancient world in flames,
That gave us Homer's song and race
Of heroes with undying fames?
Quenched is that beautiful and bright
Firebrand of the gods in night.

But there are Helens yet whose faces
Can fire a world with huge alarms;
So absolute in all their graces,
That at the sight we fly to arms.
Aye, beauty conquers, but we go
Toward, not from, the fatal foe.

GOOD NIGHT

From the Italian

Good night! good night! if here below,
Night can be good not having thee.
Say not 'Good night!'— for well you know
  Night is not good to me.

I go through thick and stormy weather,
Drawn by one star — thy window light;
Two hearts that beat as one together
  Need not to say, Good night!

The night may have her moon and stars,
'Tis drear and dark without thy light;
And aching hearts through prison-bars
  In exile sigh, Good night.

Pronounce it not! I banish would
That phrase which banishes delight.
To have the nights both sweet and good
  Say not, my love, Good night!

HOARFROST

FROM THE INFERNO, CANTO XXIV, V. 1–15

When Youth's fresh hue to the year's temples wan
  Comes by the Sun's locks tempered in the Urn,
  And the nights shorten as the days stretch on;
When on the ground the Hoarfrost's pen doth yearn
  To copy there his dazzling sister's bright
  Image, but the distempered nib will turn,
The countryman whom forage faileth quite
  Gets up and sees the all o'er-whitened plains;
  Whereat he slaps him on the thigh outright,
Goes in the house, and up and down complains
  Like the poor wretch who loseth heart of grace;
  Then out he goes again, and hope regains
Seeing the world doth wear a changèd face
  From the last hour, and takes his shepherd's crook,
  And drives the flock forth to their feeding-place.

IN HAREWOOD

The beautiful world is mine to-day,
  Is mine to-day, though half I bring
To the feast of soul the winsome lay,
  The song I sing.

For my heart is full as a full-boughed tree,
  A full-boughed tree of singing birds;
And the fluttered wings of the melody
  Are wingéd words.

Afar 'mid the flames of silent spires,
  Of silent spires, in sunny grove,
Where the footpath winds through ruined choirs,
  I love to rove.

Down through the Capitol vista shown,
The vista shown, I see arise
The great white dome like a bubble blown
In the winter skies.

We're proud of it as the hearth and home
The hearth and home of a people free;
But what is that to the circling dome
That's over me?

That the supreme good is the supreme fair,
The supreme fair, is sooth to say;
And all tuned hearts to the self-same air
Are set to-day.

For the bridegroom earth with soft curves true,
With soft curves true, appears to cling
To his radiant bride the sky so blue
To the horizon's ring.

'Tis the symbol fair of a marriage rare,
A marriage rare with due increase;
And the golden wedding bells in air
Ring love and peace.

CALAMITY

Alone and sleeping at the dead of night,
Within my chamber IT approached me near;
But if I rose and shivered with affright
Or lay quite still in drench of mortal fear,
I cannot tell — though nothing did appear.
Anon I heard ten thousand spirits sigh
Upon a passing wind — and from the strand
I heard lift up the water-dragons' cry.

They raise their wings and sink upon the land;
They fall to rise, and toiling evermore,
Come on again with heavier steps and slower
Against the house that builded is on sand.
The rattling window frames and crazy door
Shake with the surge — and fear around doth spread:
Then swoop the dragons with a falling roar
And pile the world of waters overhead.

ROCK CREEK

Beyond the limits of the city seen
But scarcely heard within the twilight hush
Of lowering woods above the hermit thrush —
The guardian spirit of the sylvan scene,
Where at the bottom of a deep ravine,
Swollen by autumn rains the river's rush
Is heard at times, and on its banks the lush
Lobelia grows, and fallen tree trunks lean:—
Here on a day when sunshine seems to love
Soft bars of cloud in air's delicious blue
And making drunk the earth October's wine
Stored in the golden vault is soaking through
The azure world of hope and heaven above,
I saw the face of my companion shine.

AMERICA

These vast activities which success doth crown
In the mad race for riches and renown
I, sitting to look on, like not the greed,
But grumble not because I don't succeed.

FLORIDA

Come, let us go unto the land of flowers!
The land of old romance and freshest truth,
Land of the Fountain of perpetual youth!
Flora and Maytime to the birds in bowers,
Land of the orange and the citron's bloom,
Of halcyon airs and seas, and faint perfume,
The zone of pleasure and the rosy hours.

YORKTOWN

October 19, 1781

'T was late October; the chill that blights
In all autumnal shades and lights
(The long deserted streets o' nights)
Was heavy and raw with the river mist
Which overhung the town as whist
As a mouldering City of the Dead,
When on his beat a watchman said,
"Past twal o'clock
And Gornwallis ees daken!"

Ah! when that sound the stillness broke
It was as if the dead awoke;
The sleeping folk rose up amazed
And out of windows looking dazed
Men heard the news, and saw the gleam
As if a spirit passed in dream:
''Past twal o'clock
And Cornwallis is taken!"

"Light up! Light up!" the people said,
And let us paint the old town red!
Night lanterns glimmered thro' the fog,
The city of Penn was all agog;
Old neighbors hugged each other, and
E'en warmly shook the stranger's hand.
"Past twal o'clock
And Gornwallis ees daken!"

Oh! what rejoicings there were then
Within that ancient burg of Penn!
What bonfires blazed! how rose the swell
Of dear old Independence bell,
"Proclaim ye LIBERTY to all
The inhabitants of the land withal!"
"Past twal o'clock
And Cornwallis *is* taken."

Historic moment most sublime!
The turning of the tide of time,
To us, at least, as we recall,
Sons of the Revolution all,
The watchman's rattle when he said,
As on the joyful tidings sped,
"Past twal o'clock
And Gornwallis ees daken!"

AT WASHINGTON'S TOMB

A pewee makes his humble nest
Within the vault, and chasing gloom
With song and sunshine in the west
Day lingers in the grated tomb.

Autumn there in robes of glory
Chants her solemn even-song
Harping on the old, old story
We have heard so oft and long.

Glory is a bonfire litten,
Life is very, very brief;
And its chronicle is written
On the sere and faded leaf.

THE RIVER OF MAY

The summer airs that softly, softly creep
Into our sails along the southward way,
Draw smooth and fair adown the River of May.
We that sit still as marble-statued Sleep,
Move with our image through the hollow deep
In the clear sapphire of the azured bay,
And scarce a word to one another say,
Fearing to break the charm the high heavens keep.
Build me a castle there on yonder steep,
With wide verandahs in the delicate air
Of jasmin odors and of orange bowers!
A dream so fair that I could almost weep
To see my vision melt in distance rare —
Like a lost romance of the Land of Flowers.

IN ARCADIA

Morning is up, and on the woods a-bloom
Moves in the splendor of each jeweled tear
Bedropt with fire to deck an Ethiop's ear,—
Night slowly driven through the gorge's gloom

Under the dark-tuft hills of piney plume.
  Behold the shepherds and their loves in fear
  Gathered around an old man pointing here
The half-effaced inscription on a tomb.
  There Daphne leans upon the shoulder, mute,
  Of her bowed lover with the idle lute,
Straining to catch the meaning, shadier,
  By foreign speech that moulders to decay;
  ET EGO IN ARKAD . . . no more to-day —
"I, too, have lived in your Arcadia."

A NEW YEAR'S CALL

The glorious sun was shining in the east
  And through the windows of the Red Room poured
  A flood of radiance on the festive board
Where all the world, officially, at least,
Paid their respects unto the great high priest
  Of social politics, when coming toward
  The guest-room, suddenly, amid the horde
Of brilliant callers, an unbidden guest!
The dark intruder came into the room,
  But neither spoke nor smiled: the sunny air
  Grew chill at his approach, and like a pall
Upon the mansion fell oppressive gloom.
  Though not invited, yet on business there,
  Death at the White House made his New Year's call.

VALE!

Fallen is the first and chief:
Oh! but our hearts are full of grief.
Bowed in silence, stand and wait
Where he lies in lofty state.

Who hath any words to say?
Grief is eloquent to-day.
On the door-knob put no crape,
But your hearts in mourning drape.
Death lifts up the portal bar,
Droop the flag and dress the car.
Slowly move in sad array,
Bring him on his last long way.
The veilèd cities see him pass,
Bow their heads and cry alas!
Useless, useless, toll no bell,
He is better — in fact, well.
Healed of all his hurts and scars,
Honorably discharged from wars.
He is sleeping, don't you see?
Wake him not! Oh, let him be.

NOVEMBER

Is it altered mood or landscape?
Change of time, or clime or season?
Brown leaves drifting on the water?
Shooting-stars, or infant hoarfrost
    That's November?

Is it mist and fog prevailing?
White fog moving up the valley,
Ghost of many a coming snow-storm!
Great fires roaring up the chimney
    At Thanksgiving?

O, our world is best and brightest
Some fine morning in November.

Nature gives us then a rare day!
Just an Indian Summer picture
On the easel.

Misty vales and blue vales slumber
In a light subdued and golden.
Earth is like some fair Madonna
Touched with suffering and mild sorrow
In her features.

And the days, like veiling women,
Come and go with noiseless footsteps,
Sad as heroines of Ossian,
Dimly shining ghosts around the
Graves of kindred.

Farewell, lovely apparitions!
Dreams of youth and love, farewell!
Ye, too, are but ghosts that wander
Round the ruins of some roof-tree
Fallen, perished!

Beautiful the blazing hearthstone
Where domestic love enshrined is!
Like a constant Pharos beaming
Is the home love in the haven
Of contentment.

But short-lived is human passion,
Brief as meteors in November!
Crossing loves that shine a minute,
Jack-o-lanterns to the traveler
Late in Autumn.

Lost are churches, trees and buildings
In the fog like politicians!
These are fighting over shadows,
While Corruption's ghost gigantic
Stalks the Capitol.

DAWN

Like Spring's first breath, or like the glowing, bright
Softness of youth, with down upon its cheek,
Comes the white dawn that grows a blushing streak
When Nature turns in living slumber dight
To the sun's kiss, and breathes the morning light.
In pasture meads the slumbering kine awake,
Sheep on the dewy hill-sides their short fast break,
And out-door life gets on its feet upright.

To us who live as in stone coffins sealed,
Thick walls and curtains, roofs that ward the stroke
Of glory off, the dawn is not revealed
Save to the early-stirring market folk.
Splendors of beauty earth and heaven fulfill:
Man's world is wrapt in swinish slumber still.

HOW STILL THE LAND!

The land, how still! how soft and fair
The tender, pensive, golden air!
What network of a shining haze
Envelopes earth and all her ways!
What dimness over all the sky
Like a suffused and dreamy eye!

What moving lights upon the flood,
What fallen rainbows in the wood!
How smooth the crag, what waters pass
A-twinkle in the emerald grass!
And lo, mid halcyon seas at rest
Appear what Islands of the Blest!
Come spirit-laden barks that bring
The odors of a western spring!
Come, with the mild south-western breeze
That whispers through the glowing trees;
Tell us of buried lore in mounds,
And of the happy hunting grounds,
Traditions of our Indian Troy
Devoutly held by man and boy
Ere telegraphs and railroads came
To put belief to rout and shame.

MILESTONES

Another milestone on life's journey passed,
Another year is added to the score
Of all the years that still have gone before
Like mountain-shadows on the pale sky cast.
Still I press onward to the very last,
And soon my feet will touch the solemn shore
Of Time forgotten, and the Nevermore —
The bodiless terror of the vague and vast.
How thrills the spirit standing on the verge
Of that dread ocean which we call the Unknown!
Why do we tremble at the severing surge,
And pace the strand until the time be flown?
Cast off the lines — not yet! I dare not urge
My bark adventurous on that sea alone.

A CAUCUS AT THE CAPITOL

One morning lately, in the month of June,
Bending alone above my 'customed task,
The windows open, and the world in tune,
And all things pleasant as a soul could ask,
I heard a sound of trouble rising there,
As if a storm were brewing in the air.

It seemed so strange in that deep-windowed niche
Where always reigned the spirit of repose,
As calm as any summer's morning, which
Breathed still content like a full-hearted rose,
There could be any room for care on earth,
Or any trouble there could have its birth.

But trouble was — and something like a row,
Because some workmen on a staging there
Had clambered up, and roughly, I allow,
Gone round the caps of the great pillars where
The tribe of sparrows dwelt, and put to rout
The inmates, spoiled their nests, and cleaned them out.

Now that was reason, and sufficient cause
To hold an indignation meeting there;
For birds have legislatures, too, and laws.
A thousand sparrows caucusing in air,
Made noise enough, and, if you trust the birds,
They had reporters to take down their words.

To do them justice, the reporter states,
They undisturbed for many years had lain
In foliaged capitals, with their happy mates,
They held by right of eminent domain:
And of this right they made as good a show
As t'other congress sitting down below.

To be thrown out of such a handsome berth,
Nor gods nor men nor capitals can bear!
True to their English pluck and native worth,
The sparrows rallied then in caucus there,
Red hot with speeches, and with big resolves
To have their rights as long as earth revolves.

According, then, to old, time-honored ways,
They chose a speaker of distinguished air,
Upon whose front, as one John Milton says,
"Deliberation sat and public care."
He seemed a feathered Conkling by his swell,
And what he said, will your reporter tell.

"My feathered fellow-citizens: I feel
Too deeply, far, the great and grievous wrong
We all have suffered 'neath the barbarous heel
Of our inhuman foe — I put it strong.
It is a case of tyranny confest,
A public wrong — how shall it be redrest?

Here have we lived, and labored for the space
Of many moons, and still through weal and woe
Our little colony has thrived apace,
Till now we are a nation, as you know;
And ranging freely everywhere, at will,
Have had the freedom of the city still.

And some of us, by nature apt to seize
A coigne of vantage, in these architraves
Have made our beds, for love of greater ease,
Or nobler prospect where the living waves
Of verdure flow, like joys of Paradise,
Beneath the morning and the evening skies.

What harm do we among the acanthus leaves
  Sitting, of these fair capitals, by day?
Who bound and capt these lofty pillowed sheaves,
  And ranged in order due, I cannot say:
But this I know, that we were sitting here
In full conclave, for many a long-past year.

Here have we mated, lodged, and reared our young;
  Here, too, have met, absorbed in graver cares;
And no one yet has ever said or sung
  That we have interfered in men's affairs.
Suppose some insolent and giant hand
Should throw their houses down at a command.

To think what pains and trouble we have had
  Collecting stuff for birdling's nest most meet!
Going and coming every day, as glad
  To gather drift and flotsam of the street.
And now behold the wreck! Our souls are hurt
At so much broken plaster, straw and dirt.

"I move" said one, and here the speaker frowned,
  "A board of audit to present our bills."
What more he said, was in an instant drowned
  In general clamor of conflicting wills.
The motion was clean out of order, for
The speaker said, "My voice is still for war!"

"Unheard of ravage! ruffian spoil, and wrong:—
  I feel it, yes, in my prophetic heart;
The inhuman foe shall suffer for't — ere long
  An earthquake shock shall rend these walls apart;
And the great dome, which thunder cannot shake,
Shall, like an air-blown bubble, burst and break."

The speaker sat; and such a murmur rose
As when the wind of autumn loudly grieves
In forest aisles, or in a gyre it goes,
And skyward casts the red and rustling leaves.
So all the birds rose up on whirring wing,
And made great noise with angry chattering.

How many a shaft of feathered wit flew round,
How all the air was full of "winged words,"
And how the bird-shot rattled on the ground
Of man's tyrannic folly over birds:—
I have not time to tell, but merely state,
The resolve of all this loud debate.

The birds resolved — what could they less than we?—
Against the invasion of their ancient right;
Denounced the spoilers of their own roof-tree,
And claimed that when they wished to build, they might.
Upholding rights in their maintenance strong
As the supporting pillars — theirs so long.

"Resolved, that we have come to build and stay
Within the shadow of the nation's dome;
And here in spite of what men do and say,
We will defend our Capitoline Rome!"
So, to repair their nests they quickly turned,
Passed the appropriation bills, and then — adjourned.

How feathered wit at human weakness spurned!
How all the weapons of debate were turned!

MAY DAY IN WASHINGTON, 1894

Somewhat abroad, a stirring air, to-day,
Moves in a common purpose underneath
Men's calm exterior like a sword in sheath,
With which it might be dangerous to play!
'Tis like a dash of upflung ocean spray
Which, to shore-walker catching of his breath,
Tastes of the terror, too, of sudden death
Coming to meet the multitude half-way!
Industrial? Armies rising everywhere
Like clouds that darken the horizon wall,
Or birds of prey wide-hovering in the air,
Wait but the signal from their leader's call.
Will they, in overwhelming force prepare
To swoop down on the nation's Capital?

A CUP OF COFFEE

Whoever wishes to remove the ban
Of labor harsh and rude, or being o'er
Fatigued with travel, is a-thirst, faint, sore,
Let him drink coffee; find thee out who can,
Thou best conserver of the strength of man!
It soothes the mind, and it exhilarates more
The vital spirits, warming to the core
Of manhood, as electric currents ran
Throughout the frame, yet harmless all and good.
For no depression follows, none of that
Horrible sinking at the pit caved in
Through alcoholic, concentrated food.
The Turk cross-legged sitting on a mat
And sipping coffee Paradise doth win.

LIGHT OUT OF CLOUDS

Dreary and dull and wet and cold
  Was that drizzly Autumn day;
And men and women went about
  In a spiritless sort of way.
And the bright leaves whereunto they clung,
No life nor motion had, but hung
  Dejected on the spray.

But lo! a glorious light divine
  In the tabernacle of the sun!
For the cloudy veil of heaven was rent
  When the day was almost done.
And the meanest man who walked the street
Had an air majestical and meet
  In the face of that shining one!

For all things noble, fair and sweet
  Bloomed when the day was done;
The great round world appeared to rest
  Upon a victory won:
And women looked like angels bright
In the solemn and pathetic light
  Of the dying Autumn sun!

How many lives on earth are passed
  Like a dreary autumn day!
Dark, clouded lives, but at the last,
  There comes a golden ray.
Oppressed is virtue often here,
But in the breast the light grows clear
  Of the shining heavenly way!

And they who fought the battle sore
Shall joy in victory won;
And they shall have a glorious rest
From toil and duty done:
And they shall walk the golden street,
And the beautiful day shall never fleet,
For God will be their sun!

SONNET-WRITING

Choose, you would say, some great and spacious theme —
Muse deep, soar high, and in your own dominion
Look to the end rushed on with mighty pinion:
Pursue the path — as of a pure sunbeam
In darkness and the doubtfulness of dream —
To conquest held in no man's vain opinion,
But in full mastery of the muse's minion,
Play with the subject, and your pledge redeem.
You either can, or else you cannot write;
Granted the power, and flash of true insight,
What Hugo said is true — the power is all.
A friend observed, "How difficult to indite
Your lofty poems!" "Ay, as hard to write
As 'tis for suns to shine, winds blow, or snows to fall."

THE PHYSICIANS TO DEATH

Along the path of convalescence, skaith
And Danger stand with daggers drawn at cast
Against the life in perils thick and fast.
Foes to recovery, as the wise leech saith,

They stand to nick the thread and stop the breath.
So many posts of danger being passed,
We thought our patient had escaped the last
Where lay in ambush the sharpshooter Death.
But Death this time, I guess we nicked him, ha!
We damped his powder, and we spoilt his aim;
If we could put that bullet in his wame
Which our friend carries, with a big hurrah
The land would rise with Science at our back
And run old ''Skull and Crossbones'' off the track!

I

THE SWORD

Kept, like the conscience, without spot or stain,
This blade by him, when battle erst was on,
Was worn, the service sword of Washington!
When first was tried its temper, he in main
Pursuit of peace and honor, was a plain
Virginia Colonel of militia, gone
To carve out empire greater than, anon,
Was that of Cæsar or of Charlemagne.
And truly this imperial domain
Stretching from sea to sea, from dark to dawn,
Mother and mold of States that from the brain
Of Power and Wisdom sprang — was a foregone
Conclusion, like that constant one beside
The Sword of Washington—Liberty, his bride.

II

THE STAFF

As once Æneas on his broad and great
  Shoulders redeemed and bore from burning Troy
  His Sire and country gods, a fearful joy,
So didst thou carry the vast orb of fate,
Stooping beneath the New World's weary weight
  Of Revolution, half thy work, no toy,
  But task of strain beyond Alcmaeon's boy,
Fit for main pillar of our rising state.
  And well thou stayed thy steps with staff in hand,
  Even the dear love of thy native land.
Leader, in Europe, of the great revolt,
  Sublimely simple, as himself, let stand
The verse: *From heaven he snatched the thunderbolt,*
  And eke the sceptre from the tyrant's hand.

III

ENVOI

Prometheus of the modern age! who, in the van
  Of thunderstorms unfurling Freedom's grand
  Banner, stood forth against the red right hand
Of Jove and other tyrants; since what ran
Wildfire he seized — power held for use of man,
Serving the common weal: in a free land
  Let the *First Citizen* of the New World stand,
Exemplar yet to all who know and can.

O stars, which lead the constellated train
Of our heroic age! auspicious twain!

Benignly shed your influence on the state
Whose emblem is that sword and staff! O great
Twin brethren hail! joint authors of our fates,
Fulfil the destiny of the United States.

Now choked with dead, unrecognizable!
Some elemental force, then, fault or fraud
Of nature, say her paroxysmal kiss
Of violent contraries, fire and water mixed
With kneading clay, the silt and sifted ash
Of centuries accumulate, until, at length,
The superincumbent mass in dropping down
By sheer dead weight of matter, caked and baked
By frost, fire, thunder, hail and rain, and snow
Must seek an outlet, vent, or fumerole,
And then the explosion — that was unforeseen!
How like a very thief by night it came
Upon the sleeping city's ten times ten
Thousand poor souls! a multitude of slain,
Great clouds of dust, and "heaps of carcasses;
No end of corpses which they stumble over,"
The men of yesterday. One enormous heave
Toppled the mountain diademed with towers,
Splitting the rocks and throwing down the walls
To this half buried city of the plain,
Like other cities the Old Testament
Has made a monument, and a mockery of;
War, famine, pestilence, earthquake where
The jackal prowls, and the lone bittern booms
By pools of water and mere rubbish heaps,
A desolation to the desert-born.
Are the Gods angry? Earth has got beyond
This question now, which Nature answers here

By readjustment, aye by striking down
Whole provinces and populations gone;
Much as an angry lad with spurning foot
Scatters an ant-hill, or to be more just,
As a fine gentleman with a walking-stick
Goes lopping thistle-tops while sauntering on.
And after all, quoth our geologist,
What was it but an alteration slight
Of dipping strata, causing the earth's crust
To crack and yawn where seamed and riven by
Upheaval of the molten mass beneath,
Local disturbance following hard upon
Continued pressure, actual subsidence.
Whereat the astronomer, nodding sagely, thus:
"No doubt the earthquake, killing men like flies,
Came from the shifting strata, as you say.
The when and where of the tremendous fault
In the beginning, we may never know;
We can't see through the earth, but we conclude —
Noting the clock of the celestial signs,
And not forgetting the great hand of fate
In turning over a new leaf within
This ancient rock-ribbed volume of the earth,
Once in a thousand years — it happens so."
How much depends upon the point of view!
The ancient prophet and the modern seer,
Though differing in opinion, might agree
That knowledge is not wisdom, and that faith
In things unseen may travel far beyond
The level line of understanding, eyes
Looking straight out to see what they can see,
Orderly succession and phenomena,
But never yet were known to "enter in

To the prophetic soul of the wide world
Dreaming of things to come"— nay, heaping scorn
On them that walk in dream and vision such
As John in Patmos saw, when he beheld
Death on the pale horse sitting where, of old
Uprose that lofty peak, or promontory
Opposite Trinacria, on that high plateau
Back of Messina, and commanding still
The noblest and the grandest prospect, nigh
All of Calabria, half of Sicily,
With Etna in the background, and in front
The sea sailed over by Æneas, erst
His legendary voyage, with the young
Iulus and the household gods of Troy;
Detained at Carthage by the love-sick Queen
Until the herald of the most high Jove
Sent him to Italy, and his future home.
Such was the chosen spot, the fitting scene
And scenery of the greatest tragedy
Ever enacted on this earth, the stage
Of our Globe theatre whose mighty wings
Embrace the heavens, and also the hells,
With all the inhabitants of the underworld,
And all the hosts of Heaven in looking on.
Doubt not the stage was set, the actors cast
For all the several parts to them assigned,
As Frost, Fire, Thunder, Earth, and Sea, and Air
Which royal actors and their retinue,
Scorning the Circus Maximus as low,
The petty Roman Amphitheatre,
Its tauromachia and naufragic art
As quite contemptible, could afford to wait,
And waiting stood the signal to begin;

And when the curtain rose at five o'clock
That dark December morn, together struck
The world aghast as at the stroke of doom!
"And lo, there was a great earthquake!" See!
Up yonder on the crest there looking down
The dream come true, the vision of the grim
Phantom on horseback, on the heights that crowned
Messina and the straits! 'Tis my belief
Death on the pale horse overlooking saw
The shore and sea one desolation, all
The crash and thunder of the roaring surge —
And in the angel's hand the Flying Roll
Bearing the seven plagues within its folds,
Having the red seal of Apocalypse,
And on its face the stamp of signet ring,
The great Justicier of heaven and earth
Proclaiming from his judgment seat the law
Of retribution, and the solemn truth
Of solidarity that forever stamps
The crime of nature as the crime of man.

This thing, if true, is most important, sir;
But though we cannot at this time of day
Presume to wrap the prophet's mantle round
Our shoulders, or to cut and trim our speech
After the bearded wisdom of the old
Philosophers, nor as the tragic poets did,
To wield the thunderbolts of angry Jove,
By terror and by pity thus to purge
The souls of men (as Aristotle saith),
Not to be laughed at, yet upon the stage
Men look and ask for the spectacular.
Here, not the fact, the telling circumstance,

The ‘‘moving accident by field and flood”
Is most important. The receding sea
Goes backward like a runner ere he makes
His rapid headlong dash and forward stride,
Bearing in open palm the steel-clad ship
Far inland, and with loud thundering noise
Of many waters and of covering waves,
A mantle spreads voluminous and vast,
Enveloping this one world-wide distress,
Hiding the ruin and the ravage all
In human pity’s cloak of sympathy.
And as one spies a lovely blooming flower
In rents of ruin, or beside a tomb,
So here one saw in a deserted square
Messina’s joy, a pretty child who bore
A pet canary perched on finger-tip,
Escaped the horror of the prison house,
And destined yet to live as long, let’s hope,
As Lesbia’s sparrow in Catullus’ song!
But those who saw and heard as lookers-on
Describe the impression made on mind and eye,
By the first shock, as simultaneous with
A multitude of jolting chariots,
That starting all at once with leap and bound
Went up and down upon the rocking earth
Endlessly raving, rushing, roaring on.
In plain and simple words, the appearance was
‘‘Like rattling chariots,” even ‘‘they (that) leap
On the top of the mountains”;
‘‘Like horsemen do they run:
They run with torches, and like lightnings shine.
They run through the city;
They run upon the wall;

They climb up upon the houses;
They enter in at the windows, like a thief.
The earth quaketh before them,
And the heavens tremble:
The sun and the moon are darkened,
And the stars withdraw their shining."

"Your old men shall dream dreams;
Your young men shall see visions.
And I will show them (in those days),
Wonders in the heavens and in the earth;
Blood and fire, and pillars of smoke.
The sun shall be turned into darkness,
And the moon into blood,
For the day of Jehovah cometh;
It is nigh! the great and the terrible day,
A day of darkness and gloominess,
A day of clouds and thick darkness."

(Under the similitude of a mighty host,
An army of locusts invades the land.)
"A fire devoureth before them,
And behind them a flame burneth;
The land is as the garden of Eden before them,
And behind them a desolate wilderness!
Yea, nothing escapeth them."

So far, in borrowed phrase and biblical,
In speech direct, straightforward, to the point
(Not Dante's more clean-cut and aquiline),
The prophet Joel here tells, or foretells,
The desolation of the land of Judah,
And the destruction of Jerusalem.

How vividly to sense and soul portrayed!
One sees the running and the leaping of
The archers on the walls, both sees and hears
The crackling of the flame of fire devour
The stubble. And the tremendous climax,
The coming up of a numerous people and a strong,
"Like a mighty host set in battle array.
Before them the people tremble,
And all faces gather blackness."

Ancient conceptions these, and all surcharged
With the highest moral indignation.
But modern writer, must not he employ
In modern speech the symbols of his time?
No chariot races here, but somewhat else;
So, to come nearer home, and to compare
Great things with small, hark! the honking horn,
The rustling, hustling rogue, with noisy blast
Of the joy-riders tuning up their red
Devil-wagon when they give the loud ha! ha!
And with speedmania, reckless of aught else,
In crowded thoroughfare go whizzing by.
A myriad such, like demons just let loose
In stony-hearted London, or New York,
Were nothing to an earthquake, in as far's
The knock-down and the drag-out business goes.
When the four elements in battle join
The hurly-burly, earth and sea and air —
When water burns and billows roll with fire,
And overhead the heaven's great war-drum shakes
The bedlam earth as at the crack of doom,—
When earth, itself unstable as the sea,
Affords no standing-room, no place of rest,

City of refuge none, or sanctuary,
And looking to the hills whence cometh help,
Lo there, what leaping cataracts of fire
Blow all their bugles from the craggy steep!

What is mere man to question or to quell
Rebellious Nature, knowing not the pangs
Of her new birth, nor why, in her clear spring
And fountain spirit of all good and ill
So moved and troubled that we may not look
To see our Father's face, we must believe
It is there still, though hidden by the frown
Of Providence (by some mistaken for
The great doom's image), till the furrowed face
Clears up again, and all men recognize
In Him the final and efficient cause
Of whatsoever is, and what shall be.
There is one God, though at such robust faith
Men stand aghast, no Ahriman but he!
Read Jamblichus and Plato, if you will,
The Zendavesta, Koran, K'ung Fu-tsze,
Bible or Bhagavad Gita, study,
"Genesis and Geology" peruse,
Admit the Gnostics to your council-board.
No Gnostic I, and no Agnostic, please;
Your ignoramus must and will ignore
All second causes—Matter and the like,
Demons and demiurgs of the under-world,—
And go straight back to the Original:
And if you want a guide, take Johnson, Sam,
"Path, motive, guide, original, and end."
Maybe this faith and doctrine of the old
Monotheistic and hebraic cult

May seem too rigid and strait-laced to suit
The easy-going morals of our time;
Yet Judah's prophet held it, and for one,
I find it bold, consistent, and sincere;
Consistent with the unity of God;
And bold as novel, banishing, as it does,
To limbo of the Moon the rubbish-heaps
Of pagan learning and of pagan lore;
Mere old wives' tales and silly fables they,
Of which one instance is, *ex pede*, all:
The Grecian poets feigned Enceladus,
Turned over on his side when Ætna groaned!
"But we know the whole creation groaneth,
And travaileth in pain together (until) now."
And if the little that we know be next
To nothing that is known of what goes on
Within the dark interior of the earth,
No need of giants, Vulcans and the rest,
No Titans warring with the gods of old,
But say at once the great earthquake came —
Came with the roar of a thousand battles,
And with the rattling fire of a million
Maxim guns. Suddenly, out of the earth
Raising up its unimaginable
Phantom form, shaking its gory locks at all
The living, and looking round on all
The dead, whom it persuaded then to join
The vast and numberless Asiatic hordes
Long since gone down to hades with the rest
Of warring demigods and tyrants old
Of Syracuse and Sidon, Carthage, Rome!
Fit shroud and burial it well beseemed
Calabria and the towns along the coast

Of mournful wreck and devastation where
Tremendous Ætna hung its funeral pall.
But ah! the trembling, quivering mother Earth —
Who can describe its billowing, not unlike
The ground-swell of the sea before a storm?
Who dare to picture and to body forth
The painted horror on men's faces, fear —
The panic fear of flying multitudes
Before the awful apparition seen
Vast as the Brocken spectre of the Harz,
Black as the Angel of the Pit that stood
Medusa-like, and with its gorgon stare
Chained up all motion, and with horror froze
The life-blood of the living, who became
Mere stocks and stones amid the splitting walls
Of ruined roof-trees, huts and palaces;
Comprising in one volume all that makes
This human document of immortal woe,
This latest awful tragedy of time,
Enrolled with Pompeii and St. Pierre,
The warning and the wonder of the world.

APOLOGUE

River and Fountain

One day a murmur of the swollen tide
Of a great River reached a Fountain's ear;
And like a rude and bold intrusive guest
Derisive said, "How little you produce!"
The Fountain mused a moment and replied:
"But men prefer me cold and crystal clear
To turbid torrent which is not the best
For conversation or for table use."

NIGHT

Most ancient Night, majestic, sad, and stour,
  The stars surround thee on thy ebon throne!
Darkness obeys thee, and the winds have power,
  Through might and magic of thy sovereign tone.

Thy trumpet is the midnight storm whose clangor
  Shatters the silent world and stately wood:
Thy brow's fierce light is but a passing anger
  That leaves thee still in thy serener mood.

(FRAGMENT)

Now, when repose is at the height
Of Nature's peaceful pantomime,
The bees are murmuring in the lime:
"Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright!"
Two things exert their magic might —
    Sweetness and light.

"Sweetness and Light"— there is a time
Which, like the Autumn's mellow clime,
Was made for joys of soul and sight,
For beauty and for calm delight,
For pleasure of the poet's rhyme,
For musing on the vanished prime
Of Youth, which hears the distant chime
Of Sabbath bells in memory's light —
    Sweetness and Light.

THE LOCUST

No, was it that? the terrible cry
Like the cry of two armies joined in the onset?
For the locust sang WAR: and it used to be said that
In war-time the locust carried that letter
Borne on his wing, a great W— sheer superstition!
But the heat might suggest the great heat of battle,
That shrill burning cry, the cry of the onset,
And something move like the crack of saltpetre —
The locust's dry rattle which rolls a long volley —
And gunner, with linstock at the hot muzzle,
Swabbing his gun; the red wrath of artillery,
Men dying of thirst and the fever of wounds.
But the valley is peaceful, no Monmouth is here,
Though it might have been here, had fate but so willed it!
Here, standing for right native soil and the homestead,
This green furrowed vale, and blue sky beyond,
The storm of battle comes and lives are leaves
In the red whirlwind to be borne away.
Oh, not for this the human spirit grieves,
Since death to each must come some other day.
But all the mourning land is drowned in tears!
For the rent boughs loud sigh the ancestral trees,
Whose wound remains and does not heal for years;
When will these "wars abhorred of mothers" cease?

GOING TO WAR — 1862

Far out at sea — and bound I know not where—
The silent world is lit by many a gleam;
The sea rolls gently, and the wind sits fair,
The ship moves on — a dream within a dream —
So soft, so still! Its feet are shod with wool,
War's furies walking o'er a world of graves:
The land's iniquity is ripe and full,
And Vengeance comes at last with sword and staves.

But what have I to do with civil jars?
A scholar bred to arts and used to calms,
Why am I here supine beneath the stars,
Wrapped in my soldier's cloak beside my arms?
O Duty, Spartan mother stern and high!
Must I go forth to bleed, to fall, to die,
Because one altar still must blaze and burn?

Then Freedom, hail! a willing sacrifice,
I join myself unto the martyr-crew;
It swells my spirit to the Roman size,
To think, my Country, I can die for you!
I hear, and not in vain, your trumpet-call.
Oh, let me hear at last, the Flag still waves;
Let it not cover as a funeral pall
A land of cowards and of trembling slaves.

A million hearts are beating proud and soft
To the low thunder of the muffled drum;
I see the scales of Justice held aloft
In God's right hand, and know the hour is come.

The Union weighed and wanting — what, a tear
Cause it to mount! while Afric's sighs and groans
Shake the firm Capitol with guilty fear
To topple from its base foundation stones!

The serpent and the eagle fight again;
The world astonished looks upon the pair
Writhing and striking in blind rage and pain;
Now Slavery falls! and circling o'er his lair,
Our thunder-bearing bird re-plumes for flight;
In tempest ran the Country's awful form
Spurs on the heroes of the North to fight,
And calls them forth like snow-flakes in a storm.

If here no comet came to bud
"With trains of fire and dews of blood,"
No armies fought then overhead,
No heavens grew pale, nor glowed with red
Disasters in the sun and moon,
Something there was, reported soon
In every journal of the land;
If true or not, then let it stand
Germane to the greatest crime,
Sign and wonder of the time:

A SIGN

Heavy in the woeful hour,
An arm of supernatural power
In heavens distinctly seen!
Clothed on with thunders, and the sheen
Of lightnings glistening as that white
Clothed arm in mystic, once, samite

Over the lake which did not stir,
Brandishing Excalibur!
Not so this, except for height
Of grandeur greater by the might
Of Justice armed and raised to smite
With its "two-handed engine," keen
Splendor in the night serene.
Portentous in the night of crime,
Men saw, sublime
The gesture — what the heavens mean
(Blood-red in all its length,
And menacing for strength),
A naked sword hung forth
Its handle to the north!

GOOD NEWS

It comes from the South, and the news is good,
  The best was ever sung or said:
God's angel Cold did what it could—
  The Yellow Fever, Sir, is dead!

TREASON

Now the People lay their hands
On black Treason's gown and bands,
Sign its forehead with the sign,
Round it draw the fatal line,
And pronounce the awful curse
Of the living universe:
Anathema! anathema!

MEMORIAL DAY

It comes not with the passion of spent, useless tears,
Nor not with the reflux of our griefs and fears;
  Nor with dumb sorrow as for wasted lives,
But with the solemn purpose of the years.

For the broad charter of our freedom yet,
To which the seal of their true lives was set,
  Pledging the hopes of freedom to mankind;
Remembering what it cost, can we forget?

TO JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD

When to the summit thou shalt come elect
  By strenuous toil, and by the golden dower
  Of hearts and hopes to blossom in an hour
Of happy fortune, standing there erect
Before the altar sworn with due respect
  To consecrate thy life's best fruit and flower,
  Remember that the top of human power
In prospect green, is bald in retrospect.
And therefore think that when these servile hearts
  That kiss thee now, shall melt and fall away,
  Unless thou bear a touchstone in thy mind,
Thou shalt become the prey of subtle arts,
And find not friends but flatterers who betray
  Thy soul to bondage like a Samson blind.

FEBRUARY SKIES

Stepping outside my domicile at eve,
I saw as one in stupor and surprise
The cold disdain of February skies
Freezing our earth to the last bosom-heave.
No cloud nor color, mist nor stain did grieve
The stainless ether's beauty by devise
Of pure severity of light that lies
In seeing truth where others but believe.

The city drest in winter sunshine lay
Open to sight in every thoroughfare.
Dome, temple, spire, tall-masted ship and bay
Stood all transfigured in the shining air:
O that my style possessed this virtue rare
To show the vision of the world to-day.

PEEPING FROGS

Now come the minstrels of the swamp and pool,
The peeping frogs which make the shallows ring
At sundown like some myriad-squeaking thing!
Thus with our senses Nature plays the fool
And has these blubberings of her infant school
(Her lower forms which make a noise to sing),
Kept like the rune-stocks of the ancient spring
In notched green flags among the waters cool.
I know the blood-root and the crocus nigh,
New leaves and grass and winter going off;
Soon as the earth sends up that herald cry
It makes me dream of Summer bye-and-bye,
Of shade, and cattle at the drinking trough,
And sunburnt reapers in a field of rye.

GREENLAND

We went from the land of palm and pine
To the land of hail and snow;
And we saw like sheeted ghost arise
From the vast ice-plains below —
What eidolans that then appeared
The spirits of mist and snow!
Afar in the dim and desolate land
With never a grain of earth or sand
Where a shrub or tree could grow —
They stood alone in the spectral earth
Stark images of woe!
And we saw the terminal dark morain
And the frozen mountains clove in twain
Where the roaring rivers go.
And we heard the awful splitting sound
Of ice in the gorge below
By cliffs that foothold scarce afford
When the frozen torrents come to be
Falling and flowing o'er fell and fiord
In all their grace and wondrous glory
From jutting crag and promontory.
We saw the jingling icy board
Go down to the distant sea.
The cold that vegetation kills
Kills animal life; but by a jag
Of rock we found where the mute air thrills
In the very heart of the iron hills,
The bones of deer and antlered stag.
By painful steps, with progress slow,
We drag ourselves o'er the frozen ground,
But yet no sign of life was found,

Unless, in cavities of ice
Metallic dust from cosmic space,
Blown to that spot, the single trace
Of life in alien worlds — the price
Of knowledge here when all around
A shroud that hides the form below —
The earth puts on her fleecy robe,
And swells to the top of the convex globe
In the land of ice and snow.
There a single cross alone we found,
And a pair of ravens wheeling came
In the gathering darkness as it stole
A crown and omen mute with woe.
They were the omens of the land —
Black to the eyes which burned like flame
And calling back to a mortal form
The spirit of immortal woe
Incarnate once in Edgar Poe.

AN OLD APPLE TREE

Standest thou here, my friend, so old and gray?
  Why, I remember thee in youth, a boy
About thy roots how oft I used to play
  With little sister, carry many a toy
But best of all the acorn's tiny tray.

IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL

I am afraid, I really am, of ghosts;
Will they not walk out of their frames, malign?
Or will they hold like sentries still their posts,
Until they hear the joyful countersign?

THE THOMAS STATUE

What fire, what spirit in the creature's feet,
And in his frame where battle tremors ran.
I see quite plainly coming up the street
The horse's head, but where now is the man?

CLARK MILLS STATUE OF JACKSON

Look at Old Hickory and his favorite stud
With raised forefeet as pawing in the air.
A squall has struck the horse — the rider's blood
Is up, and "by the Eternal!"— hear him swear.

THE BURIED CITY

Out of the Red Sea of the sunset spread
With wreck and ravage of the sunken day,
I see my neighbors' chimneys rising
As of a submerged city in the bay.

The *mind* sees truly; but the eye still sees
Not that which is, but only that which seems;
And well I know that visions such as these
Become a wanderer in the land of dreams.

My couch is laid where I no longer dream
In the wide porches of the House of Sleep;
I muse in thought upon the mighty stream
Of Memory backward where the ages keep

Stern watch and ward above long-buried things,
Like darkness brooding with extended wings;
  And thus what once was comes again to be
Known to the soul which re-discovers things,
  And calls up images of what we see.

There was a sunken city, travelers say,
  Under a sea o'er which their ships have sailed;
An inland sea and city of Cathay,
  That land which never yet of wonders failed.

It was no city of enchantment built
  By toiling slaves and genii of the mine,
But a true city, many-domed and gilt,
  Seen thro' the shimmer of the seas to shine.

There were broad streets and ornamented squares,
  And massive piles of buildings grand and high;
But all deserted were the thoroughfares,
  Silent the temples open to the sky.

Deep in the waters crystal-clear and cold
  Stretched like a curtain of translucent air
Abides the city, and the belfries hold
  The bells (they say) which knell even yet to prayer.

If this be true, it is a truth diffract
  Cross-lights of error, and of judgment ill:
As in the twilight, an old stump in fact
  Stands for an imp or a hobgoblin still.

We dream but what we see, and I saw this
  Across the murky pool of daylight dead,
My neighbors' chimneys, like the towers of Dis
  Out of the sea of sunset rising red.

THE LAST JUDGMENT

What voice is that like the last thunder-boom
  Of tempest on the hills, in one crash ending?
  Lo, from the clouds the Son of Man descending,
Clothed with all might and majesty, in gloom
From which the face of Glory flowers in bloom:
  On the vast slopes of hills in circuit bending,
  All tribes and nations of the dead are wending,
The damned in silence to receive their doom.
The awful Critic of mankind will now
  Pronounce one word like the great seal of fate
While heaven and earth shall flee before his brow
  Of thunder charged with bad men's doom and date,
  By his recorded and eternal vow,
The good to glory are caught up in state.

"ATQUE IN PERPETUUM FRATER AVE ATQUE VALE"

This was the way of Roman brother's love:
High, grave, and stern, though veiled above the bier,
Hushing the sobs that his deep bosom heave,
Hiding the hand that wiped the furtive tear.
And so, forever to forever, well —
Brother beloved! goodbye, hail and farewell!

"O, withered is the garland of the war!
The soldier's pale is fallen; young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone
And nothing now is left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon.

When she the flag of fear unfurled
At Actium, she changed the world.
Had Antony been chaste and true
To his Octavia, the world knew
That young Augustus was no match
For Rome's great soldier: one must catch
The golden moment of success;
Augustus did, and then grew less
The shadow of Antony; the one endured,
The other's genius was obscured,
Grew pale and dwindled like a star
In contact with a greater far —
But the most shameful, damning note
Of infamy was when he crept
His honor and his glory slept —
Under a woman's petticoat.

CARTHAGO EST DELENDA

The banished Marius sitting on the tomb
  Of buried empire, felt within him creep
  Remorse of Roman savageness a-steep
In mournful memory of the settled doom
Of greatness swept by war's last thunder-boom
  To annihilation and eternal sleep.

  Behold the Lady Tanith from the deep
Sea rising sad as Sorrow's face in gloom.
Unveiled she looks on desolation hoar
From Jebel Gamart to the bordering foam
O'er which with insult, the proud conqueror bore
  Her stolen peplum to the rival Rome.
So the Great Goddess waits till they restore
  Her Tyrian purple veil and rites at home.

IN ANSWER TO CLEOPATRA'S PROTEST;

OR,

HAS SHE BEEN MISREPRESENTED?

But who shall contravene, one idle deem,
The poet's vision and the sculptor's dream?
If one could see within that mask of stone
The soul that lived to love and friendship known,
The fire that rolled at bottom of her eye
Full-charged with thunder like a sultry sky,
The cloud that hung still round her drooping brows
Heavy with passion of her broken vows,
The manners mutable and the mind of fear
Not for herself but those who held her dear!
Her craft by nature and the boundless guile
That made her still the "Serpent of Old Nile";
Her woman's whim in every vortex whirled,
Which made or marred the fortunes of a world,
Her feline nature armed to scratch and bite
E'en more than tiger, tiger burning bright,
Her neck ophidian and her eyes which burned
With that strange glitter of a serpent's turned
In fond and fatal fascination where
She marked her prey, and bade it flutter there;
I think, my friend, in spite of your fine verse,
You'd hardly have taken her "for better or worse!"
A most uncomfortable woman o' my soul,
Better the shot, the dagger, or the bowl!
And well Marc Antony might thank his stars,
He scaped by dying so, from fiercer jars,
From greater tempests, and worse civil wars.

TO A FAULT-FINDING CRITIC

What is it makes the kettle black,
Or makes the china cup so blue?
If jaundiced eye should lustre lack,
'Tis bile that gives the bilious hue.
The sky to some is but blue-black,
And who knows how to it look you?

LETTER AND SPIRIT

"The letter kills, the spirit giveth life."
Whoever shall to excellence aspire
Must shun his fate, poor man! who is, in spite
Of nature and his stars, condemned to write.
Fat, foolish wits habitually admire
The fool of quality faultless in attire.
The negative virtues are deemed only right
By critics who commend the tame and trite,
But hate originality and fire.
Eternal grinders of the commonplace,
Coldly correct, and hopelessly made dull;
Wanting in spirit, beauty, wit and grace,
Losing the kernel, give you but the hull:
And best described in Tennyson's phrase,
"Icily regular, splendidly null."

A FABLE WITH AN APPLICATION

Unto a spirit in the realm of gloom
There came an angel whom that soul malign
Accosted, saying, What a flower is thine!

For in his hand the Angel bore a bloom
Exceeding beautiful, of so rare perfume
That that ill spirit, drunken as by wine,
Craved of his guest the flower bestowed in sign
Of favor to him. And behold in room
Of flower, a scorpion!
Who gives away
In church or home, a spotless maiden flower
To a vile man unworthy of such dower,
Repeats the angel's action every day.
And every scandal of such marriage born
Is but the flower-hatched cockatrice of morn.

SIR JOHN HAWKINS

Courage and fortune the great navigator
Serving as guides, led forth, surprising first
The secret of new lands discovered erst.
Sable, on waves of sea, the argent bore
Upon his crest of arms a demi-moor
As bond and captive; so indeed he nurst
By traffic that ill flame which lately burst
In conflagration of vast civil war.
Foreign and far to seek of great events
The trivial cause, which some call Providence.
Hardy and bold and pious and humane
Was he reputed England's chief sailor,
He bound a race in slavery's lasting chain,
Till Abram Lincoln came, emancipator.

A FABLE AND A MORAL

A London Jew kept in the Strand,
Who dealt in clothes at second-hand.
He stood the passers-by to note;
His business was to sell a coat.

Two countrymen both raw and thin,
Father and son, he roped them in;
And spite of frequent loud denials,
He tried on coats, but all his trials

Were useless, vain;— not one would suit.
They turned to go, when like a brute,
The Jew caught hold the younger one,
And then a coat,— he forced it on.

"'The coat I tell you does not suit!"
"'You tell me so? that is no goot;
And not to wear it is a sin:
The coat *ish* goot — the poy's too thin!"

OVID IN EXILE

(Tristia VIII)

Now would I mount thy car, Triptolemus,
Who sent the seed-corn unto stranger lands.
Now I would yoke the dragons which Medea
Had, when she fled the brazen tower of Corinth.
Now I would take thy all-ambitious plumes,
Perseus, or Dædolus, yea, even thine!

That I, far-winging the thin yielding air,
Might suddenly behold my native land,
The aspect of my own deserted house,
The faces of my old remembered friends,
And the dear lips of my abandoned spouse.

But wherefore, fool! with childish wishes vain
Wear out the day which now, nor never, will
Convey thee homeward; were it achievable,
Adore the numen of Augustus, whom
Thou hast offended; and placate the god.
He can provide thee with swift chariots,
And even wings; granted return, thou shalt
Straightway be plumed.
Should I ask this
Boon of all boons, the greatest I can ask,
Might it not seem presumptuous? I fear.
Perchance, hereafter, when his anger shall
Have time to cool, this, too, my chief request
May come before him; in the meantime, less
Be worth my while — ask, as an ample boon,
Leave to go anywhere — away from here.

Nor earth, nor air, nor water, nor the sky
Agree with me; a listless languor holds
My body always, whether or no the mind
With a black melancholy invade the joints,
Or in the region lies the cause of ill.
Since I touched Pontus, I have never known
Refreshing sleep. Now weighs me down the curse,
Insomnia; hardly my wasted flesh
Covers my bones; my food I relish not:
And that same color of the dead leaf which

Pervades the world in autumn when the chill
Blast of the winter strikes the wood, is mine.
My failing strength is not recruited here,
And sorrow's cause is never absent long.

THE BATTLE OF THE STANDARDS

To arms, Democrats!
  Come all ye true blue
In the fold of the faithful,
  So staunch and so true.
No wavering now,
  The issues are drawn;
The stake is tremendous,
  The battle is on.
Two flags to the vision
  Of hosts are unrolled —
The standard of silver,
  The standard of gold.

The populist leader,
  A stripling at best,
Like young Lochinvar
  Comes out of the west.
By anarchy's torch
  Outstreaming and red,
From the cave of Adullam
  His cohorts are led.
With ragshag and bobtail
  The watchword outrolled
Is "War to the knife!"
  On the standard of gold.

Be it so; we accept
  Defiance outhurled
To bivouac and battle
As wide as the world.
Far-shining the glitter
  Of silverites led;
After Bryan all Asia
  And Famine do tread.
But lo! the Republican
  Arms which enfold
The ensign advanced,
  OUR standard is gold.

Columbia's statesmen
  Accustomed to wield
Her wisdom in council,
  Her thunders in field;
Her judges whose learning
  With purity vied,
Her Bench and her Bar
  With the Pulpit allied,
Will answer the Boy
  On the burning deck rolled,
When the standard of silver
  Goes down before gold.

The party of Jefferson
  Its name to you gives;
The spirit of Jackson
  In you it still lives.
O, once the wide continent
  Rang with their fame

And faction was awed
  By the sound of their name.
Their spirits abroad
  Your arms will uphold,
Their voices are ringing,
  Their standard was gold.

For God and for country
  Then strike as you must;
Shall National Honor
  Be trailed in the dust?
Who flaunts in your face
  The anarchist rag?
But down with the traitor
  And up with the flag!
Cheap manhood and money
  Require to be told
They're not the American
  Standard of gold.

To the valley, Decision,
  Move on without fear;
March on, Democrats!
  Armageddon is here.
With Bragg and with Buckner,
  With Watterson, ah!
Go follow his dashing
  White plume of Navarre.
Let Cleveland, our Cromwell,
  From citadel bold
Still thunder defiance,
  The STONEWALL of gold.

By the graves of your fathers
Yet green with renown;
By their spirits immortal
Like stars looking down;
Consider their trust,
And demagogues hate,
But don't let them scuttle
The Old Ship of State.
The stars in their courses
Fight for us, enrolled
In the Flag of the Union,
Whose standard is gold.

THEN AND NOW

There came a man once out of Galilee
Unto Jerusalem; he came as sent
On the destruction of the Temple bent.
At least, they said so; robbers they should be
Who took this man and nailed him to a tree.
His only crime that his whole life was spent
In doing good — not for emolument.
"I came not to destroy but to fulfill," said he.
We have our Temple, and perform our vow
Of service here — for gain to private ends.
Reform the service? Well, who takes the stent?
If Christ should come and overturn it now?
We send to Coventry who seeks to cleanse
The Augean stables of the government.

THE NEW YORK GIRL

Girl of the Period! Belle of Fifth Avenue!
  Most gorgeous creature and so wondrous wise
  In matter-o'-money beating her who plies
Her nightly trade without excuse — 'tis true
In some respects she much resembles you —
  Throwing on golden youth great, greedy eyes,
  Snapping at every gilded bait that flies,
In mad flirtation leading the hallooing,
Pursued by men, and always men pursuing.

A BALLADE OF WAITING

(Hispaniola loquitor)

Cuba is waiting, wearily waiting,
Land is fallow and there is no fun
In rotting quays and box cars freighting
Of sugar and 'bacco, nary a ton.
Plantations ruined, owners undone,
You have in true heart of a people fond
Sown doubt and distrust, made every one
See honor at stake, starvation beyond.

In café and corners men are debating
Strange things oversea, ill news to run!
They pound on benches and tables, stating,
"We ask for bread, and they give us a stone.
They treat us worse even than Goth and Hun.
We've plenty of goods, but all in bond."
What is the news from Washington?
Honor at stake, starvation beyond.

Let the People rise in their majesty, mating
Like lions that rouse with a roar to stun
Ere they dash to pieces a party prating
Of twenty per cent! is that all to be won
By wearily waiting under the sun?
Shame on your Cortes! the lesson conned:
Instead of justice tossing a bun —
Your honor at stake, *our* famine beyond.

ON SCIENTIFIC WORKERS AND SPECIALISTS

The trowel's ring of masons' work doth hide
Science, in our day, by strong minds controlled;—
The organizing genius new and bold,
Which plans the growing edifice in pride
On knowledge, on foundations deep and wide.
And well, if men could happily behold
"The singing masons building roofs of gold,"
And not mere mortar-mixers of applied
Science inchoate; yet these hod-men are
Bringers of all such necessary facts,
And indispensable to the building raised,
As is the architect, who, from afar
Surveys the rising pile, and has to tax
Creation in his thought,— or it outblazed!

TO A MALIGNANT CRITIC

(Apropos of a Late English Notice of an American Poet)

Fair play's a jewel, taking not one's part.
You say "It is not poetry,"— what then?
The "sweltered venom" of a critic pen

Kills with a scratch, or wounds a noble heart.
Your poisoned arrow, shot with savage art,
  Betrayed the skulker in his dirty den—
Impunity from scorn's most killing dart.
That ancient feud, hereditary war,
  Waged by all critics upon poets once
  Tinged, it may be, with poet hopes forlorn,
Moved you, I think, by misdirection, for
  Retorted here on the malignant dunce,
  I find this wisp of hay on that *Bull's* horn.

ON THE WORLD'S PROGRESS

(A Metrical Dissertation)

Is the world's progress to your mind
A thing established? Is mankind
Growing better? World at worst,
Shall it be forever curst
With war and slavery? Does it sense
The evil of intemperance?
Schopenhauer, to name it still
Representative Idea and Will,
Labors at the world in vain,
To find a purpose in it plain.
He does not even find as much
Nobility of mind and soul
As characterizes many such
On the earth as have attained the goal.
The empire-builder, Cecil Rhodes,
Carried away from Oxford goads
That were to him the Temple's nail
Of wisdom — words that never fail.

The words were Aristotle's, hence
A man's, he said, of great sentènce,
The purport being, and the cause
That I remember what it was,
"The only thing that ever can
Dignify the life of man,
Or give splendor to a name,
Is to have a noble aim."
Applying this, now, to the task
Of governing the world, we ask
Is there in this mighty frame
Of things nobility of aim?
And such greatness of design
As adhered to, every line
And point about it is the sign —
Manual of the Maker's thought
Impressed upon it, as it ought
To be, evincing the divine
Perfection which may justly claim
In everything there is, in fine,
The shaping argument from design
Which, always one thing and the same,
Has reached its being's end and aim
In that thing which the artist sought
As something worthy to be wrought,
A masterpiece in deed and thought!
Does the world to you stand still,
Or does it simply roll and range,
An everlasting orb of change?
If the world is Living Will,
There is flux and reflux still.
But for progress who shall say
The world is farther on to-day

Than last year, or yesterday?
Do we know the nature of things
Lucretius wrote on, or more nigh,
Napoleon was conquered by?
Out in space the planet swings,
Balancing itself on wings
Of gravitation held across,
Like Poe's (and Coleridge's) albatross
That seemed upon the air to sleep,
But its perpetual motions keep
Their double watch both night and day,
And while rolling on its way,
Like a pendulum it swings away
'Twixt eternity and time.
An instance of the false sublime
If this be called, why then I'll say
Betwixt the Unseen and the Seen;
So there the pendulum swings between
Two points, but never goes beyond:
'Tis ruled by an Enchanter's wand
Whose name, you may suppose, is Law.
"Punctual as sun and star,"
They seem to know just where they are,
Vespers or matins, at the chime,
And they get there every time!
Judicious Hooker said of Law,
And its all so potent rod
Silently constraining choice,
From her seat the bosom of God,
Millions of orbs in vortex whirled,
Silently hark'ning heed the Voice
Which is the Harmony of the World.

Nevermore shall I forget
The sublimest moment yet
Of seeing and of being drawn
To the Voice, and oh! the dawn
Of the immortal Word-and-thought
Which, silent as itself then wrought
A miracle — another dawn it brought
Of the grandest yet, Idea
Floating in an atmosphere
Of world-wonder to be caught —
Do you grasp it fully here?
The soul-sublime and awe-struck thought:
In this apparent all disorder
Lo, there reigns Eternal Order.
Reconcile it as you can,
The pessimist, who is mere man,
Sees the disorder, but his soul
Never arrives at the Great Plan,
The vast conception of the whole.
And there are many, most men see
Only disorder — things like mad
Folk in Bedlam under ban —
And the human soul, the sad
Pilgrim of Immortality,
Affecting here great wanderlust,
In the blue distance travels far,
Think you, does the world stand still?
Or does it simply roll and range
Forever, though in devious ways,
But in right Tennysonian phrase,
Does the "great globe spin forever
Down the ringing grooves of change?"

Longfellow's clock upon the stairs,
Ticking on "forever . . . never" . . .
Is the burden which it bears,
And the secret which it shares
With all greatly burdened souls,
As it rolls, as it rolls.
"Change," said Randolph, in the storm
Of debate, "is not reform."
And I think, if you insist,
The fact of progress wont be missed
By the investigator, hike
The historian as he list.
I won't say it don't exist,
Whether you like it or dislike,
But only that it won't be missed,
And therefore lost, the same alike
To optimist and pessimist.
But I think one should desist
In any case, and not insist
Upon extreme opinions, you
Must hold your own, but to be true
To me and mine own point of view,
I equally am, entitled to.
None, of course, can reconcile
The conflicting views erewhile
Of pessimist and optimist.
But could one only strike between,
And thereby hit the Golden Mean,
He would have no antagonism,
Since all men have consideration
For the pearl of Moderation.
Not every one can hold in poise
Calm judgment, far aloof from noise

And dust of risen controversy.
But many men of a refined
And shrewd intelligence have a kind
Of worldly wisdom, not the true,
But insight, knowledge to obtain
State secrets, and reports which gain
Them credit with the world of yore,
The world behind, if not before.
And this may be what Milton meant
When he assigned that instrument
Of knowledge to a class of men,
Who much employ it now and then,
"Till Old Experience do attain
To something of prophetic strain."
But since I have not here the goads
Of Aristotle, nor the gall
Of Schopenhauer to impel
Me on the high and mighty road,
The a-priori *entresol*
To Wisdom's house within the brain,
With its rich fraught of Ideas on
The porches of King Solomon.
The pillared arches, polished floors,
And the magnificent corridors
Of mighty vistas far away
To the Delectable Mountains, aye
Teeming with Visions, and all vain
Philosophies of earth en train,
But all with one accord in toils
Of sin or Satan which embroils
In thickening hordes the human fry,
As fast the engulphing billow rolls
Its freight of all unhappy souls

To Scylla and Charybdis nigh.
And not alone the bad take wing
As weak and wicked perishing,
But there the good, the brave, the fair
Drawn backward by down-streaming hair,
Are caught in the rush and roaring still
Of earth's vast vortices of ill.
Supposing angels to have wings,
As heretofore the poet sings,
And one from heaven to earth revealed,
Came flying o'er a battle field,
Would he not think, if seeing well,
He had mistaken earth for hell?
And what does Homer's Iliad teach?
Not that religion good men preach,
Not love, but hatred giving birth
To war enacting hell on earth.
Monotony of slaughter tired
Even Bryant, who the verse admired;
And gentle Cowper could not well
Translate the Iliad — war is hell.
As Goethe saw, and said of it,
The history of the world so lit
By war that blackens every page
With lust and cruelty and rage,
Cannot be written, and be true
From any moral point of view.
What Iliads vast, of human woes
The annals of our race disclose!
And "civilized nations" are the worst,
With rum and Romanism curst,
And all the ills that in the train
Of trade still follow greed of gain.

The Bible and the missionary
Are followed by the "big navee,"
And what the "heathen Chinee" gets
Is opium, cannon, bayonets.
For us the red man cursing brands
Bad faith, bad liquor, and bad lands.
Hemmed in a ringfence round our pets
Of the Indian bureau, charged with debts,
Our "century of dishonor" stands.
As for the black man's broken chain,
What have we offered him again?
We offered once (but this was for
Indebtedness before the war),
For centuries of toil unpaid,
The auction-block and red war made.
But then, as Abraham Lincoln said,
In compensation for the red
Drops which the lash of labor drains
From negro men and women's veins
Ay, every drop they put in pawn
Was balanced by another drawn
From their white brothers by the sword.
"I tremble for my country first,
When I reflect that God is just."
So Jefferson, in the long ago;
How true his forecast was, we know
By all the sluices and the drains
Of War's red rivers and red rains
Which crimsoned every battle mead,
But made for righteousness, indeed,
And so, proclaiming Slavery dead
As Julius Cæsar, were the red
Books balanced and posted, sealed up for,

And on account of, civil war.
But as fair weather after rain
Rejoices all the world again,
So, in the commonweal of good
And true American brotherhood,
We altogether in accord
Lift up our voice and thank the Lord,
Because the children now rejoice,
As did the fathers when they heard
The clarion and bell-like voice
Of Liberty proclaim — how grand
It sounded *then* throughout the land!—
The voice of Liberty that stirred
The Nation's youth — proclaim the word
To *all* the inhabitants of the land!
The world moves on, and so must we
Move with it as a ship at sea,
Or else be left behind to moan
With moaning sea and wind alone.
Cling to your bark, then, and trim sail
Prepared to encounter every gale
In this rough sea of worldly strife
On the great ocean here of life.
'Tis written, "We are saved by Hope,"
Which does not interfere with Grace,
Tho' skill and courage have their place;
As when the great abysses ope
To swallow you, be not afraid
To do like him of old who prayed
To Neptune, saying, "tho I've built
A goodly ship, I may be spilt
Clean overboard (indeed, I think
You are going to spill me in the drink).

Help! Father Neptune, or I sink.
Full well I know that thou canst save,
Or send me to a watery grave,
Do as you please, or as thou wilt,
But while I have a single spark
Of courage left me, this brave bark,
Her nose now to the wind a-swell,
I do intend on this side hell,
At least, to steer my rudder well!"
A story should have pith and point,
But when the times are out of joint,
You never can clear up the doubt
Till you have heard the story out.
But where then going to begin?
Or where to end? There is the sin
Of doubting or denying God
Doth chastise nations with the rod
Of iron war, when necessary;
He is the judge, not you or me,
Of times and seasons that agree
With War and Peace — so let it be.
The problem here of evil in
. . . Its growth and its first origin,
To Contemplation's eye unfurled,
Is the profoundest in the world;
And all great souls that ever loved,
Are by it most profoundly moved.
The hairs of our head are numbered? yes,
But the turn of a hair, the more or less
Of chance, or accident, or design
May interfere, and by mute sign
The banished man must country fly,
And murder is done in wink of eye.

How many a good man, if not great,
Is made for Misery's life-long mate!
And as in phosphorescent sea
Of a steamer's wake at midnight, he
Who stands on deck and smokes cigar,
Observes perchance a shooting star,
So many a lovely light goes out
In this tremendous sea of doubt —
Goes out, I say, the maiden spark
Dropt in the waste and watery dark.
That such things happen, you and I
Know well enough, but who knows why?
There is no reason that I know
Why this arrives, why that must go,
A life snuffed out if not by choice,
Or by necessity, a voice
Of lamentation and complaint
May reach the ear of heavenly saint,
Which Heaven a ministering angel sends
To the lost soul whom it befriends;
As when on earth before a storm,
Life saving service men inform
Themselves of some nigh shipwrect crew,
And the life-boat in surf put through,
Goes to their aid, and help is nigh:
And as they stand their watches by,
And make provision for the hour
Of coming tempest, skies that lower,
So the Good Shepherd evermore
To wandering sheep along the shore,
When the wind is high, and in shriller key
Loud moans the grief of the sobbing sea,—
He knows that sin on the earth prevails,

And that only God can set the sails
To steer the soul through stormy seas
To haven of rest and final peace.
In spite of fortune-telling quacks,
That is to say, if you receive
For facts the fables men believe —
As when the Swedish pastor fell
To writing "Letters (home) from hell,"
He did not, probably suspect
He might be credited with correct
Knowledge and information of
The place that writers seldom love
To mention here to ears polite,
Though as a pastor he was right.
One telling phrase, remembered well
In this book, was "the joys of hell."
(Now don't convert these "joys" to "jaws,"
For pains and penalties, because)
'Tis evident the pastor, late
Informed, described hell-up-to-date.
Which is just what my poet friend did,
When Hovey wrote, and he appended
Another canto to Don Juan,
Good as the old or better, new one
Wherein, of course, tho' he befriended
The Newport "smart set," he defended
None of its wild and wicked doings,
Its cabals, love, intrigue, and wooings,
Its meanness, marriage and divorces,
Which, though up here a matter of course is,
Yet down below, from all one hears,
Astonished Satan and his peers.
But, for this wandering, 'tis confest

The subject is too grave for jest,
So let us in another strain
Returning home, with hope amain
Uphold the ways of Providence,
And by strict logic of events
Convince ourselves love is not vain,
But even as old Homer said
(Since government must have a head),
"'Jove's everlasting golden chain
Binds heaven and earth and hoary main,"
To which the modern for more weight
Adding, with no little skill,
Necessity, the word — Jove still,
"'Who binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will."
But there are those who yet maintain
The contrary, and, to put it mild,
Say Homer was a prattling child,
And Pope a shallow sciolist.
For sun and wind may chase the mist
To-morrow off the sea's great face,
Not off the destiny of the race.
Vainly we try to peer and see
Into the heart of the mystery.
So far as one may judge, iwis
'Tis like that cloudy, dim abyss
Which Dante strained his eye to be
At bottom of, but could not see.
And as fair weather men of note
Far inland hear old ocean's rote,
And watch keeping a weather eye;
And tho' weather bureaus lie
Half the time, the other half,

Well, they can afford to chaff
The almanac-makers who, you know,
Scatter rain, and hail, and snow,
With a probable "low," or "high,"
Predicting snowfall in July!
But supposing it come true
Once in a while — I've known it to —
Then, on which side is the laugh?
Virgil's bird, gigantic Rumor
Was prophetic, and poor Pol —
Politics is only tol —
Erable, said once Wayne McVeagh,
In the United States to-day,
To a man with sense of humor.
A saying this of equal fame
With another I could name,
Cause of heaving many bricks
By reformers, five or six
At the author — oh, for shame!
Ah, my brilliant friend, it sticks
In their crop with wrath extreme:
"The purification of politics
Is an iridescent dream."
For in spite of what you say,
'Tis so in the States to-day.
And I see no reason why,
Poet and politician, I
May not, if I choose to pay
My respects to such, to-day,
Lift up my voice and prophesy:
In the latter years on earth
Shall be scarcity and great dearth.
Armies of the unemployed,

Seeking work and finding none,
Nothing doing under the sun,
Marching on from void to void,
How fill up without a bun,
How find work where there is none?
At sun-up, by the blush of dawn,
The early riser having gone
To the rich man's castle gate,
Sees other servants on him wait—
Electricity is one.
All the avenues of success,
All the means by which men rise,
All the economies which bless,
Every thunderbolt that flies,
Long since grasped were seized and held
Not by main force, but by skill
Of knowledge, science, strength of will
And purpose only, then to weld,
And to use it sans remorse.
On the weak point brought to bear,
With cool judgment when and where
On a rival and his foe
Falling suddenly, of course,
And with overwhelming force
Plant the well delivered blow,
And keep at him hammering so
Everlastingly, when he reeled
Backward from the staggering blow,
He was driven from the field,
Or left there a mangled corpse,
Routed, dragoons, foot and horse
By one determined not to yield
Unto folly, or to fame

His long purposed end and aim.
What, then, are we coming to —
What will not the Octopus do?
In the grasping arrogance
Of its world-wide crazy dance,
What the poor man's living chance?
For an answer as we jog,
Let me to your interrog,
Tell it by way of apolog.
An attorney advertised
For an office boy, surprised
By an urchin slim and taper,
Who there at the open door
Handed him he stood before,
A crumpled bit of dirty paper,
Which unrolling then he read:
"All my folkses here is dead!
I've no father, nor no mother,
Nary sister, nor a brother,
I'm an orphan"— rising sob
Choked off here at seeing Bob —
"And you see — I've got to hustle."
See the point? I hope you do,
And see what we are coming to,
As the natural consequence
Of this mad, infernal dance
To the poor man's living chance.
He was never known to hustle
For himself, and in the bustle
Of the sons of business, hence
A figure of no consequence,
No hurt feeling here of pride,
He is hustled soon aside,—

Thrown away as useless lumber,
Deemed and held for a back number,
Never until now, Got wot,
Have better men been worse forgot
In a world that knows them not!
He is not inclined to shirk
Any sort or kind of work,
And yet he has no heritage
In the business of this age.
Look now at that life of ease
In the multimillionaire;
Now that all is over and done,
In life's blood-red setting sun,
At what, then, does he gasp and stare?
What is there he feels and sees
In skeletons of men like trees
Naked, shivering, cold and bare
In the winter's icy air?
As the dry bones rattle on,
Memories of the dead and gone
Reminiscing, if he sees,
How armaments may be increased
Without endangering the peace
Of nations, and that war should cease.
The speaker's language was precise,
But always courteous and nice,
Though non-committal on the main
Question, it seemed to be in vain.
A nation's life was but a span;
He had opinions as a man,
To which his title and his place
Counseled reserve, when face to face
With prudence looking to the end

Of progress, he would recommend
One thing, almost the first and last,
Study the Records of the Past.
Herodotus in praising, he
The Froissart of antiquity,
Believed the old historian right
On many questions now in sight.
But note the mastery with ease
Of wisdom in Thucydides,
Abounding in the maxims best
Of statesmanship among the rest.
Both as a mentor and a guide,
He tells you with a kind of pride
In their achievements, arts and arms
Of those who bore victorious palms
When Sparta fought, when Athens died,
But not what they were fighting for.
Nor does he tell you though allied
To all that's best in literature.

Mayhap he thinks, "Now were not these
The armies of the unemployed
Moving on to the great void
Prepared for them — fate's spindle whirled
From the beginning of the world —
Creation's void?— it may be so,
Quoth the Octopus. All I know
Is their wandering, early, late,
Houseless, homeless, desolate,
Wives and children tagging after —
Ruined roof-tree, blackened rafter
In the tall rank-waving grass,
And the moaning night-winds pass

Over the once happy hearth
Where of old sat Love and Mirth
Instead of moaning, and thereafter,
Peals as of demoniac laughter
Issuing, God knows whence and why,
But the Octopus drawing nigh
The poor man's cottage — tell you what,
It stood upon that very spot
Where the wind is moaning, hark!
It was windowless and dark,
And its occupants are fled
To the regions of the dead.

And the Octopus? is it true
By strict logic of events
(Same as fate, or Providence),
What is pertinent if true —
Is it doing me and you?
With Hamlet I protest your "seems"
Given to nightmare and pipe dreams.
Although I may, for some odd wrinkles,
Be numbered with the Rip Van Winkles.
"Give him," folk said even so,
"A cold potato and let him go."
And if I am behind the time,
Still, both in reason and in rhyme,
There is warrant for it, I
Allow Monopoly's mad dance
Says of the Poor man's Living Chance,
Touching the world's cold charity,
About the same thing — give him, lo,
A cold potato and let him go.
Time and the dance meanwhile go on

Above the heedless, rough and rude
Heads of the "swinish multitude"
(Burke's phrase), but simile holds good,
At least, so, to the looker-on
Noticing how the ball-room floor
Undulates with more and more
Moving figures in applause
Of the Octopus' cruel claws
Grasping out and holding on
To all it gets, and more anon.
But hark! that hoarse and humming noise
From down below that seems to creep
Ominous to all that sleep
As on high masts do sailor boys,
With deep calling unto deep.
Day of reckoning, it will come
With tempest coming — those who dance
Like horses that curvet and prance,
Teaching their riders to be proud
Of trampling on the low-down crowd,
And more like hogs before the storm
Leaving their sties yet snug and warm,
Who stand outside with gaping jaws
To pick up and to carry straws,
(The reason why, of course you know
Straws show which way the wind doth blow).
Now looking up unto the skies,
Now to the ground that seems to rise
And mingle with the great commotion
Of quaking earth and heaving ocean,
And nowhere finding refuge, he
Betwixt the devil and deep sea,
As Coleridge saw and said, "There plied,

Down the river with wind and tide,
A pig with vast celerity;
And the Devil looked wise (seeing) how the while
It cut its own throat. There! quoth he with a
smile,
Goes England's commercial prosperity."
Change time and place, with a name or two,
And the fable, my friend, is told of you.
It is time to close. Ask pardon I.

A SPARROW'S FLIGHT

A sparrow's flight it seems to us who bide
Here on the earth; as when, at winter-tide
By the hearth-blaze snug and warm one sits at meat
While outside roars the storm of wintry sleet.
In at one door a sparrow flies to hide
From blows and buffetings, and its ruffled pride
To smooth, and bask a minute, ere it glide
In tempest forth,— so is man's life, as fleet —
A sparrow's flight.
From darkness coming to the light and heat,
We fain would tarry at our own fireside
But we must forth soon to the wild and wide
Desert of gloom, nor heed how friends entreat:*
They in our coming and our going greet
A sparrow's flight.

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* "Linguenda domus et placens uxor."—*Horace.*

PART III

Essays of John Savary

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Some five and forty years ago, there was a great awakening of the intellectual and moral forces of the country, and particularly of New England. A great many seeds were then slumbering in the fruitful bosom of humanity, some of which have since ripened into reforms of a beneficent and world-wide character. The anti-slavery movement had then, or somewhat earlier, its beginning; the new anæsthesia for pain had been discovered; the blind were taught to read by means of raised letters; and a better treatment of the insane and of criminals was then inaugurated. It was the era of Prison Discipline Societies; of charitable and philanthropic associations; and generally, of a wider and more diffused intelligence. It was then that the lecture platform first assumed a marked prominence in New England; and under the brilliant ministrations of men like Emerson, and Phillips, Sumner, Curtis and Lowell, and John B. Gough, the people were aroused and taught as never before. Massachusetts, under the lead of Horace Mann, had instituted her admirable system of common schools; and her sister states of New England and New York followed closely in her footsteps.

Bear in mind also that this was equally the era of great inventions; that the first locomotive built in this country dates from the city of Baltimore, and from the hand and brain of Peter Cooper, in 1830; that somewhat earlier than this, Eli Whitney invented the cotton-gin; that Asa Waters of Millbury, Mass., turned out the first gun-stock by machinery; that the power-loom, a still older invention, had created Lowell and Manchester, and was beginning to dam the watercourses and to dot the land of New England all over with manufactories; that after the first railroad and the first locomotive, it was only a question of time, and, as it proved, a very short time, before the screw propeller gave us the splendid vision of the ocean steamer and the floating palaces of the Hudson and the Mississippi; and along with these came the telegraph and the fast printing-press. So that, taking all things into consideration, there probably never was a half-century of equal or similar material progress in the world's history. Under its material aspects, I say, there never was such a half-century of progress; while, intellectually and morally speaking, it was an era of fermentation, of social agitation and aggressive onward movement—it was the era of Temperance and other reforms—an era of discussion and of working ideas. It is necessary to bear this in mind, to carry this mental picture of the age, this form and pressure of the time, if you are to get any true idea of the man who, as much as any American was, is the representative of the ideas and spirit which were working and molding the character of New England, and, through her, the civilization of the North and the Northwest. One other fact must also be borne in mind—the fact, namely, that forty or fifty years ago, the character of the population of New England was homogeneous; it was genuine Yankee, native and to the manor born.

I happened to look, the other day, into a Boston directory of the year 1835 (a little 6x3½-inch volume), and what do you suppose I found? I found that of the 14,000 names contained in the directory but a very few of them indicate French or Irish descent. The Boston directory of 1885 contains more than 180,000 names, a majority of which are not of New England birth or descent. Thus we seem to behold in the Boston of to-day thirteen Bostons of fifty years ago, seven of which are communities of foreigners.

Remembering this fact, the next time you read Mr. Lowell's essay, "On a certain Condescension in Foreigners," you will pardon the keenness of the satire, and be able to understand a reason for it. But, if we except Athens and Florence—Athens in the age of Pericles and Florence under the Medici—there never was combined in so small a compass as the Boston of 1835 such intense and varied individuality, such intellectual activity, animated by so high a moral purpose, and destined to exert so wide and permanent an influence. It was truly the Athens of America. It contained Daniel Webster—glory enough for one city holding one such citizen—but around him, and not far off, were such illustrious fellow-citizens as Edward Everett, John Quincy Adams, Josiah Quincy, Harrison Grey Otis, Abbot Lawrence, Ellis Gray Loring, and Dr. Francis Jackson, the discoverer of anæsthesia; then there was the poet-preacher, John Pierpont, author of "Airs of Palestine" and "Deacon Giles's Distillery," and Lyman Beecher, the great apostle of temperance; Dr. Channing, the great Unitarian preacher; and there was Ralph Waldo Emerson, also a Unitarian preacher, then somewhat obscure, and on the point of quitting Boston and the ministry to reside in Concord; then also, of the younger generation fast rising into prominence, there were Charles Sumner, and Wendell Phillips, and Theodore Parker, and Lloyd Garrison, and Joseph T. Buckingham, editor of the Boston Courier, in which the earlier productions of "Hosea Biglow" first saw the light. James Russell Lowell was then a stripling of sixteen, and just entered at Harvard College; he was graduated in 1838, and in 1841 he issued his first volume of poems, entitled "A Year's Life." There was nothing distinctive or characteristic about this—it was neither better nor worse than the first fruits of many a genius, Byron's "Hours of Idleness," for instance. In January, 1843, Lowell became editor of the "Pioneer," or rather joint editor, with Robert Carter. Only three numbers were published, but these three—now so scarce as to bear almost any price—contained the most remarkable array of rising talent and reputation of, perhaps, any magazine that was ever published. When we mention as among its contributers Poe, Hawthorne, and Miss Elizabeth Barrett — not yet Browning — Whittier, John Neal, and the musical critic, John S. Dwight, the sculptor-poet, W. W. Story, and Parsons, the translator of Dante, and Jones Very, the hermit-thrush of New England songsters and sonnetteers, we have said enough to show that no magazine before or since could ever boast such a rent-roll of genius as this. And yet it failed — because the time was not ripe for a magazine of the lofty aim and purely literary character sketched out by Messrs. Lowell and Carter.

But Lowell was not discouraged, and in the following year, 1844, he published the "Legend of Brittany" and other poems, which showed a great advance upon his previous volume, and contains some of the richest and purest poetry he has ever written. No one ever described the effect of organ music, which

> "Grew up like a darkness everywhere
> Filling the vast cathedral,"

as Lowell has in this poem; and it is needless to refer to the universally quoted passage beginning:

> "What is so rare as a day in June?"

But notwithstanding these and other fine things, Mr. Lowell did not make any distinct mark, nor achieve popularity at a bound, as did his neighbor, Longfellow, by his "Voices of the Night."

Compared to ours, it was an age of romance, and the poet of romanticism who met the demands of taste and fashion of the hour was Longfellow. Lowell's genius, slow to mature and tardy of recognition, and yet solid as it was brilliant, was more in harmony with to-day than the genius of Longfellow, and it will grow rather than diminish in the future.

Here are four lines from that almost forgotten volume of 1844:

> "Proprieties our silken bards environ:
> He who would be the tongue of this wide land
> Must string his harp with chords of study iron,
> And strike it with a toil-embrownèd hand."

Nothing could be more characteristic of the poet or of our time.

In 1848, appeared anonymously the "Fable for Critics." It is full of fun and satire and excellent silhouette pictures of the American authors of the time. It is almost too witty; and there is no let-up on the sense parody and burlesque that runs through it all. But the portraits drawn of American writers are faithful and original, and so true to life as to be recognized at a glance. In nearly every instance, time has confirmed the judgments of the writer; and posterity, no doubt, will ratify the verdict. A curious testimony to the value and perspicacity of our poet's judgment is the fact that Thomas Hughes, a friend of Lowell, and author of "Tom Brown at Rugby," has suggested that the "Fable for Critics" be adopted as a textbook for criticism in the schools.

But I must hurry on. I come now to the work on which, it appears, the permanent fame of Mr. Lowell, as a humorist must chiefly rest. Need I name the "Biglow Papers"? These had their origin in the political circumstances out of which grew the annexation of Texas and its sequel, the war with Mexico. And here it is to be distinctly noticed that Lowell develops for the first time what may be called the comic vein. He associates it, also, with the Yankee dialect; and while, as a fact, such a dialect was never spoken in New England, that is, pure Yankee, any more than such a character as the traditional Yankee — the creature of burlesque and the comic papers — ever existed there, it is nevertheless true, that Lowell's writing, in all "Biglow Papers" at least, is the echo of that homely common sense, which, as he says, "heated and vivified by conscience," is apt to be spoken in town-meeting or in the street, at the cross-roads or the corner grocery, whenever and wherever the shrewd and intelligent rustic is challenged or provoked to "say things" and to declare his real sentiments and opinions. No king in his kingliest prerogatives ever claimed more than the genuine Yankee, that privilege, namely, to say what he thinks. He may say it in nasal tones, or in a high-pitched key, but you are never at a loss for his meaning. For he understands himself, and his language or dialect, which smacks of the soil, is at once racy and original. Lowell, certainly, was the first among us to discover all the wealth of poetic material which lay hidden in this curious Yankee dialect. He was fearful, as he says, that he might degrade a lofty theme and a noble aim, by association with ignoble things — for words are things — and a great many Yankee words, if not positively vulgar, are what would be called "low" and dangerously near to slang and barbarism. That was one thing to be avoided; and the other way, the danger of being betrayed, in the heat of controversy, into extreme statements — extravagance of phrase or avowals not warranted by his real convictions. It was the old peril of steering between Scylla and Charybdis; or, as a Yankee legislator once warned his compatriots that in avoiding *Sally*, they must take care not to fall upon *Carrie Davis*.

It was in the spring or summer of 1846, just forty years ago — and the Mexican war then in progress — that Ezekiel Biglow, as he calls himself, wrote a letter to the "Boston Courier," enclosing a poem in dialect, purporting to be written by his son "Hosea," and ridiculing the efforts then being made to raise volunteers in Boston:

"Thresh away; you'll hev to rattle,
  On them kittle-drums o' yourn.
Taint a knowin kind o' cattle
  Thet is ketched with mouldy corn."

It was a new note struck suddenly, and at first nobody knew what to make of it. "Society," of course, was disgusted. The critics were puzzled. Pious editors and divines were shocked. Even the anti-slavery Sumner, who was nothing if not classical, gravely shook his head, and thought this would never do. But here was the singer, and in dead earnest; here were the unanswerable arguments of Garrison, and the magnificent invectives of Wendell Phillips set to music, in the airiest and most lifting rhythms, adorned with the most effective speech, the choicest bits of current slang, the homeliest of proverbial phrases, and tingling with the free spirit that had animated his ancesters, a line of fighting Puritans since Naseby and Marston Moor. The anti-slavery music was in the air and everybody had to hear it.

To tell you how Hosea Biglow continued the warfare, how he carried it on, and how triumphantly he ended it, would be simply to chronicle the greatest moral and literary success of our time. In a word, the "Biglow Papers" were a tremendous hit. Mr. Lowell became well known, not only to millions of readers in this country, but also to the English, who appeared to take as much pride in his genius and achievements as we do. And please to observe this: it is in the "Biglow Papers" that Mr. Lowell's genius for the first time takes on a public and patriotic character, and associates his name as it is to be hereafter forever entwined with the laurel of civic renown. It is hardly too much to say, that if the "Biglow Papers" had not been written, Mr. Lowell would never have gone as our Minister to Spain and England. How well and faithfully he performed that service, there is no need of saying here. But let us dwell for a moment on the characteristic quality of his genius, and its manifestation in broad humor. Mr. Lowell was, first of all, a humorist, and it is this Rabelaisian quality which flavors all the productions of his genius. He is also a wit, and a satirist, but his wit and satire are subsidiary to his humor, and are invariably directed against grave moral abuses and vices of the time. His genius is original and comic, but one must not forget that the springs of comedy in every great writer lie close to tragedy and tears. The original element and substratum of humor is, perhaps, a profound melancholy. This humorous melancholy drips from the pen and even the walk of some men, who are endowed with a keen sense of the ludicrous, as was Luther, for instance, or, to take a more recent example, Abraham Lincoln. He was enabled to endure the great strain of office in his time because he found that war and politics in this country are only tolerable to a man gifted with a keen sense of the ludicrous. Another man in his place would have been driven mad. And when, twenty-one years ago, this very month and day of the week, on Bad Friday, his fate was upon him, and the land was showed with horror, I do not doubt that his melancholy took the form of presentiment, though he whispered it not, even to the wife of his bosom. I can scarcely doubt it, for I had seen him but barely a week before, walking among the rows of tents on the high and grassy plateau of the James, and I then remarked that despite all his efforts to look cheerful, and despite of the jests which he constantly dropped as he shook hands with the boys in blue, there was a strange and far-away look in his eyes, and an expression on his face, when he thought he was not observed, of the most utter and immutable woe. It was as if all the sorrows of his race, or of another one, had settled there, and his spirit was dead weary with dragging the burden and the pain. And this when the joy-bells of victory were ringing in his ears, and the country was gone wild with rejoicing at the close of a long, awful and desolating war.

If I speak of this, it is only as a crucial instance to prove that the deepest sorrow and the blackest and most profound melancholy are consistent with the brightest and gayest humor. It plays as harmless heat-lightning around the horizon of a man's thoughts, for it is upon such a dark and somber background that a comic genius embroiders its wildest gaieties, its most tender and beautiful creatures — the rainbow to the cloud — smiles and tears. That Mr. Lowell's genius was thoroughly steeped in this humor, in all of its protean manifestations, goes without saying. But I think it will be the unanimous verdict of all who have ever been so fortunate as to meet Mr. Lowell in social intercourse, as I am sure it will be of his pupils who have met him in the class-room or the study at Elmwood, that the impression of genius derived from his casual conversation was greater and stronger than even that derived from his writings. I know, at least, that the impression is more vivid and complete for the time being. In the presence of this man of genius, who to native endowment joins the rare graces of scholarship and the air of an accomplished man of the world, one feels more than he can describe the humor that is constantly welling up in conversation, and showing its perpetual gleam in looks and tones and gestures as impossible to be hidden behind the soul's mask as to be caught and photographed in a picture or a printed book. You can print a man's joke or witticism, but, unfortunately, you cannot print his manner of saying it. And it is precisely this play of humor, like the shifting of light and color, the iridescence on the neck of the dove, which gives its indescribable charm to Lowell's conversation. It was, of course, natural that the author of the "Biglow Papers" should be something of a humorist, but did it ever strike you that he has drawn his own portrait, in describing another—the landlord of the Eagle Inn?

"He sauntered through the world as thro' a show,
   A critic fine in his hap-hazard way,
   A sort of mild La Bruyère on half-pay.
For comic weaknesses he had an eye
Keen as an acid for an alkili.
   You might have called him with his humorous twist
   A kind of human entomologist.
As these bring home from every walk they take
Their hat-crowns stuck with bugs of curious make,
   So he filled all the lining of his head
   With characters impaled and ticketed
And had a cabinet behind his eyes,
For all they caught of mortal oddities."

Naturally enough, too, he complained that these "characters" and "oddities" were fast disappearing with the old mail coach, and the bluff and hearty boniface of the village inn. The Age of Machinery crushed out individuality, and the fashion of Democracy, with its rolling and leveling tendencies, smoothed out all the creases of character. Our school system turned out the average man, a race of mediocrities — golden, if you choose—but wearisome to look at and contemplate, as so many pins and nails regularly dropped from a machine. He found — did Hosea Biglow —

The nat'ral instincts year by year retire,
As deer shrink northward from the settler's fire,
  And he who loves the wild-game flavor more
  Than city-feasts, where every man's a bore
To every other man, must seek it where
The steamer's throb and railway's iron flare
  Have not yet startled with their punctual stir
  The shy wood-wandering brood of character.

That is to say, in out of the way nooks and corners, of New England country and village life, places where Repose has settled down in a Sleepy-Hollow of old ancestral customs and traditions, where the wood gods have not been scared away by the screech of the railway whistle, and there is some hope even of getting religion, or at least of not losing the little that you have.

He tells you the kind of house which this religion inherits, how it grew, and was painted or colored.

"That soft lead-gray, less dark beneath the eaves,
Which the slow brush of wind and weather leaves,
  The ample roof sloped backward to the ground
  And vassal lean-tos gathered thickly round,
Patched on, as sire or son had felt the need,
Like chance growths sprouting from the old roof's seed:
  Just as about a yellow pine tree spring
  Its rough-barked darlings in a filial ring,
But the great chimney was the central thought
Whose gravitation through the cluster wrought,
  For 'tis not styles far-fetched from Greece or Rome,
  But just the Fireside that can make a home."

Contrasted with this "broad-shouldered, kindly and debonair" style of building — as the fathers built — with the great square chimney in the middle, are the shaky,

"Spindly things of modern style,
Like pins stuck through to stay the card-board pile."

And as for the interiors of these "card-houses," he describes one thus:

> "There was a parlor in the house, best room,
> To make you shudder with its prudish gloom.
> The furniture stood round with such an air
> There seemed an old maid's ghost in every chair.
> Too snugly proper for a world of sin,
> Like boys on whom the minister comes in.
> The table fronting you with icy stare
> Tried to look witless that its legs were bare,
> While the black sofa with its horse-hair pall
> Gloomed like the bier for comfort's funeral."

From this dreadful spot which, I assure you, is not an exaggerated or untrue description of the parlor or "best room" in many New England houses, thirty or forty years ago — the poet fled to the tavern — where else could he go? and

> "Shall I confess? The tavern's only Lar
> Seemed (be not shocked) its homely featured bar.
> Here snapped a fire of beechen logs, that bred
> Strange fancies in its embers golden-red,
> And nursed the loggerhead where hissing dip,
> Timed by nice instinct, creamed the mug of flip,
> Which made from mouth to mouth its genial round
> Nor left one nature wholly winter-bound.
> Hence dropt the tinkling coal all mellow-ripe
> From Uncle Reuben's talk-extinguished pipe;
> Hence rayed the heat as from an indoor sun
> That wooed forth many a shoot of rustic fun.
> Here Ezra ruled as king by right divine,
> No other face had such a wholesome shine;
> No laugh like his so full of honest cheer,
> Above the rest it crowed like Chanticleer."

I cannot go on with the inventory of all the excellent qualities of this king of landlords; suffice it to quote the end, where the poet again, unconsciously no doubt, in describing what *he* likes, is drawing his own portrait.

> "A natural man with all his instincts fresh,
> Not buzzing helpless in Reflection's mesh,
> Firm on its feet stood his broad-shouldered mind,
> As bluffly honest as a north-west wind.
> Hard-headed and soft-hearted, you'd scarce meet
> A kinder mixture of the shrewd and sweet."

I should say there is hardly anywhere a better description of Mr. Lowell than in these six lines; he is his own Boniface in the world of books and of men, keeping open house with a mind hospitable to all knowledge and all learners or seekers after knowledge who came knocking at his door. To pass an evening with Lowell was indeed an entertainment which no royal Boniface could offer. For with an eye to "character" and to the "comic weaknesses" of men, his mind has become a veritable museum and "old curosity shop" of oddities and incidents, which you are never tired of hearing. It is a right store of "Yankee notions" which, in the generosity of his spirit, the owner keeps not for gain or profit to himself, but, as it seems, for the pure fun of the thing, and for the entertainment of guest or friend. One could not be five minutes with Lowell, but he was sure to bring out some oddity of humor or character, or to tell a good story, or to utter some quaint and original saying. We know there are a sort of stories, which pass from hand to hand, or say from mouth to mouth, ancient and mouldy Joe Millers dropt in the alms-bucket of wit, because, like bad pennies, they do not keep, and will not otherwise circulate. Mr. Lowell never deals in such. His wit is a constant surprise, it is new, and has all the charm and unexpectedness of genius. If he tells an old story, he makes it new by his manner of telling. Then, too, he has such a prodigal wit and humor, it is no beggar's wallet that is opened to you, but the treasury of a prince. Between him and his friend, Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose wit, tho' as abundant, is of another kind and quality from Mr. Lowell's, it is impossible to sit still and not roar with laughter. You, of course, remember that famous ballad of the Doctor, who declares at the end, that he "dares not be as funny as he can." Lowell, on the contrary, is more like his own Undine in "Beaver Brook," and the listener like the miller, is not aware of the intellectual toil and research, the mere scholarship expended in collecting so many rarities. He

> ". . . . dreams not at what cost
> The grinding mill-stones hum and whirl,
> Nor how, for every turn are lost
> Armfuls of diamond and of pearl."

In some respects Mr. Lowell's wit and humor have been a disadvantage to him as a poet in the popular esteem, for, just as a pronounced wit or jester in the House is not credited with the actual wisdom and statesmanship which he possesses, so, men will persist in not seeing a great and genuine poet in a man who is always wearing the cap and bells of the jester in rhyme. The truth is, Mr. Lowell's poetry is overloaded with conceits. He is like the tree called the rock-maple, sound at the core, and full of sweetness, but at the same time very knotty, and knurly. It makes his poetry the "gnarled and unwedgable" problem of critics. Compared to Bryant or Longfellow, whose grain is clear and straight as pine or cedar, Mr. Lowell does not make one simple and uniform impression, and while fully as original and not below either of the elder bards in natural endowment, his mind is so choked with knowledge and with continually new impressions, that he finds it far more difficult than they did to hold to his natural note, or, in a word, to be himself. For, though it may sound like treason to say it, besides his own true and immortal note Mr. Lowell has everybody's note — he is the winged mimic and mockingbird of genius.

In a ruder age, and before a rustic audience, with his wonderful power of mimicry, he would have played the part of a jongleur, or, if his figure had allowed him, he would have made the most extravagant of Pantaloons. But I sometimes wish that he were neither a mimic, a satirist, nor a wit. He cannot, of course, help the crime of being witty, but his indulgence in satire and in the habit of criticism has, in my opinion, greatly injured the tone and quality of his poetry. It also, I think, made it more and increasingly difficult for him to write poetry. Of course, I do not know this to be so, or that the great rarity of Mr. Lowell's verse in recent years has any other cause or reason for it than the nature of his occupations. But the existence in him of two fully developed and almost contradictory faculties, the critical and the poetical, the productivity of the latter in his earlier years, and the preponderance of critical writing, prose essays and the like, in his latter age, seems to favor the supposition. It may be, with the growth of years and a cultivated taste, that Mr. Lowell grew so fastidious and so exigent in his demand to reach a high and yet higher standard in poetry, and finding that his poetic faculty was more rarely appealed to, his muse less responsive than formerly, and possibly less equal to the demands made upon her, that Mr. Lowell has concluded to abandon poetry, and henceforth to write nothing but prose essays and criticism. If so, I, for one, deplore his resolution.

I remember distinctly the feeling of pain and loss that came over me when, so far back as the spring of 1867, Mr. Lowell announced through the Atlantic Monthly that he should never again appear as the author of any more "Biglow Papers." Yet less than a year before that he had written the noble "Commemoration Ode," and only a few years later he put forth the "Cathedral" and a little volume entitled "Under the Willows." There was nothing in these to justify any distrust of failing powers on the part of the poet, and the public welcome was hearty and instantaneous. Then came, not long afterwards, the poet's appointment to an important place in the diplomatic service. Being as he was, from crown to sole, an American and a Yankee — as genuinely Yankee as he was completely American — I have always looked upon him as the best and truest representative of Democracy which this Western World ever sent to the Courts of Europe. But much as I have admired Mr. Lowell's political course, and proud as we all are of the lustre he has shed upon diplomacy and letters abroad and of the sturdy manhood which supported both, I feel now, that none too soon for the good of American letters and for the poet's permanent fame, the time had come to wash himself of affairs and to devote the remnant of his days in undivided allegiance to his first love — to Poesy, in truth!

He cannot, and he ought not, to forget his calling, nor the voice

"Obeyed at eve, obeyed at Prime."

Great is the need of him now to exercise his poetic faculty. For whom have we left? Emerson is gone and Longfellow is gone. Dana and Bryant went before. Holmes and Whittier have not gone, but they totter on the verge. If they occasionally strike a note with something of the old-time fire and sweetness, it seems like a reminiscence, not prophecy. Yes, the Bards of America are gone, or going. As Vaughan, the Silurist, said of his early friends, so might Lowell say of his brother bards: "They have all gone into that world of light," and I alone sit lingering here. They have gone from whence no sound of the Master's harp, no tremble of the echoing lyre, floats down to our listening ears. How forlorn it leaves us in a world without hope, and an age without inspiration! Life unsweetened by the Muse has a bitter taste in the mouth. We seem to be standing on the edge, and already advancing into one of those immeasurable sand deserts of time which divide the most fruitful centuries with intervening spaces of intellectual barrenness and exhaustion. As if one should hear, for a time, the music of the spheres and after that, grating discords of the earth.

As far as poetry is concerned, we are undoubtedly living in a barren time. We have exchanged romance for reality, and inspiration for mechanism.

It is the era of the advent of science, of the Annual Cyclopedia, and of useful facts. The day of Oratory, it is often said, is gone by. And so, I fear, it is with Poetry. Science is the new Jove, and his reign promises to be as hard, as bitter, and tyrannical as the old. How shall poets endure the reign? Against it cry out the eternal instincts, longings and aspirations of the human soul.

Poesy, like Prometheus, snatching fire from heaven, is all that feeds, cherishes and keeps alive the immortal spirit in man. How can you reconcile Poesy with Science, her most inveterate foe? Science has feet of clay, but the head of Poesy is "crowned with spiritual fire and touching other worlds." Shall the feet rebel against the head?—or shall they even reverse their positions? That would be to treat humanity like St. Peter, who was crucified head downwards. Shall Jove again nail Prometheus to the Caucasus of his frosty scorn? And what can wit avail if it does not help us, does not liberate, nor soften with humane letters the rigor of the time? What, after all, are wit and satire but the crackling of thorns under a pot? Does it boil the poor man's dinner, or make him feel more comfortable while eating it?

And pray, what good does criticism do? My feeling is, Throw criticism to the dogs — I'll none of it. Yes, throw it to the dogs — of the Press, I mean — for they are the true Cynics, always snarling and biting. But no poet, who respects himself or his calling, ever descends to criticism. Mr. Longfellow never did. Mr. Bryant sometimes did, and was so much the less a poet thereby. For my part, I have never forgiven Bryant for taking an editor's chair, instead of taking the laurel wreath from the hand of Apollo. It was like giving up inspiration for brandy-and-water. Bryant should have given Graylock a tongue, as Byron did the Alps: but he chose to discuss the tariff. Others were found who could do that as well as he, but only Bryant could write Thanatopsis. So Mr. Lowell has written the keenest satire, the most trenchant criticism, the most able, scholarly and entertaining essays of any American writer.

But a single poem of his — perhaps a single verse — will outline all the prose he has ever written.

> "The poet's mind is a temple; to make it a thoroughfare is to make the fane profane — it is soilure and profanation.',

Mr. Lowell, at home and abroad, has bought golden opinions of all sorts of people, but when the gloss is worn off how will he sustain his borrowed dignity? If he goes to sleep upon his laurels he will find, on awaking, the wreath which he has worn so well and gracefully will have faded, and only the "garland and singing robes" of Apollo will serve him; nor these, unless he resume the great office which he formerly laid down. He is now better qualified than ever before, and then, also, the great, golden opportunity of his life is come. My conception of a poet is not that of a pale and interesting youth, but of a magnificent, gray-headed man, with the eye of an eagle and the fresh heart of a boy. Or it is that of a cosmic intelligence dominated by a brain-heart of a human, the universal soul and sympathies of a Shelley or a Shakespere, a Plato or a Virgil, a Homer or a Hugo. Sophocles, at the age of eighty, was not too old to begin a new work, and the marionet play of "Faust" murmured to the last in the mighty mind of Goethe. They were about their business. Wherever a man is bent upon the accomplishment of a great work, time and opportunity are never, or rarely ever, lacking. Dante lived to complete the Divine Comedy, and Prospero did not break his magic wand, or bury his book, till their creator had retired from the stage after writing the Tempest. Power was given them to finish their work. But they knew no more of the mystery of the genius that possessed them than, probably, we know to-day. Genius is taking pains, says Carlyle. It is the power to toil terribly says another. But words nor phrases can explain genius to us. We only know it when it appears. And how precious it is, we know by its exceeding rarity. Enough that Mr. Lowell has it. To the endowment of original genius fortified by study and travel, he adds the discipline of a university, not at Cambridge only, where, as student and professor he has lived for more than forty years, but in that greater university of the world which graduates the men of action and the men of affairs, which produces the senior wrangler in politics, the double-firsts in war and trade, the social dukes and leaders of opinion, railroad kings and merchant princes, and the patent nobility of letters, of science, and of art. For, as no knowledge can come amiss to the poet, so neither can the education of circumstances, or any experience of mankind and the world.

> "Sence I begun to scribble rhyme,
>   I tell ye wut, I hain't been foolin':
> The parson's books, life, death, an' time
>   Hev took some trouble with my schoolin':
> Nor th'airth don't git put out with me,
>   Thet love her'z though she wuz a woman;
> Why, th'ain't a bird upon the tree
>   But half forgives my bein' human."

No, there is not, nor is there anything in the world,—

> "Sights innercent as babes on knee
>   Peaceful ez eyes o' pastur'd cattle,—"

Which does not appeal to the heart of a poet.

But the poet who is also a seer and sacred, as the bards of old, must hold aloof from the world's business, nor meddle with its affairs, the better in order to attend strictly to his own. He should have knowledge and insight into all things, but the care and management of none. Above all, he should be irrevocably bound to the Muse, and everlastingly vowed to her service. For she alone is sovereign over all his life and actions. And it is no light offense to commit *lèse-majesté* against the Muse! Her smile is life to him, her frown is death. This high and haughty love admits no rival, and no interruption. Infidelities are sternly punished. His neglect of her is repaid with scorn, his indifference with contempt and speedy oblivion. Favor indeed may be lost without fault, and restoration then is easy. It is usually made contingent on good behavior, and on return to allegiance. But wilful disobedience, contumacy, is severely punished. Nor is it less so because, to speak harmoniously, the muse is a woman, subject to caprices, and female sovereigns are, of all others, the most easily offended and the hardest to placate, or to forgive. Celestial anger to celestial minds. But, to quit metaphor and ambiguous expressions, the plain prose of it is that the man who habitually affronts his genius and runs counter to the divine purpose in his making must suffer the consequences. If he be a poet born, as well as made, and allow himself to do that which others can do as well or better, and he neglects that which he alone can do better than others, he will lose then his native gift, he will be disinherited of his birthright, he will suffer degeneration of the poetic faculty, a fatness of wit, dulness of sight and taste, and hearing, and at length, silence, spiritual death, the mouldering lyre.

But if there is a sadder sight than a fallen roof-tree, or a ruined castle, it is the sight of a man who has outlived his soul. Mr. Lowell will never wrong himself, his friends, or the world's music in that way. Why should he? He is apparently full of life and vigor, he has health and competence, and a perspective of many days yet before him. And they are his best days — the sweet light and golden air, the halcyon seas, the soft malancholy, the settled calm of autumnal weather — the bright and beautiful Indian summer days of a retired life and leisure.

Has he any regrets or sorrows? Undoubtedly. "Sorrow is the inseparable companion of man. But where Love has once trodden at his side, and has only flown a little before, Sorrow comes and softly takes the vacant place, and so insensibly adapts herself to the ways of man that ere he is aware of it he looks upon the face of Sorrow as a friend. Faithful indeed are the wounds of this friend. And if he also be faithful he will discover, in the end, that he has walked with an angel unaware."

"And as it might happen that a man seeking silver should, beyond his expectations, find gold, which a hidden chance presents to him, not perhaps without Divine direction: so I, who sought for consolation, found not only a remedy for my tears, but also acquaintance with authors, with knowledge, and with books."

BROWNING'S ITALIAN JOURNEYS

The interest which attaches to "haunts and homes" of famous poets induces me to transcribe here certain notes, made originally for my own convenience, in keeping track of the poet's wanderings over northern

France and Italy, after the death of his wife at Florence in 1861.

The event which broke up his household, and made him from that time forth, to some extent, a homeless man and a wanderer, marks the beginning of that profound spiritual nostalgia which, from sheer restlessness, drove him to seek rest in solitude and in work wherever he could find it. He sought rest and recreation where Dante had sought it before him, in the cloistral solitude of the Appenines, and with the same result. He plunged into the distractions of great cities, and buried himself for months at a time in some obscure seaport town, some fishing village of the Breton folk, or inland, among the simple Norman peasantry who served him at once as background and material for his poetic dramas. It is to these excursions and summer residences that we owe the "Red Cotton Nightcap Country." the "Inn Album," "La Saisiaz," "Two Poets of Croissiac," "Aristophanes' Apology," and others. His teeming brain was never still, and his wealth of poetic material and suggestion depended largely upon this shifting of the point of view. And so he alternated from his "at home" in the London season to these annual periodical visits either to the French coast of Brittany and Normandy, or to his old Italian haunts, the ground of his first love and happy marriage with the woman who taught him that

"To learn so simple a lesson,
Need one go to Paris or Rome?
That the many make the household,
But 'tis one that makes the home."

For many years he seems to vibrate between London and Venice, till a third and more potent attraction came between, so that he hovered, as it were, midway, suspended over one spot which fixed his wavering inclination and determined the choice of what was meant to be his last refuge, as the poet had, indeed, performed his last pilgrimage on earth. Prospice! It was a lovely spot in the Euganean Hills, commanding an extensive view of the plains of Lombardy, and happily framed in a vast horizon comprehending the picturesque of mediaeval art and nature, the theatre, also of many renowned actions, sieges and battlefields of historic note in ancient and modern times. But, it so happened that when the last obstacle to possession was overcome, and the title deed lay ready to be signed, the poet was already past, or passing to the unseen world. I remember, as a curious coincidence, that on the Christmas eve of 1889 I was lying in bed and holding in hand a new book which was the seasonable gift of an old friend. The volume, "Asolando," was the last which the poet ever penned, and it was named for the place which Robert Browning was not to inherit in this world. The memory of this incident is the more vivid, because I was then suffering from a painful malady, but it did not prevent my composing a sonnet on the last yearning and soaring of the "Old Eagle," as he passed out of sight and beyond the night: it was the 12th of December, and the English papers which I had were full of the accounts of that memorable passing.

In the following narrative, which is patched up from various sources, but mainly from the "Letters of Robert Browning," by Mrs. Sutherland Orr, no attempt is made to cover the entire twenty years' wanderings of our Ulyssean poet over Italy, any farther than as they may be deemed to hold the psychological moment of interest to the casual reader and observer. But the reader is, at least, expected to trust me, absolutely, with holding of the true divining-rod of Poesy, for his own right guidance in these devious wanderings among the bridle-paths of Italy, as well as in the tall and great dark wood, *salvaggia oscura*, of Robert Browning's "Works" for the descriptive passages, not many but much, illustrative of his journeyings.

To begin with, one must premise that

VENICE AND ASOLO

were the two foci of attraction. In either place he bargained for a house where he could take refuge for his contentment, but was not destined to find it in either. "You don't know Venice? Well, open your eyes with a big surprise, when I inform you that I have purchased the Manzoni palace here, on the Canal Grande, of its owner, Marchese Montecucculi, an Austrian and an absentee." The palazzo Manzoni is situate on the Grand Canal and is described by Ruskin as "a perfect and very rich example of Byzantine Renaissance: its warm marbles are magnificent." And again, "an exquisite example of Byzantine Renaissance as applied to domestic architecture." So testify "The Stones of Venice."

But, the Austrian gentleman, whose property it was, at the last moment put forward unexpected, not to say, unreasonable, claims; and his (Browning's) son, who remained on the spot, having been informed on competent authority that the foundations of the house were insecure, withdrew from the negotiations.

There was one other palace of great interest to Robert Browning in Venice; it was the palace of the Countess Mocenigo, which Byron occupied. "She (the Countess) is a charming widow since two years — young, pretty, and of the prettiest manners: she showed us all the rooms Byron had lived in, and I wrote my name in her album on the desk (which he) himself wrote the last canto of Ch. Harold and Beppo upon."

Robert Browning daily walked with his sister, as he did in the mountains, for exercise, and the pleasure it afforded him. He explored Venice in all directions, and learned to know its many points of beauty and interest, as those cannot who believe it is only to be seen from a gondola: and when he had visited its every corner, he fell back on a favorite stroll along the River to the Public Garden and back again.

Later still, when a friend's gondola was always at hand, and air and sunshine were the one thing needful, he would be carried to the Lido, and take a long stretch on its farther shore.

ALPINE RETREATS

"My sister and I used to walk for a couple of hours up a mountain road of the most lovely description, and stop at the summit, where we looked down upon the minute hamlet of St. Pierre d'Intrement, even more secluded than our own; then we got back to our own aforesaid. And in this Paradisial place, they found, yesterday week, a murdered man." (For details of this tragedy and its motif, see "Life and Letters of Robert Browning," pp. 335–36. And also, "The Ring and the Book.") Writing, evidently, from the same place, Sept. 3, 1882, to Mrs. Fitz-Gerald, Robert Browning says: "It is the loveliest country I ever had experience of, and we shall prolong our stay perhaps." (He had accepted an invitation to spend the month of October with Mr. Cholmondeley at his villa in Ischia, but the engagement was broken off, in consequence of the death of a young lady, a guest of the host, she having imprudently attempted the ascent of a dangerous mountain without a guide, and lost her life in the experiment.)

LA SAISIAZ

August 17, 1877, writing to Mrs. Fitz-Gerald, "How lovely," he says, "is this place in its solitude and seclusion, with its trees and shrubs and flowers, and above all, its live mountain stream, which supplies three fountains and two delightful baths, a marvel of delicate delight framed in with trees — I bathe there twice a day — and then what wonderful views from the chalêt on every side! Geneva lying under us, with its lake and the whole plain bounded by the Jura and our own Salève, which latter seems rather close behind our house, and yet takes a hard hour and a half to ascend. All this you can imagine, since you know the environs of the town; the peace and quiet move me. And I fancy I shall drowse out the two months or more, doing no more serious work than reading — and that is virtuous renunciation of the glorious views to my right here — as I sit aerially like Euripides, and see the clouds come and go, and the view change in correspondence with them."

This letter will bear comment. Mr. Browning was more than quiescent during this stay in the Savoyard mountains (southern slope of the Alps). He was unusually depressed, which might be due, in part, to that special oppressive heat of the Swiss valleys, which ascends with them to almost their highest level. When he said that the Salève seemed close behind the house, he was saying in other words, that the sun beat back from, and the air was intercepted by, it.

A touch of autumnal freshness had hardly crept into the atmosphere of the Salève, when a moral thunderbolt fell on the little group of persons domiciled at its base; Miss Egerton-Smith, in what had seemed for her unusually good health, died in the act of preparing for a mountain excursion with her friends. Mr. Browning was for the moment paralyzed by the shock. (See the dedicatory verses to A. E. S. in "La Saisiaz".) This poem contains, besides its personal references and associations, elements of distinctive biographical interest. It is the author's first, as also last, attempt to reconstruct his Hope of Immortality, by a rational process based entirely on the facts of his own knowledge and consciousness — God and the human soul; and while the very assumption of these facts, as basis for reasoning, places him at issue with scientific thought, there is, in his way of handling them, a tribute to the scientific spirit, foreshadowed in the beautiful epilogue to *Dramatis Personæ*, but of which there is no trace in his earlier religious work. (Life and Letters, p. 318.) It is conclusive both in form and matter as to his heterodox attitude towards Christianity. (See "Death in the Desert," "Christmas Eve," and "Easter Day.")

JOHN SAVARY.

OUR "ANNUS MIRABILIS"

[Written by John Savary for the Sunday Republican.]

I

Since Dryden wrote before the age of cables,
  Whatever struck his fancy apt to find
In one year's happenings its remarkables,—
  What hinders me, a bard unknown, of mind
  To follow in his footsteps far behind,
For treasure-trove along the shore sublime,
Saved from the wrecks and deluges of time?

There met me one "They Say," a creature tame,
  Plumed with a myriad plumes and all for hire,
The avant-courier of Common Fame:
  Defoe, or Dryden, who, instructed by her,
  Wrote of Dutch wars and purifying fire,
Shall be my model, compassing in rhyme
The brief abstract and chronicle of the time.

Where to begin? since all men near or far
  On safe ground meeting, commonplace, by chance
Talk of the weather, its phenomena,
  With due regard to time and circumstance,
  So here my sable banner to advance,
I multiply the storm-wind by the cloud
That sings and weaves of mariners the shroud.

I call to mind among a thousand more
  Such scenes, one single circumstance, of power
To stamp itself an image of that shore
  Of wreck and ravage, the dark midnight hour
  Of tempest singing over roof and tower,
And, dawn-descried off Hatteras, afar
One sailor riding on his lashed lone spar.

What storms, what shipwrecks, what heart-rending
blows
Have marked this year of memorable theme!
Search through the files, and what do they disclose?
Tornado, tempest, cloudburst, and the leam
Of the red levin when the rack a-stream
Has raked the highlands, lashed the lowland plains,
And drowned whole villages in torrential rains.

Here, so to say, upon my native heath
The bolt descended, and the breath was done,
Gone from the bodies of six men beneath
One roof, and lo! when summertide was on
The Capital, broad streets like rivers run
Potomac-wards. The storm along the shore
Submerged Winchester, unroofed Baltimore.

And the Metropolis, the Magdalene
Of cities greatest, foulest yet sublime,
For thirty hours submitted to be clean
Of outward stain, amidst the awful time
Of purification from her sluttish slime:
Wrapt in a foggy cloud, she stood to wring
Her watered silks out, wet and shivering.

The Jersey meadows, overflowed, were mown
Later this year, the live stock swim or drown.
Tall corn was lodged in country places grown;
Washouts occurred, and bridges eke went down.
Farmhouses from the crumbling banks that crown
Schuylkill and Delaware, sailed off entire;
Seven kine went whirling out in barn or byre!

Enough of "moving accidents" like these,
The reader will recall a thousand more.
Each tells the tidings that he hears or sees
Of drouth, fire, flood, and many a shipwrackt shore.
For fear I may be set down as a bore,
Or garrulous old man, I fly the track,
And just for one thing only I hark back.

The altered seasons as interpreters
Showed the distempered world; March not so cold
As April was; May drouth; then overcoats and furs
And fires in June. Summer and winter rolled
Together made concatenation bold,
As when Titania to her Oberon tost
Discord, the ground of all, at Nature's cost.

What if I told you "hoary-headed frost
Fell in the fresh lap of the crimson rose"?
That late as August Denver played the host
To entertain our Lady of the Snows?
And one assured me well who Norway knows,
He passed a frozen lake in July;— led
Later to view Vesuvius roaring-red.

So Goethe saw it, sitting up all night,
(Ah, this was not in A. D. 79).
Those buried cities flourished once, the site
Of Saint Pierre as gay as its own clime,
Recalls the latest tragedy of time,
And the most awful, clothing in its red,
Red burial-ash that city of the dead.

The crime of Nature is the crime of man,
For she takes on with us in thought and deed;
We dress ourselves but in her looks, we scan
The gray November world when we have need;
We clothe ourselves in her dismantled weed.
So Nature shows by her inquietude
Man's world is out of joint, as I conclude.

II

Tell me, O Zeit-giest, Spirit of the Age!
Break forth, an' if thou wilt, in prophesying;
Mock the sad augurs when they would presage.
But tell me true, Are faith and honor dying?
Some say white Faith has left the world, and sighing
Hope for a season bade the earth farewell!
Oh, in what land and age do we then dwell?

An age of great prosperity, says one,
To which another chiming in replies,
'The fairest land that is beneath the sun,"
What more do you want?— More manhood which decries
Injustice, and the piled-up wrongs that rise
From laws iniquitous; what good to me
Your land just rotten with ''prosperity!"

Look at the armies of the unemployed,
Tramping the streets of our great cities aye,
A thousand petty industries destroyed
To make one monster combination pay;
A million workers out of work to-day,
And the ''stand-patters" here to legislate:
Fine times are these, a country up-to-date!

Useless old men, at forty-five deemed old,
  Knocked out, thrown down, are bundled off to bed.
One sees the rapid pace, the rush-line bold
  Held at all costs, and eke the falling dead,
  Friend or acquaintance; in our streets the red
Autos, with all rules of the road at strife,
Add a new terror here to human life.

The frugal life, as all employment fades,
  Becomes a question of the what and how.
When boys excluded are from learning trades,
  Divorced from earth and following the plow,
  Who eats the bread of independence now?
For which, oh, tyranny! and oh for shame!
Our labor unions mostly are to blame.

Life is not safe in our great cities when
  E'en mourning friends and relatives must waive
Their farewells to the dead, or going then
  On the last journey even to the grave,
  To be molested by some wretched knave
Who stops the hearse wherein the corpse is drawn,
And shroud — has it the union label on?

Betwixt these unions and the growing vast
  Masses of capital that move on your
Highways of trade and commerce to the last
  Stronghold of power to win the kohinoor
  Of laws that grind the faces of the poor,
What chance for all such as left standing be,
Betwixt this devil and that still deep sea?

III

This year's October term a suit was brought
  In Northern Securities Company case.
By People in the U. S. court of last resort
  To test the right of "merger" on the base
  Of anti-trust law, which, upon its face
Forbids such action in restraint of trade;
The case yet pending, the vast issue made.

The gambling dens of Wall street, and the wheat
  Pit in Chicago, have one thing to fear;
Knowing the government is hard to beat,
  They dread the touch of that Ithuriel spear
  Which makes discovery of their plots appear.
State Legislatures they may brush aside,
But not intimidate, nor buy, nor bribe

Justice that sits supreme; but when that is
  O'erswayed by power or money in the scale,
Gone the last vestige of our liberties.
  When that shall fail us, Uncle Sam will hail
  A master, and plutocracy prevail.
If that should be — far off yet fall the year!—
Omnipotent corruption will be here.

Of social customs and of manners which
  Have deep significance and mightier power
Than laws themselves, the passing year is rich
  In memorable trophies; it has struck the hour
  Of freedom for divorcees, and the dower
Of princely fortunes unto dukes and earls,
Who stalk their game in rich American girls.

One such, enough of international marriage,
To point the moral and adorn the tale.
And more than enough to note the shocking carriage
Of New York women, whom the altar rail
Excluded, but without restraint or pale,
Like birds of prey who fight for places, perch
Upon the bride — mobbed on her way to church.

Take it for all in all, one reader knows
No rest nor peace from seeing year by year
How crime and poverty like a snowball grows;
If peace and wealth keep pace, yet all a-rear
What shapes of woe and wickedness appear!
The desperate shifts, the starving hopes, the giving
In, at the last, to rob men for a living!

The list of murders and of suicides;
The railroad train held up by bold outlaws;
Boy bandits and girl thieves, graft, homicides,
Lynchings both North and South,— to seek the cause?
Some trace it to our monstrous tariff laws:
So multitudinous the evil is,
No all-sufficient cause, not even this!

'Twas equal, though, to one fine piece of work.
We promised Cuba, some years back to be
Her great good friend, nor "our plain duty" shirk;
Her sponsor to the world for all that she
Required to live, from us who set her free.
A very tuppenny measure of relief
We offer grudgingly, too late, in brief.

It is as though a prosperous gentleman,
  Having a world of things withal to do,
Said to an urchin, "Here, my little man,"
  Tossing a sixpence, when a dollar or two
  Would set him up in business,— "good for you!"
But no, our fine beet-sugar men declare
'Twould ruin them, for them alone forbear!

How was the Nation brought to this last phase
  Of foul dishonor, when it backs and fills
At such vile stops!— Suit Addison-Cato's phrase
  To the altered case: Is there no bolt that thrills
  Red with uncommon wrath for him who builds
His private fortune on the land's undoing?
Or his own greatness raises on its ruin!

IV

O vast vicissitudes! O world that was
  In years before the flood! the now and then!
If I prefer the latter, 'tis because
  I've heard how once "stout Cortez and his men
  Stared, silent, from a peak in Darien."
And I may yet — if this with that agrees —
Live to behold the marriage of the seas.

Science has brought the trolley and the tram,
  But no great book this year in prose or verse.
One flying round the towers of Notre Dame
  May thence have heard its organ to rehearse
  The latest rhythm of the universe.
Wagner in music reaches the sublime,
And "Parsifal" is given at Christmas time.

To conquer men combine, and now afraid
Of mustering armies, organize a trust.
All necessaries under contribution laid,
Yield to almighty greed, for people must
To these tax-gatherers come ''down with the dust.''
And since men rob by law, they wink an eye
To Justice, and to Honor say good-by.

Want an example? look at U. S. Common,
Of ''high finance'' the last, best, surest way.
A steal so vast required of steel un-common
A pile of nerve, and power to get away
With thirty millions, more or less to-day.
Was it all water? no, life-blood, about
The hearts of all of them who were ''froze out.''

If this is business, why, I will say nix,
Mirabile dictu! fitting to a T
The brand-new specimen of our politics,
This wonder year of nineteen hundred three.
So much it means, I think, to you and me!
No wonder man and Nature both are bent
On outward signs of inward discontent.

Blow, then, you whirlwinds! hurricanoes, spout!
And fling your sulphurous and destroying blast,
Ye red volcanoes! so involve in doubt
The fate of human kind, which will outlast
The remnant of an age to men long past
The praying for. I look beyond these bars
To the still shining, everlasting stars.

NOVEMBER BIRTHDAYS

A MONTH OF DIVERS EMINENT PERSONAGES AND POETS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN — Sir: The birthdays of many celebrities occur during this month. On November 7 fell the birthday of President Fallières of France, who did so much to preserve the peace of Europe; November 9, that of King Edward of England; November 3, that of his Majesty Mutsuhito of Japan; November 11, that of the King of Italy; November 15, that of the young King of Portugal, whose lot had been cast in troublesome times; November 12, that of Lord Rayleigh, Chancellor of Cambridge University, who is still a "senior wrangler," although under his presidency "the factory" which made them has been closed; November 22 is the anniversary of Justin McCarthy, who notwithstanding his 87 years is a prominent figure in English literature; November 11 is dedicated to Sir William Schwenck Gilbert, who has made the world "grow fat" with innocent merriment; November 30 is "Mark Twain" day.

No other month has given us so many sweet singers as November. At least four of those "prophets of the beautiful" whose hymns are the heritage of the Church of Christ first saw light in November: "Oh, for a Closer Walk With God" by William Cowper, born November 13, 1731; "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me," by Augustus Toplady, born November 4, 1740; "In the Hour of Trial," by James Montgomery, born November 4, 1771; "My Faith Looks Up to Thee," by Ray Palmer, born November 12, 1808.

In the wider range of secular song there is a perfect galaxy of November bards: Schiller, Vondel, the Shakespeare of the Dutch; Ewald, the Shakespeare of the Danes; and Nicolas Boileau, who holds a well defined place in French literature, were born in November. So too were Oliver Goldsmith, William Cullen Bryant, Mark Akenside, William Shenstone, Thomas Chatterton, William Blake, "Owen Meredith," and Hans Sachs, the shoemaker of Nuremberg. It was on November 7 that the great Persian poet Jami was born amid the snowy hills of Herat nearly 500 years ago. Was it in this dreary month that the Mystic dedicated his poem with the prologue:

> Unfold, O God, the bud of hope. Disclose
> From thy eternal Paradise one rose
> Whose breath may flood my brain with odor while
> The bud leaf liplets make my garden smile.

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